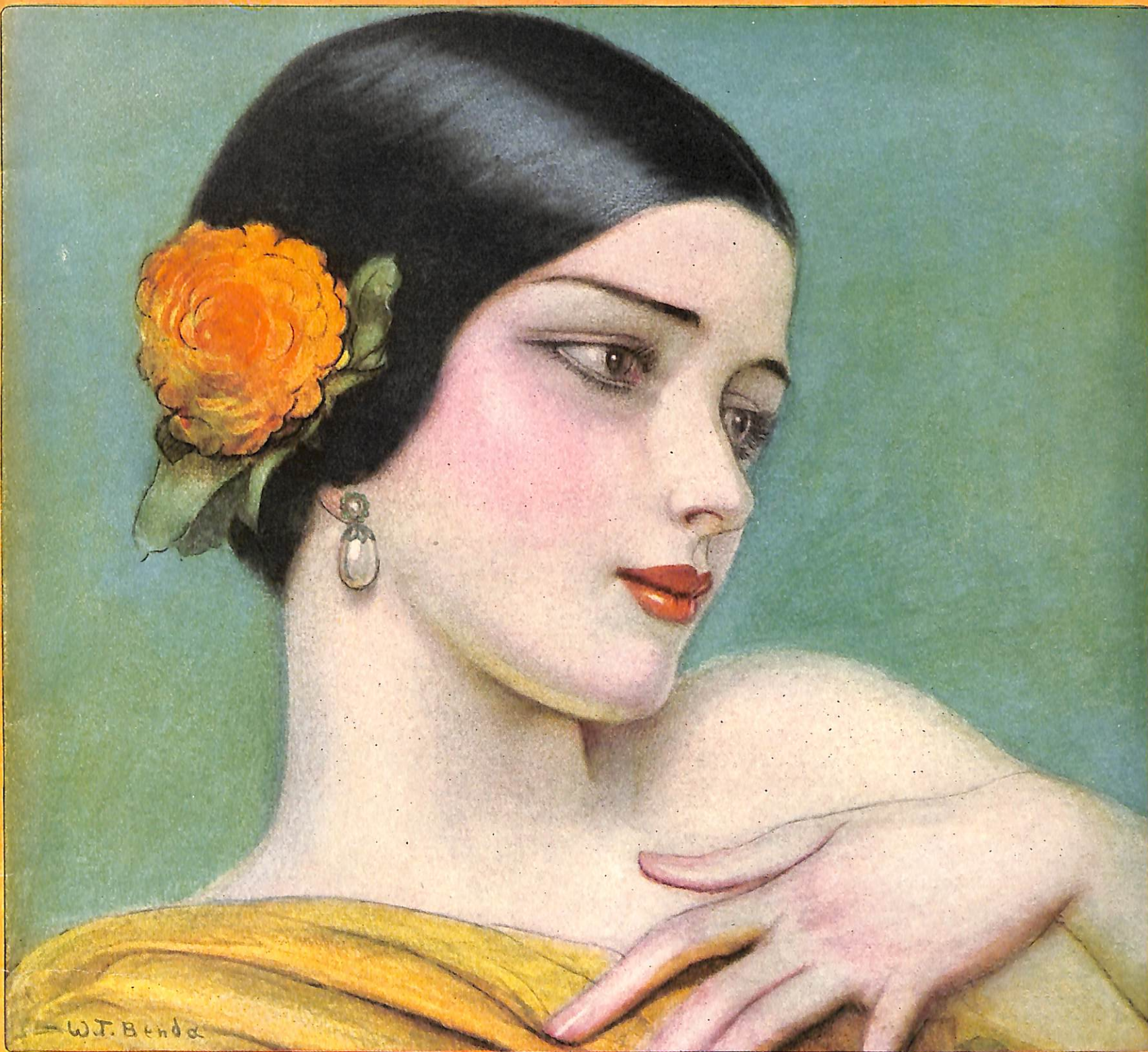


JUNE
1926

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

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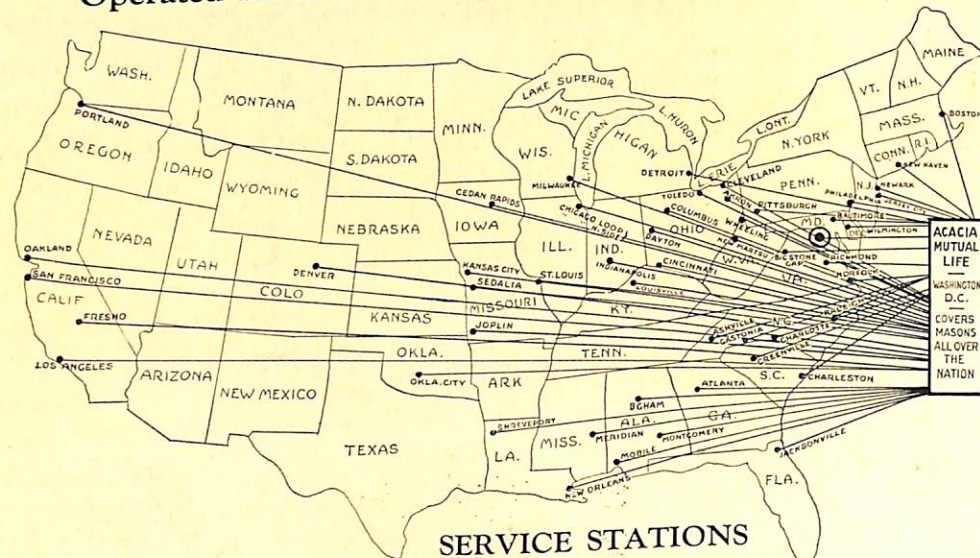


BEGINNING THE
SUNDAY LADY
A TRUE STORY MORE FASCINATING THAN FICTION
Konrad Bercovici • Leroy Scott
Louis Joseph Vance and others



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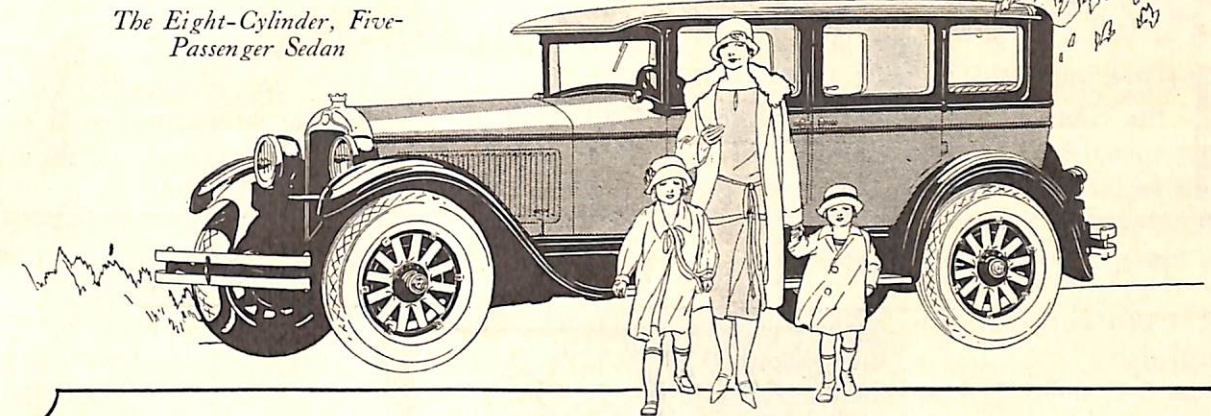
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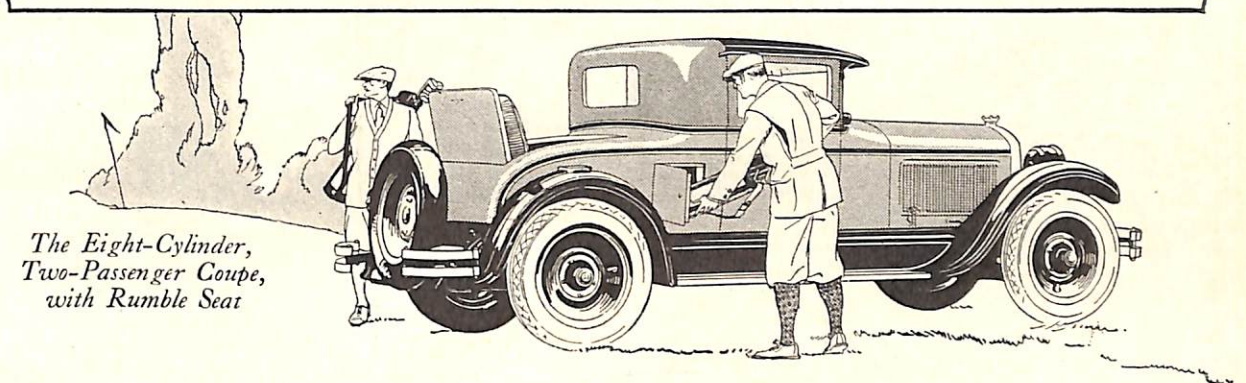
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What's Next in FLORIDA?



WHEN the Florida land boom paused, the country saw the end of the greatest speculative stampede since the California gold rush away back in '49. Forrest Crissey went to Florida to find out "What's next?" In the July issue he has some interesting things to tell our readers about—WHAT'S NEXT IN FLORIDA?

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(Cover design by W. T. Benda)

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\$4,000,000 Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio

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*America is Dotted with Masonic Temples
Built with Money Raised by Ehler Service*

For years Masonry in many of our representative American cities dreamed of erecting new larger Temples to accommodate increasing memberships. Eventually these bodies employed the counsel and experience of this organization to develop these to the point of realization. How well we succeeded is proven by the following record, established within the past two years, which has never before been accomplished in the history of Masonry.

First came Cincinnati, Ohio with the dream of raising \$2,500,000 with which to complete its proposed \$4,000,000 Masonic Temple. It had been trying to raise that amount for eleven years. We reached and passed the goal in twelve days.

Dayton, Ohio Masonry dreamed big things too and employed us on the strength of our Cincinnati record. Dayton lacked \$1,500,000 of its \$2,500,000 new Temple Fund. We raised the money in twelve days.

Then Rochester, N. Y. became interested where \$1,500,000 was needed to complete its proposed Masonic Temple. They called us in and we raised the full quota in eleven days, in spite of the most strenuous opposition.

For many years Troy, N. Y. Masonry dreamed of a

larger Masonic Temple. Our success elsewhere attracted its attention. We came, saw, conquered. In ten days we raised \$600,000 for the Troy Temple Fund.

Albany, N. Y. was next to fall into line where \$1,000,000 was needed to complete building plans for a new Masonic Temple. Our campaign which went over the top in twelve days was the first to succeed in that city in three years.

Toledo Masons watched Albany put it over and decided to do likewise. We raised \$1,600,000 there in twelve days for a huge Temple and Civic Auditorium costing \$2,500,000.

And now Providence, R. I. Masonry, with Ehler guidance, is just about to terminate a successful campaign to raise \$1,500,000 in order to complete plans for a \$2,500,000 Temple.

This is a partial record of Ehler success in raising money in the Masonic field. Perhaps we can help the Fraternity in your city to a realization of its dreams of a new and larger Temple. Why not consult us? There is no obligation involved. Make a start by sending today for a copy of our booklet "Success in Raising Money".

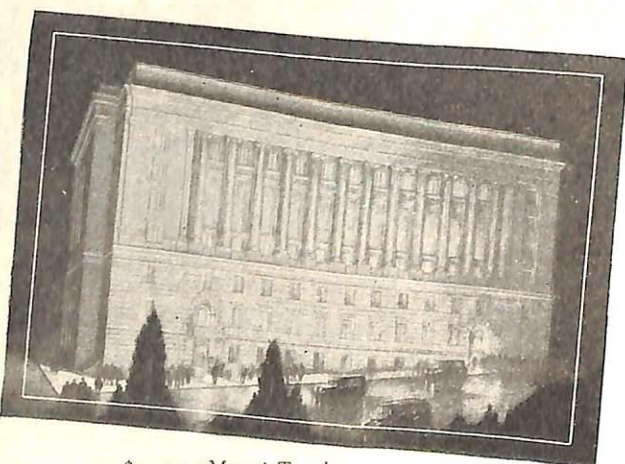
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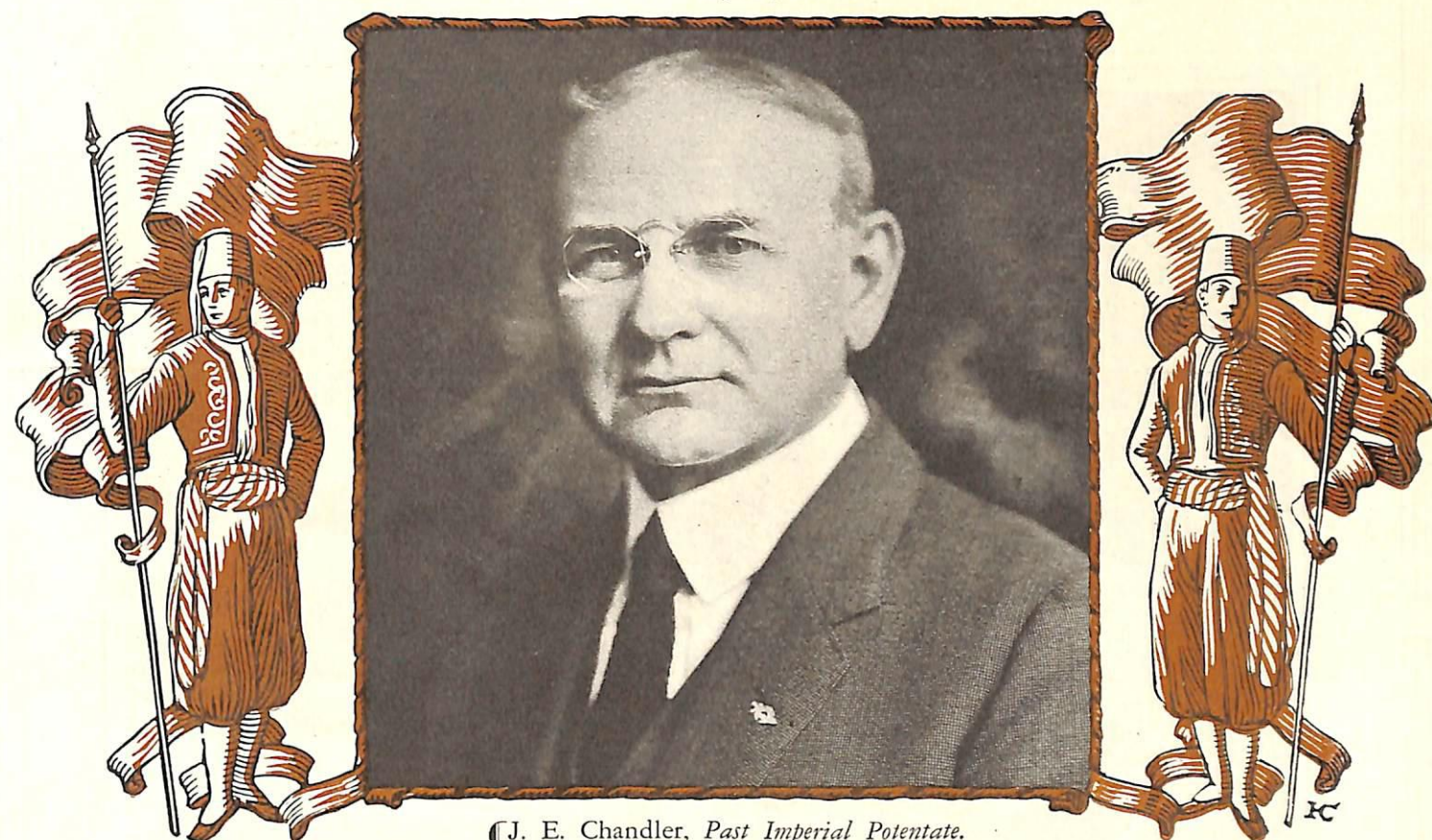
New York



\$2,500,000 Masonic Temple and Civic Auditorium, Toledo, Ohio.



\$2,500,000 Masonic Temple, Providence, Rhode Island.



(J. E. Chandler, Past Imperial Potentate.

Woodcuts by Harry Cimino

A Message from the Publication Committee

DEAR BROTHER NOBLES:—

Mere words are powerless to express my sincere enthusiasm and deep pride in THE SHRINE MAGAZINE. As one of the original proposers of the publication and as Chairman of your Publication Committee, I have been intimately associated with the project for many months and it has been an interesting experience to watch what was little more than a germ of an idea transformed into the beautiful publication you are now reading.

At this point I must confess that my first glimpse of our initial issue a month ago gave me a sharp, but pleasant shock of surprise. We had all hoped and planned for a magazine worthy of the ideals that are basic in the realms of Shrinedom, but few of us, I believe, dreamed of producing a publication that is entitled so clearly to stand shoulder to shoulder with the leading national magazines of our time. From both an editorial and artistic standpoint, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE leaves nothing to be desired.

This publication is destined to render a measure of service that will increase steadily as time passes. As you go through the pages of this and future issues each month you will be impressed by the opportunity presented for obtaining a wider, more thorough knowledge of

Yours in the faith,

the manifold activities of each individual Temple and its members. Here will be placed before the Nobility an accurate and authentic record of all the important happenings in the organization.

This magazine will give wide publicity to our hospitals. Many Nobles, for example, have gained a new viewpoint of the great work accomplished by these havens of refuge, after reading William Almon Wolff's stirring article which appeared in the May issue. Who could hear the glad story of little Jimmy O'Brien's rehabilitation without a feeling of great joy? There are hundreds of these "little Jimmies" and "little Marys" too, and the stories about them will be a constant source of inspiration to every Shriner.

As I close this brief message, I want to leave this thought with you. It is the aim of your Publication Committee to make THE SHRINE MAGAZINE a source of helpful influence and sprightly entertainment in the lives of all Nobles and their families. To this end, we will continue to scour the market for the best in literature and art. The success of our efforts in this direction has been partially revealed in our first two issues, but as Chairman of the Committee, I can assure you that even greater surprises are in store for you.

J. E. Chandler

PAST IMPERIAL POTENTATE AND
CHAIRMAN OF THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.



Photo by Backrach

MARTHA BERRY, founder of the Berry Schools in the Georgia Mountains, won through to success against almost insurmountable odds. Deserted by her disapproving friends, her fortune spent in making her dream come true, she yet carried her valiant fight for the education of her mountain children right into the office of the late President Roosevelt



One of Miss Berry's students — a typical Georgia mountain boy.



THE first of the Berry Schools was a little one room cabin in the Georgia Mountains. The children sat on planks laid across soap boxes and the teacher's desk was a large dry goods packing case.





(The Sunday Lady and some Mountain children being carried to school by the "Sunday School Horse.")

THE SUNDAY LADY

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

ON SUNDAY MORNING, Martha Berry was driving home from church. Her horse jogged easily along the dusty country road, baked by the sun of a Georgia summer day. She noticed three small boys trudging ahead.

"Hello boys," she greeted them, reining in her horse.

The youngsters looked up and responded with shy grins. They were clad in overalls so plentifully patched that but little of the original garments remained. Their feet were bare, their wide-brimmed straw hats tattered, their faces and hands quite unfamiliar with soap and water.

Martha knew them to be cracker children whose homes were somewhere in the closes of Lavender Ridge. As she sat in her buggy, smiling down at them, she found herself comparing them with other children she had seen before in Rome, the children of merchants and planters, their faces shiny with cleanliness, their hair neatly combed and brushed and curled, their clothing starched and spotless.

"Where are you going?" she asked the little fellows.

"Up yander," replied the eldest, pointing to the distant mountains.

"My goodness, you boys are mighty far from home, aren't you?"

"'Bout ten mile, I reck'n. We-uns come down ter the city."

"What for?"

"Just lookin'," said the boy; then he added hastily, "We-uns didn't aim to do no badness. But we lak' ter look onct in a while."

The boy's eyes shone as he spoke, as if some new spark were kindled by the memory of the wonders he had seen in the city. Martha stepped down from her buggy and taking the boy's hat from his head patted his corn-colored hair. He submitted, hanging his head and digging his toes in the hot dust.

"How would you boys like me to drive you part of the way home?" she asked them, "all the way to the foot of the mountain?"

"Oh, yas'm," they agreed in chorus, and crowded into the seat beside her, beaming with happiness.

As they approached Martha's house, standing back from the road on its green hill, the eldest boy pointed to it eagerly and cried. "Our paw knows the man what lives in thar. Only the man's dead now. But our paw used ter know him, long time ago. Our paw told me so onct when him an' me rid by here. Do you know him?"

"He was my father," said Martha. "I live in that house."

The three boys looked at her with something like awe in their wide eyes. One would have thought that the big white house was a sort of legendary shrine to these mountain children.

IT DID not require the naive comments of the youngsters to convince Martha Berry that the Georgia community venerated the memory of her father, Captain Thomas Berry. Born in Virginia, a member of the slave-holding aristocracy, he had come to Georgia before he was twenty. After serving an apprenticeship with a merchant in the village of Rome, he acquired a cotton plantation. He prospered exceedingly with the years, adding acres to his estate and increasing the number of his slaves.

Three times he quitted his plantation to go adventuring. He commanded the local company that marched away to fight in the Mexican War in '46. Three years later he fought his way across the prairies in the gold rush to California in '49. When the guns at Fort Sumter told of the beginning of a Civil War, his position as both a slave-holder and a Southerner made it inevitable that he would volunteer and serve a losing cause until the day of Lee's surrender.

In his business relations, Captain Berry had the well-deserved reputation of being shrewd without being sharp. At the beginning of the Civil War, many Southern business men repudiated their obligations, which they owed in the Northern cities. But he refused to accept this method of dodging his debts and before the actual outbreak of hostilities he sent gold to New York to cover every cent he owed.



(One of the first of the Berry Schools at Possum Trot is now under the instruction of one of its graduates.)

A Southern Girl who Devoted Her Life to Making Good Citizens of the Mountain Children of Georgia.

So it happened that, when the war ended and Captain Berry like his neighbors found his plantation, his county and his state impoverished, the Northern capitalists came to his rescue with generous loans. Upon the ruins of his old prosperity he built another comfortable fortune.

Martha Berry was the second of eight children. Educated with the idea that she would shine in a round of social activities, she was sent to a fashionable boarding school in Baltimore. At her father's death, she inherited as her share of the estate, a tract of valuable timber land.

THESE are some of the reasons why the three small boys looked at Martha with open-eyed wonder, when she told them that she lived "and belonged to" the big Berry mansion.

"Yer live in thar?" asked the oldest boy, after a breathless silence.

Martha nodded.

"All by yerself?"

"No. With my mother and brothers and sisters."

"Is there a gang o' you-uns, too?" asked the boy. "Thar's a heap of we-uns. Me, and these here two, an' three mo' boys an' five or six gals. I'm a-goin' on twelve an' the others is all round, f'm jes' little brats up to Alisa. Only we-uns ain't got us no big shack like you-uns to live at. We-uns got us a little shack, two-three rooms."

"Where do you boys go to school?" asked Martha.

"Ain't no school," answered the spokesman. "I reck'n thar's a school on t'other side of the ridge, beyon' th' gap, but we-uns ain't never been. It's fer boys live down thataway."

"And you don't go to Sunday School?"

"Sunday School," repeated the boy perplexedly. "What kind of a school is that?"

"Where you learn about God and Jesus Christ," said Martha.

"Ez thar somethin' to larn about them?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes and hear all the Bible stories."

"We-uns got us a Bible. Pa ez got him one. On'y he cain't read it. Ez thar stories in it?"

"Yes. Wonderful stories."

"Do yer know 'em?"

Martha nodded. "Boys," said she suddenly, reining her horse before the driveway that led to her home, "would you like to have me tell you some of those stories?"

"Would yer, ma'am?" breathed the child, almost incredulously. "If yer only would!"

"Certainly I will, honey," she promised, tears springing into her eyes.

The boy sighed happily. "I reck'n we-uns is in luck."

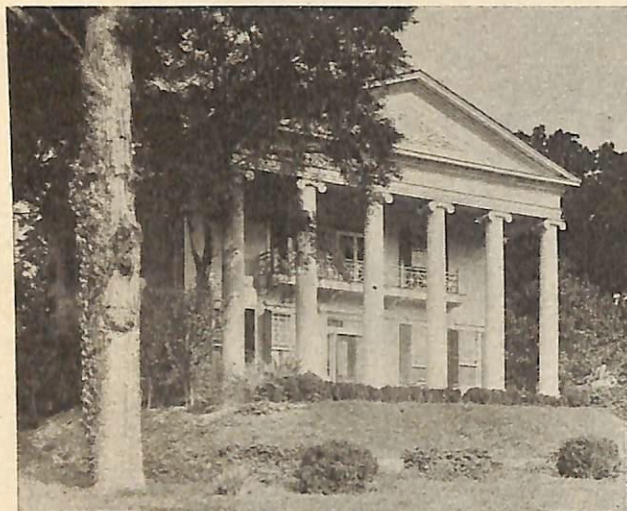
Martha gave Roanie his head and the horse turned up the long driveway that led to the house. She stopped midway and cut across the tree-shaded lawn to a small log cabin. It had been built years before for a play house and she thought it an excellent retreat for her extemporaneous Sunday School.

There were no chairs in the one room but Martha found a soap box and the children seated themselves on shucks mats at her feet. For a moment there was a deep silence, the children waiting for the wonders to unfold, Martha waiting while she decided where to begin. Then she realized that she must begin at the very beginning; she must tell them the very first story of all.

"In the beginning," she said, "God made the heavens and the earth, but everywhere there was blackness . . ."

THE SUN was low in the heavens before she returned home. She told the entranced children the stories of the Creation, of Adam and Eve and of Cain. Then she drove them to the head of the gap, not far from their home. To their question, "Ez thar more stories?" she promised them that if they would come back the following Sunday she would gladly tell them others.

When she entered her home, tired and dusty after her long



The daughter of a southern aristocrat Martha Berry had a most interesting background in this old plantation home.

ride, one of her sisters said, "Where in the world have you been, Martha? Didn't you remember that some of the boys would be here to see you? They waited and waited and left, just a little while ago."

Martha laughed. "I did forget all about the boys coming. After all, I was with some boys. There were three of them, the oldest was twelve and the second ten and the last nine. For an hour we were out there in the cabin telling Bible stories, then I drove them over to their home, near the gap."

"But where did you have dinner?"

"I didn't," Martha laughed. "Really, I never thought of it . . . And those poor dear children, I don't think they thought of it either."

"What nonsense, Martha. That was no way to spend a beautiful day like this."

"But it was. I wish you could have seen those children as they listened to the first Bible stories they ever heard. They're starved for knowledge. All those children who live buried away in the mountains, long for knowledge more than anything else in the world. And there is no place for them to get it."

"Well, what can you do about it? Will going without your dinner and forgetting your engagements help them?"

"It helped a little," replied Martha, "just a little, but it helped."

"Ridiculous! I should think their welfare is the concern of the government. Georgia should take care of her illiterates."

"But it isn't being done. And it must be done. It must!"

"You think you can do it, by going without dinner?"

"Oh, I don't know. I wish . . ."

"Suppose you taught those three boys a few things. What good would it actually do? For the other thousands?"

"I don't know," Martha agreed, hopelessly. "But if everyone would do a little, then a great deal could be done." She was standing at the window. "Look at this. Do you see that spider spinning her web, there, on the corner of the shutter? We are all like spiders, spinning the web of our lives. Each tiny thread which is pulled across is a bridge to something else. It may be to something better or to something worse. But whatever little bridges we build and wherever they take us, the material for the construction, like the spider's, must come from within ourselves."

The next Sunday morning, while Martha was at breakfast, Mammy, the old family cook and retainer, came in, shaking her turbaned head.

"Out there, there's some white trash chil'uns waiting to see you."

On the back porch, Martha found the three boys and with them two little sisters. The girls vied with

their brothers in dirty hands and faces and poverty of clothing. They also equaled the boys in the eager expectancy of their expressions.

"We-uns come back, ma'am," spoke up Alton, the oldest boy.

"Yes, indeed," Martha replied. "I'm glad to see you again and the little girls, too."

"We brang us some sisters," explained the boy. "We-uns tol' 'em them stories you tol' us last Sunday an' they cried ter come."

"Well you children all run over to the cabin, where we were last Sunday," Martha directed. "Then we'll have some more stories."

When she joined the children in the cabin, she had brought with her a small botanical microscope that she remembered having packed away in the attic years before. She determined that she must, first of all, teach the children the real meaning of cleanliness; so the telling of Bible stories waited upon their first instruction in hygiene. Obediently they washed their hands and faces in the tin basin. Then, thrilled with curiosity, viewed a drop of dirty water through the microscope.

"Bugs in it," said Alton. "How they get in?"

In the simplest terms, Martha explained germs. The children were profoundly impressed. To them her words sounded like a story of make-believe; but there, before their eyes, were the germs themselves. There was no doubting it. They saw real, live bugs, and according to the lady who seemed to know everything, they were the worst kind of bugs. They readily promised to wash themselves.

"Nobody don't want no bugs on 'm," declared Alton. "We-uns drown 'em right."

Before dinner time, when the children began their long walk back to the mountains, they had listened to many Bible stories. They lost their shyness and after each narrative, fired questions and comments.

They declared their intention to return next Sunday and Martha realized that she must study up, for she had almost exhausted her stock of Bible stories. Then she realized that she might very well include other subjects. Although they lived where nature flourished in wildest abandon, they knew nothing of nature's wonders. Boasting an ancestry that had been pure American since early Colonial days, they knew nothing of their country.

THE next Sunday ten children trudged down from the mountains to the little cabin in the valley, and each of the Sundays that followed saw an increasing number of students at the cabin school-house.

But it was weeks later, a Sunday morning in the early Fall, when Martha was awakened by the tramp of many feet in the driveway, a clatter of horses and a barking of dogs. Through her window she saw not only her children, but many of their parents as well. Some had walked, some driven there in creaking wagons while others had ridden over on horseback.

"Lawd bless yo', chile," murmured Mammy, as she peered over Martha's shoulder, her face crinkled up in amazement, "yo' got yo'se'f a pack of 'em to handle, sho' nuff."

They tied their horses to the trees and gathered in silent groups, looking up at the big house which their beloved Cap'n Tom had built and where the Sunday Lady now lived. Some of the children, more familiar with the surroundings, began to play about the cabin. Martha drew herself erect, lifted her chin and unconsciously squared her shoulders.

"I've made a job for myself," she said aloud. "May God give me strength to see it through."

Actually it was not a job that she "made for herself" but a job that had always been there, waiting for someone to tackle it. She threw herself into the work, body and soul.

Her family, her friends, no one it seemed agreed with her view of her duty. Some of them were shocked, others were openly disapproving.

"Think of your social position, my dear . . ."

"Why sacrifice your youth this way? Don't you know you are losing your opportunity to marry?"



The late Thomas Berry, Miss Berry's father.



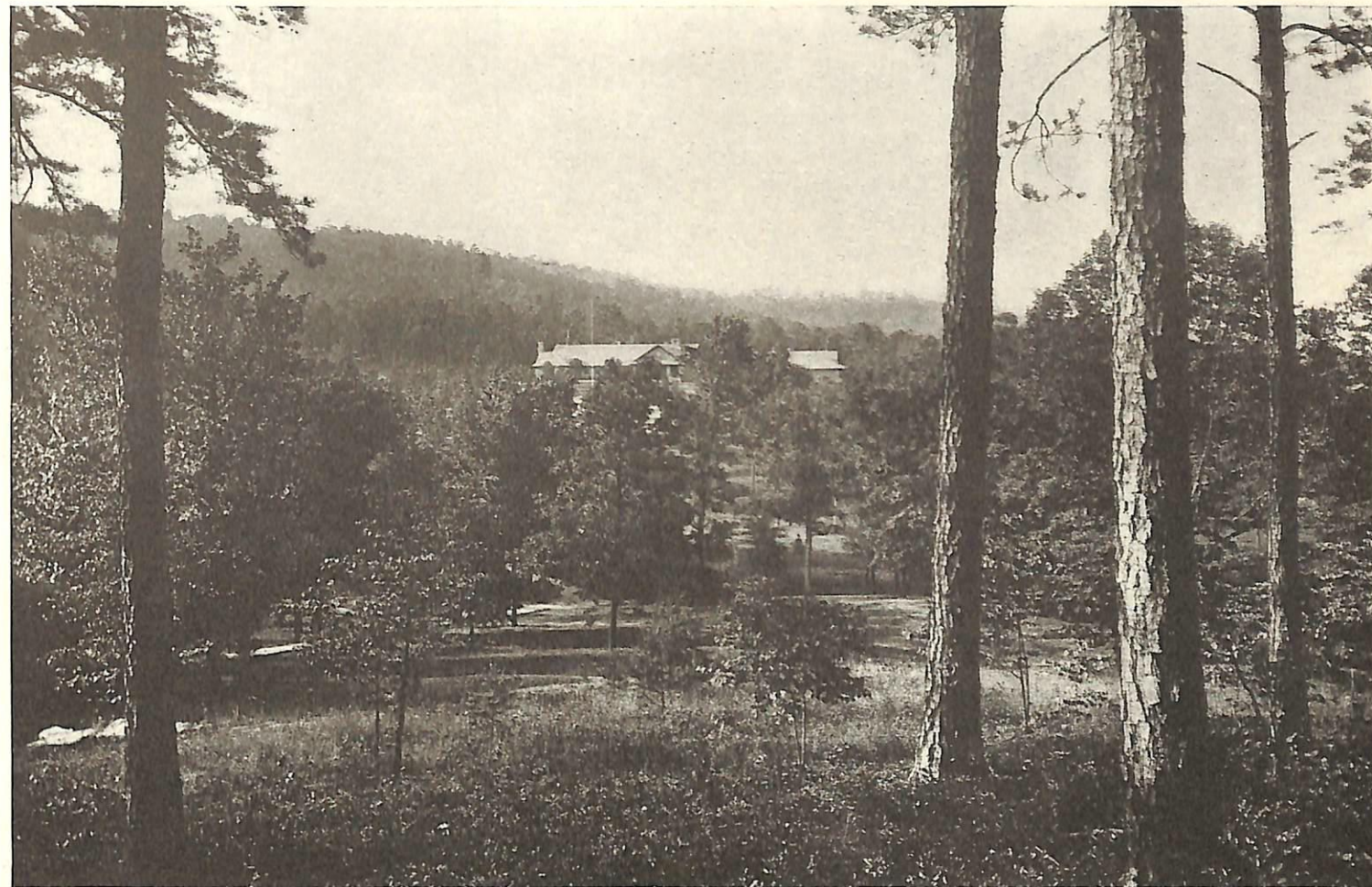
Martha Berry as a school girl—



After two years hard school work.



Judge Wright, who tried to discourage her.



Recitation Hall, one of the beautiful modern buildings of the Berry Schools.

"Martha, you must stop all this nonsense at once. If you care nothing about yourself, think of your family . . ."

So, in those early days, Martha learned to stand and to fight alone. Only one of her friends, Elizabeth Brewster, listened with sympathy and kept step with her.

From her father, Martha inherited a tract of woodland that lay across the road from her home. On this land she selected a site and had built there a small, one room building, which was to serve as a day school. It was ready by the next Spring. Here the children were to learn to read and write. The benches were planks laid across soap boxes and the teacher's desk was a large drygoods packing case.

The children looked upon it as their very own.

"Thar ain't no better school 'n th' world 'n this," exclaimed Alton, "ez thar, Ma'am?"

Martha was doubtful about the accuracy of such eulogy, but she replied, "It's a very nice school, I think, and before you leave here, you must learn to read and write and to speak correctly."

"Yas'm," the boy agreed, "I got to learn me them things now. I know all about God by this time."

Before the Summer was over, the school-house had been outgrown twice and two additions had been added. A steeple with a bell rose haughtily from the roof. Some of the children came fully twelve miles to their lessons and if they wore out no shoe leather, it was because they had no shoes to wear.

One day the mother of one of the boys came to Martha. "I reck'n I got ter let Emery stop a-comin'." She explained it



The Sunday Lady—the proud center of a group of good citizens her schools turned out.

regretfully. "It's too fur to walk, both this way an' that."

Other mothers, whose children came great distances, were of the same mind. From different points came pleas that the school be placed nearer that locality.

To meet this need, and because Elizabeth and Martha's sister, Frances, were willing to help, a second school was started at Possum Trot and in another year, four schools were flourishing in remote localities. Martha spent

the days riding from one school to another or journeying miles into the mountains to visit the mothers of her pupils or the mothers of children who did not come to the schools. These she sought to persuade that they should send their children. In this, she often failed. Many parents thought "larnin'" a sheer waste of precious time.

There were many other difficulties that presented themselves, as the name and fame of the Sunday Lady spread over the mountain settlements.

"We-uns'll come if Ma allows we kin," said a boy, speaking for a brood of eight. "Wait 'til I fotch her."

"No," said Martha. "We'll go to her."

They found her on the other side of the house, sitting on the worm-eaten threshold of a doorless doorway. In the manner of her forebears, who thus earned the still-lingering name of "Crackers" she was cracking corn between two flat stones.

"Maw, this here is the Sunday Lady. She aims to fotch us ter school."

The woman regarded her with frank [Continued on page 76]



Into the heart of the mountains Miss Berry journeyed to bring out pupils for her schools.



FREE

By Konrad
Bercovici



A SOFT AUTUMN wind blew through the golden bronzed and silvered leaves of the trees in the valley of the Danube. The waters of the river were of the same blue as was the sky backing the brown, snow-topped mountains of the Dobrudgea.

The peasants, anticipating the winter, wore their coats with the fur outside. The youngsters who had received new fur caps and new leather boots were wearing them from before sunrise till bedtime. The homespun, carpet-like winter skirts, interwoven with yellows and reds and blacks, and hanging gracefully from a red belt at the hips, were already being worn by the maidens over their knee-high winter boots. At the dances at the inn on Sundays, the girls no longer wore flowers in their hair, as is the custom of the summer, but wreathed their foreheads with deep red maple and silver birch leaves.

In the little village of Matchin they had only finished pressing the wine from the heavy red grapes when the first frost bit the pumpkins. Under the new boots the limbs of the girls were still violet from the juice in the low vats. The gaiety which comes with the gathering of the grapes was still on the lips and in the eyes of the boys and the girls. The young men, in groups, in front of the inn, were keeping themselves apart, talking of all that had happened in this, that and the other vineyard during the pressing of the wine. There were outbursts of laughter and slapping of thighs, and oh's and ah's. The wreathed, gaily dressed maidens looked on and had their own gossip to whisper, with the corners of their eyes on the young men.

It had been a good year and a gay year. The older men were telling old stories around the smoke houses where quarters of lamb, calf, beef and pork were being prepared for the winter, while the corralled sheep bleated, unaccustomed yet to the inclosure before them.

In Boyar Dmitru's house, built so close to the shore of the Danube that it seemed to rise from its waters, the gaiety was even more intense than in the houses of the peasants. Boyar Dmitru himself, a tall, stout, heavy-bearded man, was much more of a peasant than a nobleman. He had seldom if ever left his estate, being on the most friendly terms with his vassals, and never failed to appear at their weddings, christenings and funerals.

The Boyaritzza Stanca, his wife, as frail and thin as the boyar was heavy and solid, however, never omitted to pass a few months of the winter season in Bucharest, the capital of the country, from where she returned with trunks full of dresses from Paris, which she never found occasion to wear, but which gave her the feeling that she was in current with the mode and was not wearing last year's dresses.

That fall of the year their only daughter, Mariutza returned from school to stay with them. She was nineteen, and had been away at the capital for three years, living there with an aunt of hers, and during all these three years her father had not seen her once. When he did see her he could hardly believe his eyes that she was his daughter. Blue-eyed, golden-haired, with an almost milk white skin, sharply contrasting with her well-shaped lips,



Youth, Love and Romance on the Shores of the Blue Danube

Illustrations by
W. T. Benda



her vivacity and gaiety was so infectious that the whole house was ringing with laughter from early in the morning till late at night from the hour she had returned to her parents' house.

They had guests, the boyars; aunts, cousins and nieces, and they, too, the guests, although they had an air of detachment as befits noblemen coming from the city to the country, had lost their attitude the minute Mariutza appeared on the scene. Her mother reproached her daughter for too great intimacy and friendliness with the peasants, but Mariutza had donned peasant costume the day she had arrived, and answered that she was a peasant herself, that her father was a peasant, that her grandfather and her great-grandfather had been peasants, and she was happy and proud of her ancestry.

At the Inn because her cousins and nephews and uncles on her mother's side could not dance the national dances she danced with all the peasant youngsters, to show that she had mastered the intricate steps and gymnastics of the dance which the gypsy fiddlers fiddled out. Her father stood aside and laughed, happy that his daughter was of his blood, and not of the blood of the people on her mother's side, who were all citified.

That Sunday was an exceptional day. Yearly on the third Sunday after St. Demetrius Luca's gypsy tribe came for the annual meeting in the wine grove beyond the little knoll that outlined itself from the windows of the boyar's house. It was an old custom of the gypsies to come there every year, and when the boyar's father had died, he had enjoined his son never to molest or in any way disturb the gypsies when they arrived.

Mariutza had not seen the gypsies in many years and was awaiting their arrival with great excitement. She had spoken about them to her friends and had described them to her relatives on the mother's side; her descriptions becoming more romantic and more fantastic every day. And now she was expecting them. She was dressed in her best and gayest peasant costume, with gold embroidery upon the red sleeves, and long amber earrings.

IT WAS midday and they had not yet arrived. The peasants living in the mud huts outside the circle of the boyar's home had gone to the shore; for the gypsies generally arrived from the other side of the Danube. They had been waiting for hours and there was no sign of the gypsies arrival. The whole boyar household was watching the other shore with the same anxiety the peasants showed. The boyar was explaining to his guests:

"They will be here three weeks; three times seven days, not more nor less. Luca's house is called 'The House of Kings.' When a tribe wants to elect a chief outside of its own circle they arrive during the second twenty-four hours to pick one of Luca's tribe. Breeders of kings they are, the Lucas, each one prouder than the other and more handsome than the other. When one of the gypsy chiefs desires to better the blood of his tribe he comes and buys at a tremendous price, a woman of the Lucas. No Luca man or woman has ever married a white person or a 'didicai', a half-blooded one, and every seventh year all those belonging to the Luca blood join them on the third day and bring

news from all over the world; from Spain and Russia, from Turkey and England, from Greece, Austria, Poland and Germany; from everywhere."

The boyar had hardly finished his explanation when the youngsters of the peasants, throwing their fur caps in the air, called out: "There they come!"

From far up to the left of the boyar's house a dozen large scows were being paddled slowly down the river in an oblique way towards the shore. In the first one sat old chief Luca and his immediate family. The next one, two scows tied together, contained his four horses and the tent wagon. And so, arriving in order of rank, glided a dozen or more scows at an equal distance from each other.

Quietly, with much dignity, the gypsies disembarked themselves, their horses and wagons from the scows. Then marching slowly, again according to the immediate relation to the chief, straight and stalwart, they passed in front of the boyar's house to receive, standing on the lowest steps of the stairway, the bread and salt offered to guests in sign of peace from the hands of the boyar himself. After this was over the peasants offered their greetings, shaking the hands of everybody and chatting with old friends.

AFTER sundown, when the smoke of Luca's campfires curled like silver ropes against the sky, the boyar in his best peasant costume, accompanied by Mariutza and the guests, went down to the grove to pay the first visit to the guests. Ten fiddlers scraping out of their strings a martial tune marched at the head of the procession. Two players of the tchimpi, the bagpipes, followed behind. The boyaritza had remained at home. The noise and the savagery was too much for her, she claimed.

The procession was met half way by Luca and his family, bowing low with dignity. The boyar and the chief greeted one another again.

"This is my daughter Mariutza, Luca," the boyar introduced. "She you have been talking about for the last few years and who has been away to the school of Bucharest?" Luca inquired. "The very one."

Luca eyed the girl with pleasure. He appraised and measured her. Mariutza felt as if the eyes of the gypsy chief detailed every inch of her body, including the mole on her knee.

"It is well," Luca said, "that the daughter of the boyar is not ashamed of our own clothes and wears them in preference to the clothes of the towns."

And then to match the best his host had to show with the best there was in his house, he called:

"Murgu, Murgule, come here!"

A tall, handsome, black-eyed, black-mustached young gypsy stepped forward.

"It is my nephew, boyar, my nearest kin."

When the boyar's guests had sat down at the campfire, the gypsies offered their gifts to the guests; bits of silk. Carved pieces of amber. Pipes. Rings of beaten silver, and to the boyar himself, Luca offered an old Turkish pistol carved in silver and gold.

While the guests were talking to the members of Luca's tribe, trying to get the flavor of it all, like bees buzzing from one flower to another to extract the honey, Mariutza and Murgu remained sitting together. To suppress the patronizing feeling that she had while talking to the young gypsy Mariutza talked in a more intimate way with Murgu than she had intended. He was handsome and fascinating beyond words. Still, with her, it was merely playing, permitting herself an extraordinary sensation, the memory of which she intended to store away. It would be wonderful on returning to Bucharest to tell her girl friends of the flirtation with the handsome gypsy.

The niece and cousins eyed the two from afar and remarked to one another laughingly:

"Isn't she a devil! She'll turn that poor gypsy boy's head yet."

Even her cousin Petru, a young officer of the army, who was as good as engaged to her, thought it was interesting to see Mariutza sitting near the gypsy lad, her face illumined by the burning wood fire in the night.

Luca was chatting with the boyar, holding in his hands a silver cup filled with wine.

"You have never heard Murgu play, have you, boyar?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I have," the boyar answered. "Didn't he play last year?"

"Oh, yes, he did, but he has since learned to play much better."

And with the dignity mingled with the respect one of high

station owed to another, Luca walked over to where Murgu sat, and asked:

"If the boyar's daughter has no objection, would you mind playing for us?"

Murgu looked at Mariutza. She clapped her hands joyfully and called:

"Oh, that would be so wonderful. Do play, Murgu!"

A minute later the camp was silent. Mariutza went to sit near her father. The people had regrouped themselves; the white people on one side, and the gypsies on the other. Murgu was standing between the two, turning this way and that as he played.

SOMEHOW he did not get started well. He began and ended abruptly several times. He took chords, alternating the major and minor ones, trilled and rasped, going over from the deepest tones to the shrillest cries, imitating birds and animals and the leaping wind of the fall. It was as if he tried to evoke from within him the source of melody that lay hidden in his breast.

Then the young gypsy closed his eyes and planted his feet firmly on the ground. He had found what he wanted. A broad smile spread over his face and his forehead which had been knitted, smoothed itself out until it glistened like old ivory. The rhythm and the tempo of the tune were superimposed on the background of the splashing waters and the broken waves of the Danube that lapped the shores. A tapestry of sound; a tapestry of silver and gold embroidered upon dark brown and deep copper.

When he had finished the last stroke of the bow they were in a trance, his own people as well as the white ones. The boyar was so transported he tore the thick golden chain which crossed his vest and offered it together with the heavy silver watch to the boy.

But when he was asked to play again Murgu refused. He was in no mood to play again.

"What made you play so beautifully?" Mariutza asked when he came to sit by her side.

"How am I to know?" Murgu answered simply. "Maybe the Danube, the wind, the fire, the rustling of the leaves . . . and maybe you," he added softly.

The boyar's daughter gasped at the audacity of the young gypsy. Yet it was the finest and most pleasing compliment ever paid to her by a man. The simplicity with which he included her among the elements, the fulness and softness of his voice as he spoke, charmed her and atoned for his impudence. After awhile, when the boyar got ready to leave, she asked:

"When you will know what has made you play so beautifully. Murgu, will you come and tell me?"

She gave him no time to answer and skipped away.

A moment later the boyar and his people were taking leave of the gypsies. The fires were leaping high. The bloods had been warmed by the wine that the boyar had brought. They danced and sang to the music played by the boyar's fiddlers heading the returning procession and the bagpipes that followed them.

When the boyar and his guests had returned home, Petru Constantin, the young officer, Mariutza's suitor, said half seriously and half in jest:

"Mariutza has flirted outrageously with the young gypsy. I believe he has fallen in love with her at first sight."

"Mariutza," the boyaritza groaned. "Mariutza, that was not nice at all."

But Petru interfered.

"Oh, boyaritza, you mustn't say that. She was so beautiful sitting there against the fire I wished I were a gypsy myself."

"I wish it were true," Mariutza remarked, shrugging her shoulders. "But that gypsy boy was not at all thinking of me. He was thinking of the wind and the fire and the rustling leaves and the tunes that he played."

Late that night, when she had gone to her bed, Mariutza thought of her romantic evening. What mattered if she had flirted a little with a gypsy boy? There was no danger. He was so beneath her station in life. With these thoughts in her mind she fell asleep.

AT THE breakfast table on the glass enclosed porch facing the Danube, Mariutza was talking softly to Petru.

"You must go down with me to the grove, Petru Constantin. I want to see those gypsies again. We'll just stroll out on horseback and then going around the bend we will come upon the grove. I want to see how they behave when they are not aware that other people are looking at them."



Never before had she seen Murgu look so handsome, and because she was now free to do as she pleased, Mariutza threw herself into his arms.

Petru Constantin twirled his little black mustache, narrowed his eyes and looked at her.

"I believe you want to go and see your young gypsy admirer,"

"Well, what have you against it?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered, "perhaps it would be better if you went alone."

"I wouldn't mind doing that, only—think of Mother if I were found out. Father would probably laugh, but Mother!"

"Oh, you want me along just for the peace of the house. Well, I shall sacrifice myself."

They were soon upon their horses and had not gone very far when they turned to the left and came upon the knoll overlooking the grove where the gypsies were camping. Overnight the tents had been pitched and the women had decorated the canvas with furs and bits of colored cloth and ribbons and stripes of hide. Large kettles were boiling over the fires, from where emanated a savory odor of boiling meat cooked with herbs. The youngsters were currying the horses and plaiting into the tails and the manes ribbons

and leaves. They were expecting visitors that day, the gypsies.

Luca and Murgu were inspecting what had been done. The tents were pitched in a perfect circle. In the midst of that circle was a colored pole and around it had been thrown piles of blankets and carpets until they formed a circular wide couch.

Murgu was the first to see the two riders. He remained standing where he was without making any sign that he had seen them. He whispered to old Luca, who, raising his head, approached the two riders.

"Good morning. I see that the boyaritza does not know the old custom. We are not to be disturbed today. The boyar, I am certain, does not know you have come here, for he would have dissuaded you from doing so."

Blushing, humbled, Mariutza mumbled something and turned her horse to leave, when Murgu approached the horse and said to the girl:

"I have found out why I played so well last night."

Then without another word he moved [Continued on page 82]

EXPLORING THE NEW EUROPE

*(An Inquisitive American
Sorts out the Truths
from the Untruths)*



*(A street in the Island
of Capri, Italy.)*

By John Gunther

(A Notable Group of Sketches

by George Wright)

ABOUT two months ago I happened to be breakfasting with a friend in a certain London club. The friend was an American, new to the strange glamor of European capitals. With us was a third young man. He was English. What was more he was an Oxford man, who, after his time in the army, had settled down to a career in the Foreign office, which corresponds to our Department of State.

We were talking about certain London sights. My American friend voiced a wish to see the ceremony known as "the changing of the guard," which, performed before Buckingham Palace every morning, illustrates the ritual with which the British army salutes its king.

"Why, I'll take you there on my way to the Foreign office," said my English friend.

"It would be very kind of you indeed," said the American.

"But—" suddenly remonstrated the Englishman, "remember—I positively must be at my desk by ten minutes after eleven!"

Well, that illustrates one of the things about European life which is so puzzling to an American. It also shows that one of the pleasantest things about Europe is that very few people ever dream of getting to work before ten o'clock in the morning.

But there are many other puzzling things.

I know many Americans who have been amazed first of all to discover that Europeans really do seem to be at home in Europe. Sometimes the American himself becomes pretty much at home. I know perfectly good Americans who have returned from London with an English accent—or from Paris with French wives.

But the European in Europe is a different matter. He really fits the picture. And it is somewhat startling to discover that Englishmen, for instance, really are shy and aloof, and that many of them wear monocles and carry a stick (not a cane!) just as casually as we ourselves wear horned-rimmed spectacles or carry a hip flask. And it is a surprise likewise to find that Frenchmen in general are volatile, dramatic, and heavily-mustached, that Italians have somber, passionate eyes, and that the German is somewhat inclined to be sentimental and likes beer.

And then the American, having first mastered the incredible fact that these people are actually real people, proceeds to new discoveries. And the list of his discoveries, frankly set down, may be healthfully shocking. Just what is it that the American does find out on his first trip to Europe?

Well, one might make a list—a litany. He finds out, for instance,

That taxi fares in Paris are almost as cheap as street-car fares here.

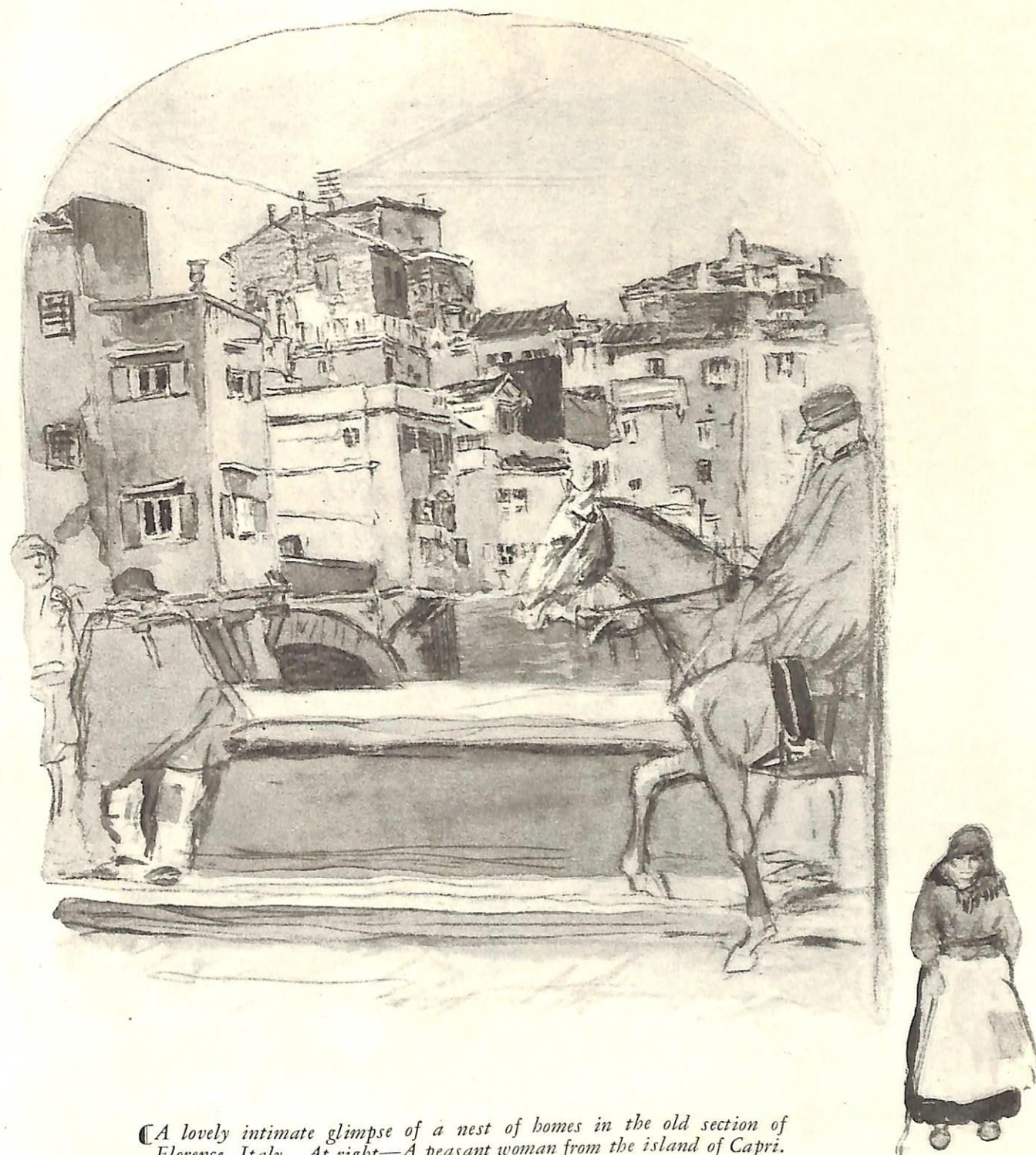
That the taxis themselves are dangerous, and have been known to pursue Americans right over the curbstone on to the sidewalk.

That a champagne cocktail costs 8 francs at the Café de la Paix—\$0.40.

That the English bars are closed between 3 p.m. and 5:30 p.m. each day and all day Sunday—and that no influence of any kind can get them open.

That very few English newspapers print news on the front page, using the space instead for "small advertisements."

That no English judge can be bought.



*(A lovely intimate glimpse of a nest of homes in the old section of
Florence, Italy. At right—A peasant woman from the island of Capri.)*

That no French, Spanish or Italian judge can be bought enough.

That French is still spoken in a few places in Paris, but that it has almost disappeared as a language in the neighborhood of the opera and boulevards.

That you will see Jackie Coogan in "Un Bimbo Della Fiandre," not in "The Boy of Flanders," if you go to the movies in Italy.

That no one has ever heard of Red Grange, except sport specialists.

That neither French, British, Italian nor German cooking is anywhere near so good as American cooking.

That a first class hotel in Madrid, London, Berlin or Moscow is

every bit as expensive as a correspondingly first class hotel in New York City.

That it takes seven full hours to get from Paris to London, thirty from Paris to Rome, forty-two from Paris to Vienna, and ninety from Paris to Constantinople—on fast through trains.

That it is forbidden to smoke in the Casino at Monte Carlo.

That it rains very often on the French riviera, and that during the spring an excessively cold wind blows in from the sea.

That in London in summer the sun doesn't set till 9:30 p.m.

That on the continent breakfast is usually had at 10 a.m., luncheon at 1:30 p.m., tea at 4:30 p.m., and dinner as late as 8:30 or 9 p.m.

That London is an infinitely more wicked city than Paris.

That politics is the most honorable profession in England, law in France, and the army in the new Italy—and that few Europeans ever think of going "into business," or seriously care about making money.

Well, some such list might represent the discoveries of an average inquisitive American among the surface trivialities of European life—and usually it is the surface trivialities which impress him more, during a short stay, than those facts in the life of



*(The artist met this picturesque
wine dray on the road to Paris.)*



ⒸAn Italian market-place scene showing a bit of the fine architecture of Old Florence.

a country which lie deeper. And in the same way the inquisitive American will lose many of his cherished European illusions. He will discover many things, like those on the foregoing list, to be true. And he will discover also that some things he had always believed are not true. For instance:

It is not true that the English channel is always rough.

It is not true that Monte Carlo is a dazzling movie-like gambling spectacle. Most of the Casino gamblers are (1) hard-headed grim business men who make the tables a profession; (2) small French investors sitting seriously over their little black books and

wagering as little as five francs at a time. It is not true that the great European express trains are inferior in point of service to American trains.

It is not true that Englishmen are supercilious or hifalutin. People think so because the English are deceptively shy. The traditional English hauteur is nonsense. It simply means that an ordinary Englishman is a very quiet, somewhat reserved, highly sensitive person who is not vitally interested in your business, and sees no reason, unless he is a particular friend of yours, why you should be interested in his.

It is not true that all Europeans do their best to fleece all Americans.

But one could proceed with such a list almost indefinitely. The American in Europe will learn these facts as his background very quickly, almost as quickly as he learns that it is forbidden to buy cigarettes in England after 8 p.m. or that the French for green beans is haricot verts. Then, doubtless, he begins to discover things about European institutions—and by institutions I mean more than the Eiffel Tower in Paris or the Adlon Bar in Berlin. And while he is learning something about what these Europeans are thinking about, he begins to get at the secret, perhaps, of their personality.

The best outline of European personality I know is told in a famous story by M. Paderewski, the great pianist.

He calls his story the elephant story. He picked it up when he was Poland's delegate to the League

of Nations council at Geneva. There, during various discussions, he was able to get a very distinct slant on the varying characteristics of European individuals. And he summarized his observations by means of a story about an elephant.

Later the story—rather the fable—became famous. I heard M. Paderewski relate it in London, at a press club dinner. And many of the newspaper men present put it straight on the wires.

"You must imagine," M. Paderewski began, "that five men are each asked to write something about an elephant. The five men will represent five different European nationalities. We will choose, say, a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Pole, a Russian, and a German. But the elephant will remain the same.

"And each one has a job—to write something about that same elephant.

"Well, the Englishman took the job first. He bought an expensive equipment. He purchased cameras, luggage, and high-powered express rifles. He went to India, joined a caravan out hunting, joined another, worked in the field for months, had fine sport—and in the end produced a fine illustrated volume called, 'The Elephant—How to Shoot Him.'

"The Frenchman was next. His procedure was very simple indeed—much simpler than that of the Englishman. He went to the Zoo and made friends with the keeper. He took the keeper out to lunch a couple of times and sent flowers to his wife. Occasionally he observed the elephant. In three weeks he had a little brochure written—'The Elephant—How He Makes Love.'

"The German came next. He was a very methodical fellow, that German. He studied at Tübingen, at Heidelberg, at the other great universities. Finally he ended up in Berlin. At the end of three years, he had consulted every authority on the elephant which existed in every language. But he had never seen a real elephant.

At last the German's book came out. It was in three volumes. It was called 'An Introduction to a Monograph to the Study of The Elephant.'

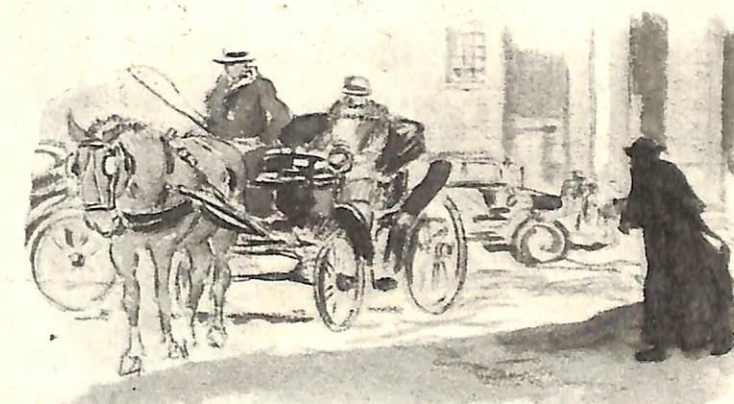
"Then it was the Pole's turn. But the Pole didn't take a great deal of time. He went to Warsaw, studied, with his strange national pride,



ⒸTwo Capri peasant girls.



ⒸA street in Hamburg, Germany.



ⒸIn lovely, leisurely old Rome the horse is still popular.



ⒸA Capri peasant carrying wine.

a few documents, and in the end produced a neat little essay. It was called 'The Elephant and the Polish Question.'

"Finally there came the Russian. He was quickest of all. He went straight to Moscow, lived in an attic on vodka and steaming samovars of tea, and after three days, with his hair flying, emerged, holding in his grimy fingers a very short article. The title was 'The Elephant—Does It Exist?'"

And the American visiting Europe is pretty sure to agree with M. Paderewski before many weeks have passed.

SOME time ago returning from Europe I sat in my first American railroad train in two years. In the washroom, I struck up conversation about Europe with a New York banker who slowly puffed at a cigar, listening to me—skeptically. I boosted Europe. But when I had finished, the banker said:

"No, I don't believe there's anything in this Europe stuff. I don't want to go anywhere that's twenty years behind the time. Europe can't teach us anything. Me for America—always!"

Now, that banker was perfectly right in one respect—that he was an American always. But he was quite wrong in another respect. Anybody is wrong who says that Europe can't teach us anything.

Take, for instance, even such an item as transportation. In such affairs America is supposed naturally to lead the world. But does it? It seems to me that the 'tube' in London is infinitely more efficient, more comfortable, and more healthful than the subway in New York. And certainly the traffic sys-

tem in Paris is much better organized than it is, say, in Chicago.

And in the matter of rail travel one may point to things on the European side of the fence. It is true that generally speaking European trains are smaller, and slower than ours. But they have more things to contend with. There is a train, for instance, known as the Orient Express. Every night in Paris you can see it

lined up at the Gare de l'Est, a long shining column of wagon-lits. It slips out smoothly at 8:10 p.m., or as the Europeans call it, at 20:10 o'clock. And on the announcement at the foot of the track you can see the names printed—Paris—Lausanne—Venice—Trieste—Belgrade—Sofia—Athens—Constantinople. The Orient Express does those towns as casually as the New Haven does Westport, Conn. And you can set your watch by it any time during that journey which takes it across seven national frontiers.

Again in such matters as air travel, the Europeans, it may as well be frankly admitted, are far ahead of us. There is no civil aviation anywhere in the world to match the Paris-London service. Mail (Continued on page 77)

Illustrated by
Harry Townsend

The TARDY

WE TOOK turns calling on the Lieblings and trying to straighten things out. At least, we put it that way since people like to attribute nice motives to themselves whenever they can. As a matter of fact it was curiosity, a very consuming and rather vulgar curiosity.

Divorces are not particularly rare in our suburb, what with our new Country Club and generally modernized ways of living. But considering that Mama Liebling was seventy-two years old and that Papa Liebling was seventy-six and that they had lived in Maywood longer than anybody could remember and that they were about to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary in the spring, well—considering these things you must admit there was ground for curiosity and a great deal of it in the news that the Lieblings were going to get divorced.

I RETURNED to Maywood after a year abroad in time to learn that Judge Blossom had denied old Henry Liebling his divorce; that after listening to the evidence for an afternoon he had thrown the case out of court and that poor old Hannah Liebling was certain to die from the shock. The group on the Country Club veranda where I learned all these things insisted that it was my turn to call on the Lieblings and try to make old Henry listen to reason. In fact, they insisted that I owed it to Maywood to put an end to this absurd and incredible scandal before it got into the movie weeklies and spotlighted our suburb as a morbid community.

The Liebling house was, of course, one of the oldest if not the oldest in Maywood. It was a charming vine-covered and rambling structure which in my youth had been regarded as quite a show place. I found Hannah sitting in her favorite rocker staring with watery and almost sightless eyes at her slippers. Dr. McNitt's efforts to induce Hannah to use



Poor old shriveled Hannah Liebling whose mind was already away from life hadn't the slightest recollection of her romance of forty-seven years ago.

PHANTOM

By Ben Hecht

CA Divorce Suit Instead of a Golden Wedding Feast

an ear trumpet had always been futile. She cupped her withered hand to her ear and listened to my greetings with a strained and melancholy attention.

"Where's Papa?" I finally inquired.

"Eh, eh?" old Hannah leaned forward, "who?"

"Papa," I repeated as loudly as I could, "Henry!"

"Oh," she sank back in the rocker, "he's at the court house."

She then resumed her staring at her slippers. I sat down and waited, musing as one does in the presence of a past generation. The living-room in the Liebling home was a charming and mellow place. It had not changed since my boyhood. The same knitted whisk broom holder hung near the doorway, the same marble-topped black table supporting its ancient silver pitcher stood in its center, the same comfortable and lopsided chairs, couches, sepia etchings on white silk—nothing had changed in the Liebling home since the days I used to earn ten cents from old Hannah for shoveling the snow from the Liebling walk. The years had passed with careful and scrupulous feet through this old room. It seemed a little backwater of a room in which life had sighed itself wistfully to sleep. I say it seemed like such a room because obviously it was not. Obviously drama lurked under these simple and faded furnishings. I waited eagerly for old Henry. The group at the Country Club had refused to give me the details of the scandal, declaring it would be best to have them from the old boy himself.

OLD Henry was all dressed up. I noticed this as soon as he came in. He wore a curiously festive air such as old people exhibit on important anniversaries, and he was very formal in his greeting to me.

Hannah arose as he entered and stood looking at him and knowing her habit of coming forward for a conjugal peck on the cheek I waited nervously. Her husband, however, returned her heart-breaking look with a frown.

"I told you you shouldn't come near me ever again," he raised his voice.

"Eh," said Hannah.

"The Judge," continued old Henry glowering now in my direction, "can refuse to give me a divorce, but he can't make me look at her again. So help me God," he raised his voice and shook a gnarled finger at the old woman, "I ain't ever going to speak to you once more."

Despite his glower and the shaking of his finger old Henry's voice was unconvincing as old people's voices usually are when they assay to be dramatic. Unconvincing, that is, to me. It seemed, however, to convince poor Hannah deaf as she was and she sat down once more in her favorite rocker, wiping her eyes with the back of her aged hand.

Henry then told me what had happened in the court. It was bound to be in the newspapers, he explained, not without a touch of pride, because there had been reporters there and a man with a camera.

"And here," he went on in his quavering voice, "is the letter. I showed it to the judge and he read it. He couldn't deny what's in this letter even if he won't give me the divorce. And I told him when he got through talking that he ain't the only judge in this county."

Old Henry fumbled in his wallet and removed a yellowed envelope. He handled it gingerly, his fingers shaking.

"I found it three weeks ago when I was in the attic," he went

on, "We were going over the things we owned, Mama and I," he paused and frowned at this slip, "Mrs. Liebling and I," he continued, "because we are old and who knows how soon we will die? And in the bottom of a trunk, yes, an old trunk, I found it. Go on, read."

He handed me the envelope with a frown at poor Hannah who, at the sight of the yellowed paper had begun rubbing her eyes again with her knuckles. The envelope, I noted, was addressed to Mrs. Hannah Liebling. It was dated May 12th, 1878. I opened it and removed a sheet of letter paper that had become in texture like one of those pressed flowers one finds inside of old family Bibles. Without more ado I read,

"My Adorable Hannah—Tonight the memory comes to me of our last meeting and I am almost beside myself with longing. You are so wonderful I can hardly wait to see you again. You will never know how much I love you or how grateful I am to you. I will be in Chicago around the latter part of May and I will try to tell you then."

It was signed,
"Your ever worshipping Bob."

Old Henry sat trembling, his faded eyes blinking as I read the evidence.

"The judge says it's too old," he exclaimed querulously. "It happened forty-seven years ago. Is that my fault that I didn't know? I just found out, didn't I? She was untrue to me and I am entitled to a divorce."

"What did she say?" I asked quietly.

"What did she say when you showed this to her the first time—in the attic?"

"What did she say?" Henry repeated as wrathfully as he could, "I'll tell you. I asked her about him. At first she didn't know who he is. She can't remember. Can you imagine such a thing? Her worshipping Bob! But I showed her by the envelope it was her letter. And so she finally remembered. But what does she remember? Nothing. He was Bob, that's all. She don't even admit she remembers his last name. Bob who, I kept asking her. 'He should have a name,' I said to her, 'look what he was to you.' All night I kept after her. But you go on ask her. There she sits. Look at her, as if she had done nothing. No-nothing!"

Old Hannah was rocking slowly. Her withered body seemed barely alive.

"You'll have to talk loud," cautioned Mr. Liebling bitterly, "she's deaf. Deaf as ever."

The old woman fixed her watery eyes on the sputtering husband.

"Henry," she inquired in a faint voice, "What's the matter?"

Henry snorted. His rage seemed to increase

Papa Liebling found evidence for divorce in the old letter. It seemed this ancient wrong was restoring his youth.

under this bewildered and pathetic question. "I wouldn't mind so much about Bob himself," he exclaimed, his hands shaking, "he must be dead [Continued on page 83]

QUEER STREET

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Synopsis of preceding instalment

Illustrated by Donald Teague

IT WAS DRAWING on to eight in the evening when Mr. John Palmer began to give, for the edification of no audience other than his lonely own, an entirely lifelike imitation of a journeyman author settling the yoke on his shoulders.

In the name, "John Palmer" there was nothing to indicate that he was the son of the man who once owned the house, wherein he now rented a furnished room, his own room in fact, for nine dollars a week. He could scarcely afford to pay nine dollars for a lodging. Perhaps it had been the chance encounter with Miss Wilding on the stairs, perhaps it was the self-evident fact that he and the house were in much the same position after more prosperous days; both were down at the heel and both had stories to tell of past joys and grandeurs, sorrows and tragedies; that led him to give Mrs. Fay the landlady the nine dollar bills which she demanded in advance.

He conscientiously had made every proper preparation for writing; he had rested and, after a fashion, dined, to restore energies which an adventurous day had drained; had retired to his so atmospheric bedchamber-atelier, shucked his coat, turned up his cuffs, neatly arranged upon the makeshift desk his recent purchases at the stationer's; had refilled his fountain pen, lighted his pipe, drawn up a chair, and found the least uncomfortable way to distribute his legs beneath the marble slab, and set down in a fair, round hand at the head of a sheet of copy paper:

QUEER STREET

After a moment of deliberation, he smiled a dim smile, half whimsical, half sad, and added two lines:

The Story of a Haunted House
by John Palmer

He even progressed as far towards a fair beginning as to write beneath this heading:

CHAPTER I

But there he stuck.

At that stage a kind of cussedness peculiar to the writing mind cropped out; the inaugural phrases which had been running through Palmer's head all evening long, and which he had rated rich with allure for the hypothetical reader, suddenly lost that seemly disguise and stood forth stark in all their naked poverty, insipid things at best and past any mending impotent. The longer he weighed them, the more bitterly it

was borne in upon him that he would need to come by their betters before he could even begin to spin his yarn. Whereas no others came. Ruthlessly, he ripped the sheet from the pad.

Then he found his pipe was over-hot and sulky. Nothing for it but take a recess and clean the confounded thing with pains and a heaven-sent hairpin which, shed by some forgotten tenant, had thus far eluded the sketchy exercises of Mrs. Fay's broom.

Then, standing over the table and glowering down at the virgin field which waited still on tardy inspiration, Palmer became all at once aware of that busy typewriter overhead, its muffled thread of song.

That had been going on, the young man knew the minute he consciously heard it, without a



"I give you fair warnin', ' the landlady raged, 'quit stickin' round that door waitin' for a chansh to start sompin with that top-floor bussy!"

break since before he had come in from dinner; if it had started up subsequently, it couldn't have failed to disturb an attention attuned to the quiet of the old house. The girl must have got down to work as soon as she had returned from the pawn-broker's and, presumably, with the proceeds of that hateful business,

An Arm comes from the Room of Mystery and Draws a Woman In

made her peace with Mrs. Fay.

What a rotten shame!

For all that fine simmer of indignation, however, Palmer did not forget to call whatever gods there were to witness that they couldn't blame him for not being able to get right on the job, like a blessed motor when the switch is thrown, with that noise up there making its everlasting claims on his subjective consciousness, its everlasting drag on ready sympathies.

Furthermore, it reminded him . . .

He turned up the manuscript he had revised, to the inciting tune of Miss Wilding's toil the previous night, and wrinkled a nose over the pages he rifled. Not a bit of doubt about it, the thing would want retyping to command unprejudiced editorial consideration.

He put his coat on and let himself out into the hall.

One wan and stunted jet of gas gasped on that landing to make its darkness dismal. The floor above basked in no light whatsoever, a dull gleam under the door was Palmer's sole guide to the young woman's room, aside from the metallic rumor of her toil; which stopped dead, in the middle of a word, conceivably, the instant his diffident knuckles found the panels.

Sensitive to a certain strain in the hush which was all that immediately acknowledged his knock, he pictured to himself the girl stricken stirless, hands at poise above the keyboard and a dashed gaze questioning the panels—perhaps, with memory of that afternoon's misadventure still warm, a little frightened—and was debating whether to knock again and call Miss Wilding by name when, of a sudden, forewarned by never a footfall on the far side of it, the door was thrown open.

It's a nice question, which was the more discountenanced, the young man by that abrupt response, or Miss Wilding by what must have been the last apparition on her threshold she had dreamed to see, that shabby gentleman with no hat, his shy gesture, and a sheaf of papers tightly clutched.

"I—beg your pardon, Miss Wilding; I'm afraid I've interrupted—"

A crisp "Yes" at once affirmed the obvious and enquired after his excuse, if any . . . The pose she held, with a hand on the knob, was perceptibly tense, the girl was openly and not unreasonably ready to slam and lock upon the least occasion; but if she did await his explanation without a smile she, at least, was not frowning.

Palmer was grateful for that, and more: he decidedly approved



Palmer now received confirmation of what he had heard about Mrs. Fay's weakness, for that lady's speech was indisputably fuzzy as she defied Macben to silence her.

moderately snub nose, and a mouth that managed, for a miracle, to be formed on a generous model without seeming an oversize.

"I'm sorry," he stumbled. "You see, I've got the room directly below and I write things—stories, you know, and that sort of rot—and I couldn't help hearing your typewriter—"

"The noise bothers you?" Dismay put a pucker between those level brows. "Oh, dear! but I'm afraid I can't help that—"

"Oh, no!" Palmer hastily broke in—"it doesn't disturb me in the least, really it doesn't. In fact, I rather like it. It's in a way, you know, company. I mean to say, when a fellow's trying to shake down in a strange room and a strange town, he welcomes noises that remind him he isn't really marooned on a desert island."

He paused with an effect of having abruptly run dry, and boggled for so long that the girl, in the end, and not without symptoms of being more indulgent than he had any right to expect, was moved to suggest: "Well, then—?"

"Well!" Palmer wrung out an apologetic laugh—"what I'm trying to get at is this, you know: I haven't a typewriter, and every so often I have to bribe somebody to do a job of copying. So, I was thinking, if I could arrange to get it done here in the house—that's if you're not too busy with other work—it would be no end of a convenience."

"I see." Her gravity persisted; no one could be blind to the fact that the girl was studying him as though still unpersuaded of his bona fides, her speech came unmistakably from the top of her mind only: "You want me to do your copying . . ."

"If you'll be so kind. I've brought a manuscript along, on the off-chance . . ."

"Of course, I'll be glad," Miss Wilding all at once consented.

"I need all the work I can get. I hope, though, you're not in an awful rush." She was thoughtfully thumbing the pages. "I don't see how I could let you have all this back much before day after tomorrow."

"That'll be in plenty of time. As a matter of fact, I don't know of any editor who's losing sleep just now for want of one of my stories—"

"Then you are in a hurry," the girl was quick to grasp. "All right"—she smiled with so little warning that Palmer foolishly blinked—"if tomorrow evening won't be too late—"

"But I assure you there's no—"

"Yes, there is!" She didn't betray any great store of patience with make-believe for politeness' sake. "Of course you want to send this out as soon as possible; and I'm only too glad to help all I can—I owe you something, you know, for this afternoon."

Palmer did his indifferent best to look innocent. "I beg your pardon—"

"You know perfectly well what I mean," the girl retorted with spirit; "down there at the corner, when that beast spoke to me—"

"Oh, but that was quite all accident—" he protested. "Yes, it was! As if I'd believe that! I was scared stiff, if you want to know; and if it hadn't been for you, I don't know what I'd have done."

Oh, well! It was manifestly no use trying to make light of his service. "Glad I was handy. Hope I'll be on tap next time—I mean, I hope there won't be any next time, but if there should be—"

"I'll do my best to see there isn't," Miss Wilding soberly promised. "And I hope you didn't think I was ungrateful, the way I stared at first—I mean, just now. You see, it's the only time, I think, anybody but Mrs. Fay has ever knocked—and I've been here for months—and of course she never comes upstairs except in the daytime. So I didn't know what to think."

"I'm sorry. It was thoughtless of me. But I got to wondering if you could be induced to take on my work, and couldn't wait to find out. You've no idea what a help it will be, not having to trot out with it and all that, especially now."

He was babbling more than he had thought to, and made to shut himself off; but Miss Wilding wouldn't have that.

"Especially now?"

"When I'm trying my hand at something more ambitious than I've ever tackled before. I shouldn't wonder if it ended up a life-sized novel. And you'd be surprised if you knew what a changed look your work wears the first time you see it in typescript; it's like reading some other fellow's bad writing, almost—makes it a lot easier to see your worst breaks and how to cover them up."

"How interesting! I wish I could do something except drive a Remington. But I guess that's all I'm good for." And then, all at once, that wistful young woman remembered she was giving their talk a prematurely personal flavor. "But I mustn't keep you standing there, Mr. Palmer—and I've got my own job to get back to. Please do bring me anything you want done any time; I'll be glad to hurry it through whenever I can. Thank you—and good night."

But the darkness to which the closing door consigned him was brightened by a farewell smile whose witchery proved singularly lasting; and when Palmer got back to his room and heard the typewriter drilling away overhead, he felt for some extraordinary reason more easy in his mind, better able to forget everything but his new adventure.

He sat down, took up his pen, and lo! the precisely right opening flowed from it like oil from a spigot.

It was even more as though the tool he wielded were a sorcerer's wand—the years of disillusion dropped away, the young writer, scribbling like one in thrall to a spell, for hours that night lived the life of dear days recreated, all glamorous with the golden glow of long ago.

AND WHEN from time to time as that evening aged—delaying to set new fire to his tobacco or arbitrate the squabbles that flared up between memory and invention or turn a round phrase before trusting it to paper—the young man did allow his pen a recess, it was without once permitting speculation to hark back to one who was audibly continuing to drudge away over his head. Even when, hours later, she decided to call it a day and a long one and that seep of metallic chatter through the ceiling ceased, the event failed to stamp its date upon a mood engrossed. Palmer went right on writing for all the world like a blessed stationary engine that simply could not stop so long as the tank held a spoonful of fuel to feed it.

He tumbled into bed at last, indeed, so drunk with drinking deep of dreams he hardly knew he was none other than the little boy of those lost yesterdays—dreams whose recaptured happiness so dyed the stuff of slumber that poor Mr. Palmer woke up with what able tosspots term a hangover and could no more rest away from his fascinating new enterprise than a toper from his tipples. Though with a heavy head and every hinge stiff and creaking, he was back at his desk almost before he finished breakfasting on one orange and coffee brewed by stealth over the forbidden gas.

Thus, while that fine primal fury lasted, Palmer toiled without respect for union hours, and darkened an incredible acreage of fair white paper. And even as the tale of the pages grew, so did the dominion of his dreams become more absolute. It is all but true that day followed day, as truly hour did follow hour, when the ghosts that walked the glimpses of those remembered moons were more real to him than the shapes he must needs traffic with of living flesh and blood. Mrs. Fay, for one, stood ready on any occasion or none to tell the world her newest

lodger was a nut and cracked at that—he looked at a person that queer it would give you the creeps.

She was not alone in making much the same observation. The other lodgers, of whom the old house had its full quota, learned to expect blank stares when, going to and from upon their lawful occasions, they would cross the path of Mr. Palmer, or at most a jerky nod and mumble in return for a genial hail. Mr. Machen, never a more vigilant sentinel on his threshold, seldom got better pay than a nervous smile, and perhaps a few words spoken in haste, for poking out his bald poll of an aged bird-of-prey and leering his handsomest leer; and would retreat from each such passage to range his premises in a curious fret, worrying with his stumps of teeth the ragged tough nails that tipped his bony talons. In those days the privilege of surprising glimpses of John Palmer in his normal habit was exclusively Miss Wilding's, though neither of those two knew he was honoring her with so much discrimination.

WHEN her knock drew him from his desk, toward the middle of his third afternoon of sticking at it, he took to the door a face so grey that the girl was startled, he was even obliged to bat tired eyes a bit before they would consent to get her in focus.

"Yes?" he enquired with a grimace which said he was willing to be civil even if he couldn't, at first call, lay his mind to one reason why any young lady should wish to break in on his labors.

"I've brought down that work you gave me, Mr. Palmer," the girl explained in some confusion. "I'm sorry I couldn't rush it through, as I promised; but the people I depend on mostly sent in a hurry order and—well—I didn't like to risk losing them; and you know you did say any time would do."

"Oh, yes!" A gallant stab at establishing the connection all at once succeeded. Palmer took the proffered manuscript and tried to seem properly appreciative. "Thank you so much."

"I do hope the delay didn't put you out . . ."

"Lord, no!" He was beginning to sound nearly rational. "Not a bit. To tell you the truth, I've been plugging so hard on another job I'd forgotten all about this. Looks all right," he added, running an eye down the uppermost page—"splendid. I'm sure I'm . . . Hello!"

He had just discovered that the copy was in duplicate. The girl made haste to apologize. "You didn't say anything about wanting a carbon, but I thought maybe you'd find one useful."

"Jolly useful," Palmer chimed. "In case the original got lost in the mails . . . Funny I never thought of that. I've got a lot of kinks to learn, I shouldn't wonder, about authoring."

His smile by now was almost lifelike; so the girl's found color of relief. "That's all right, then. Not that it would have mattered if you hadn't wanted two copies. Some charge extra for carbons, but I throw in one for good measure—and hope it will bring me more work."

"I promise you all mine." The young man began to fumble through his pockets. "That reminds me, about your bill . . ."

"Oh," she protested—"don't let's talk about that now, let it run a few days." An infectious, frank chuckle went with the confession: "If you pay me now, I'll be sure to spend it, the only way I can ever save up is not to take my pay till the end of the week, when I need it most. Maybe you'll have more for me to do before that time."

"Well, rather!" Palmer made a dash back to his table to get rid of the typescript and catch up a fistful of fresh holograph. "There's this to start with."

"Gracious! what a lot . . ."

"That's all I've had time to revise. I'll try to have the rest ready by the time you've run this through the mill."

"You don't mean to say you've written all this and more since you came here!"

"A good bit more." A dubious note hinted that such proof of industry might be held not altogether to one's professional credit. "The trouble is," Palmer all but sheepishly confided, "I've got this so-to-speak novel going so strong I feel bound, in a way, to ride it till it drops in its tracks."

"Or you do."

"No fear." You'd have thought to hear him, John Palmer hadn't to concede anything to a Marathon winner, when staying powers were in question. "Anyhow, that's the only way I know to get ahead. You see, I haven't been playing this game long enough to have learned all the rules; the most I've managed to find out thus far is that lying back and figuring everything out before you make a start is all very well, but the only kind of



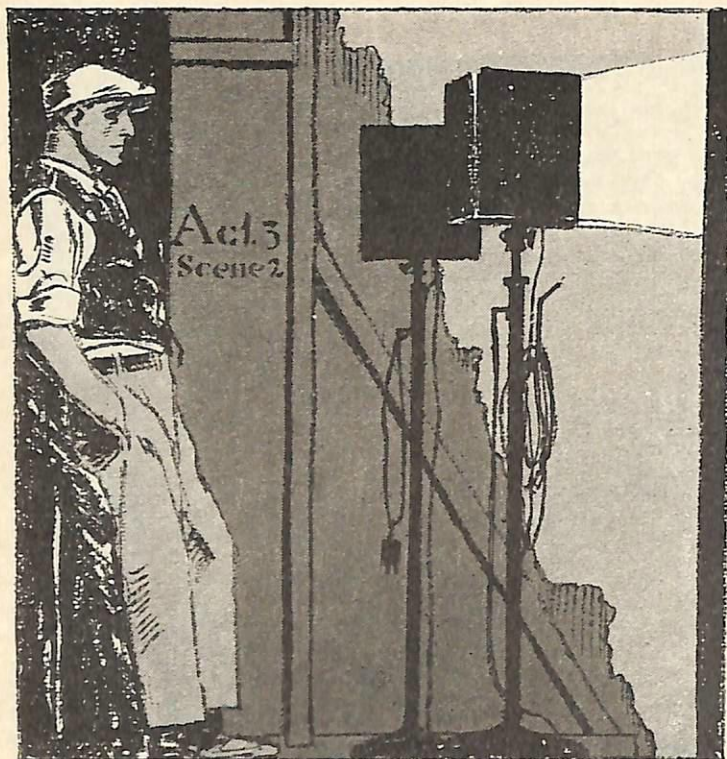
Palmer decidedly approved of the way the light got its rays webbed in her hair, and the witchery of her wistful farewell smile proved singularly lasting.

writing that gets a fellow anywhere is the kind he puts on paper."

"I suppose so." But that was all the pretense Miss Wilding made of taking the trouble to suppose anything whatever about matters so immaterial as the author's mystery. She still reckoned this young man's pretensions far less interesting than his looks, which were, in her eyes and a plain word, peaked; and hers were eyes educated to see men generally in the light

of ancient feminine tradition, as feckless cattle the best of them, hardly to be trusted to remember their rubbers when it came on to rain. "And of course," she speciously alleged, "you know best, and I don't mean to be nosey; but you do look so fagged out, Mr. Palmer, I should think it would do you a world of good to knock off and take a long walk and a rest."

"I'm not so sure." This note of denial [Continued on page 71]



EDITOR'S NOTE The amazing thing about George Kelly is that although he is absolutely a man of the theater—actor, director, and now playwright—his plays mirror the ordinary, usual home life of America so intimately that he is in the very front rank of the realists. You would suppose, from his plays, that he had been taking notes in, say, Council Bluffs, for the last ten years. The facts are that after being educated in private schools in Philadelphia he rushed to become a juvenile in a road company, transferred to the vaudeville stage, and eventually, through his vaudeville sketches, couldn't be kept away from Broadway. He still makes his home in Philadelphia with his mother, looks like an English professor, and is so shy that every time a first night audience clamors for him he runs off to his hotel.

George Kelly replies to Mr. Pollock's Attack on THE STAGE

By Walter B. Lister

IF THE THEATER has gone to the bow-wows, nobody has told George Kelly about it.

They say that all the public wants is frivolity and obscenity, and still "Craig's Wife" is doing a thundering business, just as "The Show-Off" did before it.

They say that artistry can't pay its way in the theater, but George Kelly knows it can. If it doesn't, he feels, there is something wrong with the artistry.

"Everything in life," he said to me, "has to stand upon its own feet. The church has to have popular support. Why should the theater be any better?"

"That," I quoted, "puts the theater into competition with every catchpenny amusement device."

"Certainly," he agreed. "The theater is in competition with everything that may interest people. A play battles its way against the radio programs, the movies, sporting contests, automobile tours, books, magazines—against everything else that is designed to catch interest. If a play isn't good enough to survive this struggle, it's better dead, just like a dull book or a dull radio concert."

Kelly wants no endowed theater. He looks askance at proposals that would create a hothouse stage to keep plays alive just because, for example, they might be clean. The theater, he thinks, cannot be made any better than the people who go to the theater. The way to improve the stage is to improve the audiences.

Kelly, you understand, has no patience with vulgar plays. "But," he said, "if the public wants vulgarity it is going to get it, on the stage or elsewhere."

He has his own explanation, too, of why the public has supported dirty plays.

"The decade of 1910 to 1920," he said, "should go down as the Vulgar Age. It was that decade which produced the flapper and the twenty-two-year-old gunman. It was that decade that brought in jazz."

"Unrestricted immigration had brought upon us a great flood of people without any tastes, without any appreciation of anything above the elemental. Our standards were swept aside by a lot of illiterate people turned suddenly loose into liberty. The result was chaos—and vulgarity."

"The flapper is the girl without manners. Jazz is music without manners. The theater became chiefly a theater without manners, because that was the kind of a theater we wanted."

"Now we have the aftermath. We are coming up, and we are trying to find the way. Some playwrights, anxious to picture life honestly, turn to the unpleasant and shocking. That is only a fad. When our plays go as far as they can go—and they have gone that far already—there will be a reaction."

"They say," I quoted again, "that 'giving the public what it wants is an excuse no better for the theater than it is for the dope peddler.'"

"You have to compromise, of course," said Kelly. "If you let a school curriculum be determined by the pupils, the result would be a mess. You have to lead, but you can't get so far ahead that no one will follow."

"We can't get good plays by legislation, or police supervision, or censorship. In the end the public gets what it wants, and the public is led by the 'best people' in each community. When the leading families in each town get back into the habit of patronizing good plays and refusing to be seen at trashy plays, there won't be any need to cry about the decadence of the stage. We shall have regained our manners."

George Kelly sees a new golden age coming for the theater. "Just now," he said, "the road is shot to pieces," as the managers say. That is the fault of money-mad managers who sent out poor road companies.

"The movies killed that practice. Since families in Cleveland, or Kansas City, can see movies that are exactly the same as New York sees, they are no longer satisfied with second or third rate productions on the legitimate stage."

"There are more people than ever in 'road' cities who are anxious to see good plays. Therefore, because the public gets what it wants, these people are going to have a chance to see good plays, and soon."

"But instead of poor actors performing in antiquated, uncomfortable theaters, such cities are going to have their own production units, with actors of genuine ability displaying the best in the current drama. The time is nearly at hand when St. Louis, for example, will see a stage success as soon as New York, and will see it well performed."

So much for the glowing future, as Kelly sees it. But in the supposedly dolorous present, amid the welter of the sordid and the decadent, he has found no reason to complain that the plays of high character are slighted. He himself is in the very front rank of the realists, with three successive Broadway hits behind him.

Consider "Craig's Wife." Any Broadway wiseacre would have predicted that it would be a "flop." It breaks all the rules; it has no love interest, no happy ending, no baffling plot, no risqué lines. It is, instead, an autopsy on an American home, with a desolate final curtain. And yet the crowds are still coming.

"What is the reason?" I asked Kelly. [Continued on page 71]



George Kelly, Playwright

A STORY FROM THE STAGE



Harriet Craig
(Chrystal Herne)

CRAIG'S WIFE By GEORGE KELLY

EDITOR'S NOTE This month we present as our story from the stage, "Craig's Wife" by George Kelly. It is one of the outstanding plays of the season and it was written by an American.

MRS. HARRIET CRAIG had perfected selfishness to such a degree that it became an art. Her husband was the only person who did not realize the masterpiece of egoism which Harriet had created. He was still so much in love with her that he was blinded to the truth.

However, even Mrs. Craig found it necessary to love something beside herself. She chose her house. Upon it she lavished every thought and care. Her husband, who supplied the house and furnishings which she worshiped, was permitted to smoke in only one room; he could not sit in the chair beside the baby grand piano, lest something rough in his pocket should mar the veneer. Roses that a neighbor sent in were ordered out of the living-room, lest their petals fall upon the sacred rug.

Mazie (The Maid)—I thought you said she wouldn't be back before Saturday.

Mrs. Harold (The Housekeeper, carefully arranging the table in the living-room)—That's what she told me when she was going away. But it's just as well to keep a day or two ahead of a woman like Mrs. Craig, Mazie. (She flicks off a bit of dust.) If she

gets an idea that there's a pin out of place around here, she'll take the first train out of Albany. Oh, there's plenty like her—I've worked for three of them; you'd think their houses were God Almighty.

It was not the thought that a pin was out of place, but boredom over her only sister's illness that led Mrs. Craig to return before she was expected. She brought back with her her young niece, Ethel Landreth.

Mrs. Craig—Take those things upstairs, Mazie.

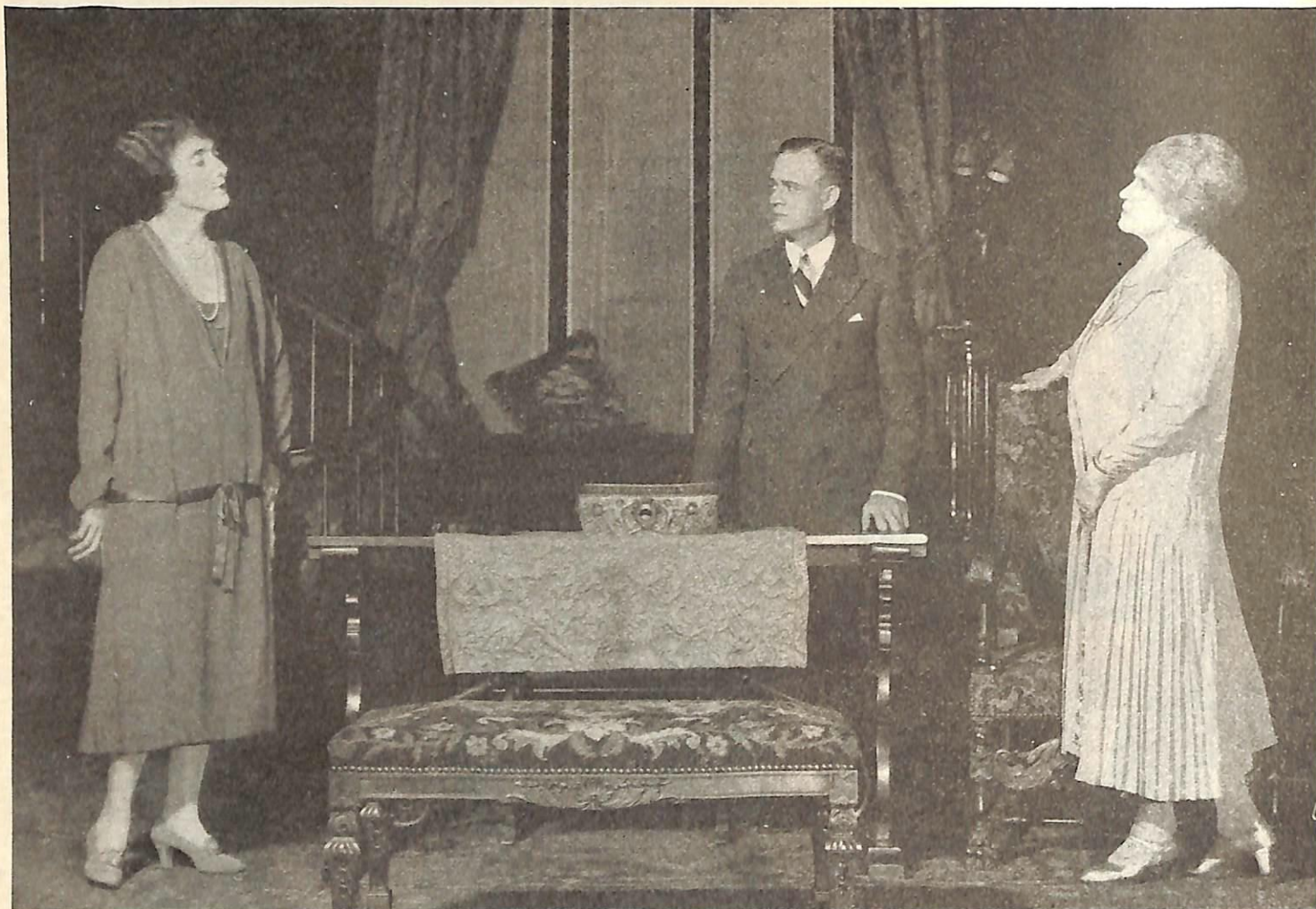
Mazie—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Craig—And I'd wish you'd use the back way when you go up and down stairs, Mazie.

Mazie—I always keep forgettin' that.

Mrs. Craig (In the coldest possible voice.) This stairway'll soon look the way it did before, with everybody tramping up and down it every five minutes. (She turns to Ethel with a kind of apologetic smile.) It doesn't seem ever to occur to anybody in this house, Ethel, to use the back stairway. No matter how many times they have to go up or downstairs, they must go tramping up and down this front stairway. And you know what stairs look like after they've been tramped up and down a few times.

Strangely enough, Ethel does not share Mrs. Craig's deep interest in front and back stairways. She is much worried over her mother's condition, which has followed a severe heart attack. The illness does not alarm her Aunt Harriet in the least.



(MISS AUSTIN (Anne Sutherland)—I've been practically a recluse upstairs in my room to avoid scratching that holy stairway. I'm not used to that kind of stupidity.

(MRS. CRAIG (Chrystal Herne)—is secretly delighted at the prospect of getting rid of MISS AUSTIN; but she assumes an air of martyrdom which deceives her husband, WALTER CRAIG (Charles Trowbridge).

Mrs. Craig—Nothing is going to happen, dear child. I haven't the slightest doubt that your mother will come through this little spell as she has come through all the others.

Ethel—Well, why did Doctor Wood send for me if he didn't think it was serious?

Mrs. Craig—Now don't upset yourself, Ethel. I'm perfectly sure that you're magnifying the seriousness of your mother's condition. (She fusses with the ornaments on the piano.) Besides there isn't a solitary thing we could do if we'd stayed. Those nurses won't allow it. And the Doctor said I was upsetting your mother—simply because I told her a few things I thought she should be told.

THEN Ethel confesses that she most of all wishes to tell her mother about her engagement. And in reply, Mrs. Craig gives the girl her philosophy of life.

Ethel—He asked me to marry him right after Easter. But I didn't write anything about it to mother. I thought I'd wait until she'd be up there in June for Commencement, then I'd tell her. She told me once before that she'd be glad if I liked Professor Fredericks well enough to marry him. She said she'd feel easier about me, in case anything ever happened to her. And I wanted to tell her.

Mrs. Craig—Why does a person need anyone, dear, if she has money enough to get along on? I think you're a very foolish girl, Ethel, to allow your mother's apprehensions to rush you into marriage. Unless, of course, it were an advantageous marriage.

Ethel—She wanted to feel I was settled.

Mrs. Craig—After all, being settled isn't everything. A girl can be a great deal worse off being settled than when she was unsettled. Personally, I can't conceive of being very much worse off than married to a college professor—stuck away in some dreadful place—with not a ten-cent piece to bless yourself with—unless you used your own money. I'm constantly reading

agitations in the newspapers about the poor pay of college professors.

Ethel—Well, lots of professors are married.

Mrs. Craig—I suppose this man is young, isn't he?

Ethel—He's twenty-seven.

Mrs. Craig—There you are. He's lucky if he's getting two hundred dollars a month, unless he's some extraordinary kind of professor and he can scarcely be that at twenty-seven years of age.

Ethel—He's professor of the Romance Languages.

Mrs. Craig—Naturally. And I suppose he's told you he loves you in all of them.

Ethel—Well, I certainly shouldn't care to think about marriage at all, Aunt Harriet, unless I were in love with a man.

(Mrs. Craig gives a little smile of pained amusement.)

Mrs. Craig—That's your age, Ethel darling. We all pass through that. It's the snare of romance that later experience in life shows us to have been nothing more than the most impractical sentimentality . . .

Ethel—But you married, Aunt Harriet . . .

Mrs. Craig—Not with any romantic illusions, my dear. I saw to it that my marriage would be a way toward emancipation for me. I had no private fortune like you, Ethel. So the only road to independence for me, that I could see, was through the man I married. I know that may sound extremely materialistic to you, after listening to the professor of romantic languages, but it isn't, really. Because it isn't financial independence I speak of entirely. I knew that would come as a result of another kind of independence; that is the independence of authority over the man I married.

At length, Mrs. Craig sums up all her arguments:

Mrs. Craig—As I say, if a woman is the right kind of a woman, it's better that the destiny of her home should be in her hands than in any man's.

To discourage her niece's engagement to the young professor

becomes an obsession with Harriet. Her chance comes while Ethel is taking a nap. Professor Fredericks telephones from the college and Mrs. Craig refuses to allow him to speak to Ethel.

Her next move is to crossexamine the servants about Craig's actions while she was away. She finds that a telephone number was left for him to call the afternoon before and Mrs. Craig makes an attempt to find out the name of the telephone subscriber who has that number. But Information refuses to give her either the name or address.

She is successfully insulting to Craig's aunt who lives with them and to a chatty widow, who lives next door. Craig comes in from work, boyishly delighted at seeing his wife.

Craig—How is Estelle? (The sister who is ill.)

Mrs. Craig—I couldn't see there was anything the matter with her—any more than usual. But you'd think from her letter that she was dying. And then I have to leave my house for a whole week and go racing up to Albany.

Craig—Seems you've been away a month instead of a week. (He kisses her.)

Mrs. Craig—Now stop it. (Hands him his hat which he has left on the table.) Here take this hat and put it where it belongs. And take this paper out of here, too. This room's a sight.

THE ETERNAL tidiness of the house, and other things, have gotten on Miss Austin's nerves until she tells Craig and his wife that she is leaving their house, where she has lived for the two years since they were married. She is Craig's aunt, an elderly, wholesome, straightforward woman with an independent income and a genuine liking for her nephew.

Miss Austin—I've been practically a recluse in that room of mine upstairs, just to avoid scratching that holy stairway or leaving a footprint on one of those sacred rugs. I'm not used to that kind of stupidity. I'm accustomed to living in rooms.

Mrs. Craig, secretly delighted at the prospect of getting rid of Miss Austin, assumes an air of martyrdom which fools her husband but not his aunt. She leaves the two together.

Craig—Well, what has Harriet done?

Miss Austin—She's left you practically friendless, because the visits of your friends imply an importance to you that is at variance with her plans. So she's made it perfectly clear to them, by a thousand little gestures, that they are not welcome in her house. Because this is her house, you know, Walter. It isn't yours. Don't make any mistake about that. This house is what Harriet married, she didn't marry you. She wants the house all to herself, so she has set about reducing you to as negligible a factor as possible.

Craig—You really don't believe that, Auntie, do you?

Miss Austin—That's why the visits of your friends have been discouraged.

Craig—I don't think that Harriet would discourage my friends' visits.

Miss Austin—Why do you suppose people so suddenly stopped visiting you? They always visited you at your home. I dare say all those charming young men and women thought that when you married your house would be a rendezvous. But they reckoned without their hostess, Walter, just as they are beginning to reckon without you. (He turns and looks at her.) You never go out any more. Nobody ever asks you. They're afraid you might bring her. And just as your friends are beginning to reckon without you in their social life, so it's only a question of time until they begin to reckon without you in their business life. Walter, why do you suppose your ap-

pointment as one of the directors of the local bank never materialized?

Craig—Why, I think Littlefield had something to do with it. He's been high-hatting me a bit lately.

Miss Austin—Because Harriet insulted his wife here. I saw her do it.

Craig—What did Harriet do?

Miss Austin—Nothing . . . what Harriet always does. It was a little feline subtlety that would sound too incredible in the ears of a man. But Mrs. Littlefield appreciated it, for all her stupidity. I saw her appreciate it—and you were not appointed. (Craig looks away.) I want to tell you something else that I saw in the city the other day, or rather heard. I was having luncheon at the Collonade and two of your old Thursday-night poker crowd came in. They sat at a table within hearing distance of me. Presently a man and his wife came in and sat down at another table. The wife immediately proceeded to tell the man how he should have sat down and how he should sit now that he was down and so on. I distinctly heard one of your friends say to the other, "Listen to Craig's wife over there." That's a little straw, Walter, but it shows how the wind is blowing.

Craig—Harriet could never turn me against my friends . . . Auntie, I can't see you leave this house.

Miss Austin—But if I'm not happy here . . .

Craig—I promised Mother that you'd always have a home here with me . . .

Miss Austin—You haven't a home to offer me. (He looks at her.) You have a house with furniture in it, that can be used under highly specified conditions. I have the impression that these rooms have died and been laid out.

IN SPITE of Craig's pleadings, Miss Austin remains firm in her determination to leave the next morning. And in spite of Miss Austin's plea, Craig does not believe his wife guilty of the charges Miss Austin has made. He thinks there is a monstrous misunderstanding between the two women.

Harriet Craig is now more ascendent than ever over her husband. She feels that the time has come when she can throw off her thin mask of wifely devotion and use a firm hand upon him.

Her chance to clinch home her notions of independence comes when she learns that the house where Craig played a few hands of poker the night before has been the scene of a double murder.

THE SECOND act is laid in the same un-lived living-room at the Craigs, just a little later the same evening. Detectives have come from Police Headquarters to see Mrs. Craig. To her terror, she finds that they are tracing the effort she made to learn the subscriber's name for the telephone number which was left for her husband to call. It has the result of seeming to implicate her in the mess growing out of the murder. She is afraid for herself and also afraid that her husband will learn she tried to spy upon him.

Detective—The report says it was a woman's voice.

Mrs. Craig—Well, that's extraordinary. It might have been one of the servants.

She lies out of it, not so gracefully, and vents her terror upon Craig when he returns, after going out with a friend.

Mrs. Craig—Don't you know the police are looking for you?

Craig—Who says the police are looking for me?

Mrs. Craig—Two of them just left here, not five minutes ago.

Craig—And what are they looking for me for?

[Continued on page 67]



(HARRIET CRAIG, alone in her big house, is the most lonesome figure in the world. And when a neighbor brings roses for Miss Austin she does not heed the petals that drop on her sacred floor.)

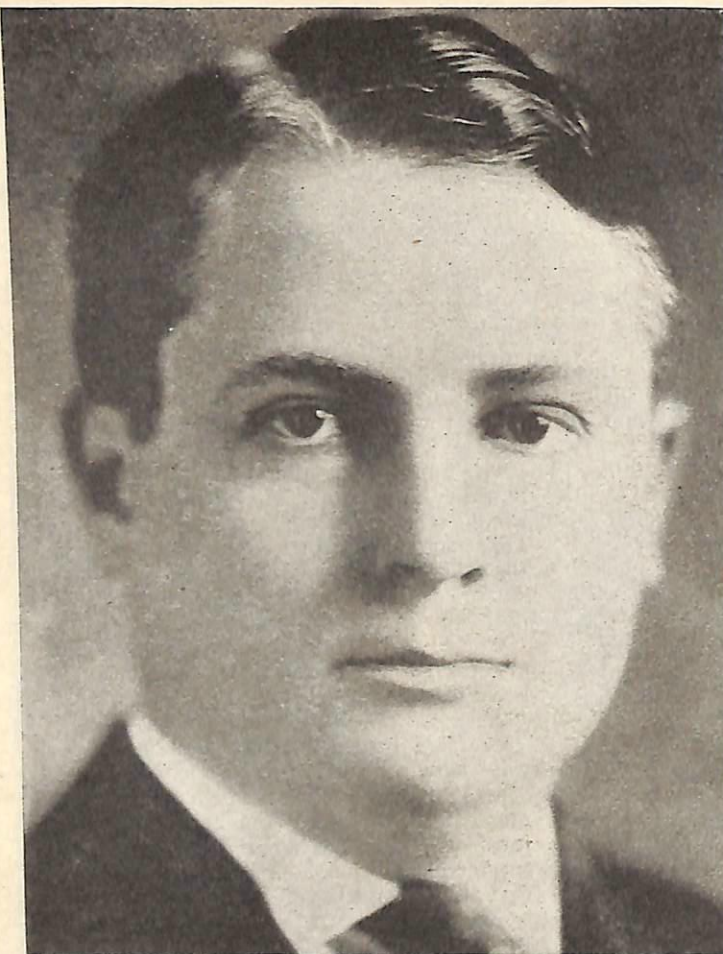


Photo by Brown Brothers

A BUSY MAN who SLEEPS LATE

By Fred C. Kelly

THOSE WHO adhere closely to copybook maxims and are convinced that early rising is a cardinal virtue, may be annoyed to learn that O. P. Van Sweringen often stays in bed until noon.

Here is a man who with his younger brother, Mantis J. Van Sweringen, controls about 12,000 miles of railroad and more than fifty million dollars' worth of real estate. His business achievements and projects are so wide and varied that one naturally wonders how he has time to look after so much. One is almost lured into asserting:

"He must be a hustler."

But he is far from that. A hustler is merely a fellow who works with his hands and feet and makes much commotion at his job. This man works with his head.

More than once I have heard it remarked: "If you want to catch up with O. P. Van Sweringen, you'll have to be up early in the morning."

But to get up early would be the worst possible way to catch O. P. You wouldn't even see him!

Now, I'm not setting out here to show that O. P. Van Sweringen is indolent. If he gets up late it isn't because he's lazy.

The point is that, being intelligent, he runs his job rather than let his job run him.

He is too wise to be a slave.

He knows that he can't work successfully when tired. Hence he makes sleep almost a hobby.

Occasionally he feels perfectly refreshed after only nine hours of slumber. But since he works intensely, though quietly, he more often prefers to sleep ten or eleven hours.

This sleeping schedule brings him to his office anywhere from ten o'clock until noon. But he usually stays away entirely one day a week.

He eats when hungry and sleeps when sleepy, regardless of customary times at which others eat or sleep. If he becomes interested in a piece of work, he may stick at it all night, but on the other hand, if he feels sleepy at nine o'clock, he knows it's a waste of time to work any more until he has rested.

The Van Sweringen organization occupies several floors in a big office building. It is a busy hive. But because he has plenty of able assistance for all his enterprises, O. P. Van Sweringen himself always appears to have plenty of leisure.

For a man of large affairs he is unusually accessible to anyone who wishes to see him on business. Friendly and companionable as he is, he has no time during business hours for mere social chat.

OF COURSE both O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen have their daily business schedule greatly simplified by the fact that each has his chief business associate always with him. These bachelor brothers are practically inseparable.

Their business is their chief hobby. Neither cares for golf, cards, dancing or ordinary social frivolities. Whether at their city home—a big stone mansion in the heart of the allotment which first brought them fortune—at their country home, or at the suite they maintain in the Hotel Cleveland, which they own, the brothers occupy twin beds in the same room. They were real chums before they were partners in big business projects.

Some months ago they converted a huge dairy barn into a country house, furnished in early American and English antiques. One room contains furniture from the home of Charles Dickens. The equipment of this former cow barn represents what to an average family would be a tremendous fortune. Yet the Van Sweringens are the last persons in the world who would have any interest in grandeur for purposes of show.

Why then do they have such a big home establishment when at heart they are simple folk? My guess is that the answer is their love for big projects. It was seeing a big house grow, rather than occupying such a place, that must have fascinated them.

It is here at this country home that the Vans quietly hatch great enterprises.

At the present time here are a few of their chief interests: A merger of the several railroad lines they control into one big system.

Building a union station in Cleveland at a cost of \$60,000,000. A rapid transit line within the city of Cleveland.

A plan for rapid transit to take in all Cleveland suburbs within a radius of twenty-five miles.

Development of millions of dollars' worth of choice residence land.

The day after the Interstate Commerce Commission turned down their application for a merger of the Nickel Plate and other railroads, people in Cleveland began to wonder what effect this might have on the new union station. Already workmen had excavated a small-sized Grand Canyon right in the heart of the city. But with the merger off, temporarily at least, would the big depot project still be a reality?

The Van Sweringens' answer was that very day to turn aside from their railroad merger problems long enough to let contracts for the main tower of the new station—this tower to be sixty stories high, the tallest building in the world.

In talking with the Van Sweringens one is certain to observe a noteworthy characteristic of their conversation. Invariably their curiosity is not about what is happening now but what things will be like ten years from now.

IT WAS this habit of looking ahead that gave them their original start. They walked over a great tract of land that to everybody else had been only that—a stretch of vacant ground, far from car lines or houses. The Vans saw it, not as it was then, but as it would look when dotted with costly mansions, the main residence center of the city.

It is significant that in Cleveland where the Van Sweringens are best known, they are almost invariably referred to as the Van Sweringen boys—this despite the fact that one is forty-six years old and the other forty-four.

The truth is that they are boys—or at least they have retained boyish modesty and boundless boyish enthusiasm. They will be boys as long as they live. The day they lose their boyishness and become settled business men—well, that day they'll be sunk.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A feature of the Shrine Magazine each month will be a human interest sketch of some outstanding personality in the life of today.

Clothes and CLOTHES

By Ruth
Hawthorne

Illustrated by
Nancy Fay



The Great Fashion Mystery Explained for the Benefit of Both Sexes

STOP the first man you meet on the street and ask him what fashion is. If he is a good, substantial business man, with money in the bank and an interest in surtaxes, he will probably look at you with mingled scorn and pity and say: "Fashions? How should I know? A lot of foolishness that makes women wear blue ribbons one year and pink the next. Sorry—I've got to be going now—"

Or, if he isn't quite so prosperous, he will look at you, wild-eyed, and say: "Fashions? Don't speak of fashions to me! Here I am with a big payment to make tomorrow and I get a bill that'll land me in the poorhouse. All because my wife says she's got to look smart, and looking smart to her way of thinking just means spending money."

And there you have what represents the honest opinion on the meaning of fashions in women's clothes of most of the men in this country. The saddest thing about it is that it's all too true. Foolishness and just spending money make up the sum total of the motive back of far too many of the sales that are made every day in every store devoted to women's clothes, and no one is quicker to recognize this and deplore it than those who profit by it.

I KNOW whereof I speak. I have worked in department stores. I have written fashion advertising; I have been associated with those who determine the fashion policies of these shops. And I have often sat in the

show room of a wholesale house with a buyer for one of the best and most reputable stores in the country, and have said, as a model passed, wearing a simple, smart, charming, well-made dress: "Why don't you order that?"

"Don't ask me!" she would say. "Unless you want me to break right down and cry. You know perfectly well there's no profit in clothes like that. Women want something that looks as if they were getting a lot for their money. Excuse me a minute. Miss, will you please bring back No. 9807—that one with the spangles on it, and the flowers on the side?"

Then the buyer would take out her little gold pencil and fill out an order for No. 9807 in every possible color and size and chewing the end of her pencil, would give me a look out of the corner of her eye.

"All right, I'll take a chance on that other one, the one you like. Maybe some woman will come in with sense enough to appreciate it. If she doesn't you can buy it cheap in the sale at the end of the season."

I usually did. In fact, my entire wardrobe at the present moment is made up of clothes that no one else would buy. I waited every season—"Like a vulture!" my friend the buyer always said—until the sales, and got my clothes marked down sometimes way below cost. I bought the last of these more than two years ago. I am still wearing those very same clothes, and I may add that while I do not pretend to look the exact replica of a lady just off the boat from Paris, I



Her husband likes picture hats so she gets the modern version of the blue-ribboned leghorn.

can still walk into the Ritz for luncheon and not be thrown out as something fit only for a museum.

Women who, from the standpoint of those who really know something about clothes, always look badly dressed, are divided into two groups. There are those who profess to believe that such a mundane and frivolous matter as fashion is beneath their notice, and only wear clothes at all because civilization and the climate demand it; and those who run helter skelter after the latest gimcrack idea and wear it, with no regard for the occasion or its suitability to their own face and figure. Get these women to give you a truthful statement of how much money they spend in a year on their clothes.

YOU WILL find that the sum far exceeds that spent by the woman who first believes that to be smartly dressed is quite as important in her life as the state of her pantry shelves or her intellectual standing in the society in which she moves, and then buys her clothes as carefully and as intelligently as she buys a new three-piece suite for her living-room, which has to last a lifetime, and with as much thought as she would give to writing a paper on Ibsen's value to the modern theater.

Of these two types of badly dressed women I can't decide which gives me the greater pain. Both to me are stupid. Just why so many people consider it a sign of tremendous mental power for a woman not to powder her nose, and to wear black, flat-heeled Oxford ties with a brown and green Batik dress, has always bewildered me. The most brilliant women I know are always perfectly dressed. They are not women who are just brilliant in an ordinary, amusing, conversational way either. They are people of importance, and some of them earn enough money by the use of their brains to make even the most hardened income tax collector blanch. But they find the time to see to it that no one is going to mistake them for last year's donation to the Salvation Army's rummage sale.

On the other hand, a woman can be a good wife and mother and still not look as if all life were over. She has to buy clothes, or have them made, or make them, so why not take some joy in it?

THE WOMEN who belong to the second group are really the most trying, because although they are aware of the value of being smartly dressed, they just will not take the trouble to do it efficiently and successfully. They are the ones who used to cause my friend the buyer to weep and put ashes in her hair. They are the ones who keep the manufacturers of what are called "tricky," "clever" and "novelty" clothes in business.

They will talk by the hour of what's the latest thing, and then go out and buy a red hat with gold braid on it, a blue dress trimmed with three kinds of lace and a lot of dandy embroidery. They will wear hat and dress with a brown coat that they bought because it had the new flare. Then they will wonder why the girl who lives across the street and is still wearing her last year's suit always seems to look better than they ever do.

Of course, fashions do change. Of course there are new fashions springing into being practically every day. The old programme of starting out



"I may not look the exact replica of a lady just from Paris, but I can walk into the Ritz and not be thrown out as something fit for a museum."

every Fall, list in hand, and buying everything you need to last until Easter, has gone the way of most old programmes. Modern life is too complex, too much in a state of flux, people are too restless, too much on the move for anything to be as stable and enduring as it was in our fathers' day or even within our own memories. So of course fashions follow right along in the procession, for after all what we wear is as much an indication of what we are as what we say.

The thing that always seems to astonish people when you say it to them is that the change in fashion is as logical and as relentless as the change in any other phase of modern life. Things do



"As a model passed, wearing a simple charming dress, I asked the buyer: 'Why don't you order that?'"

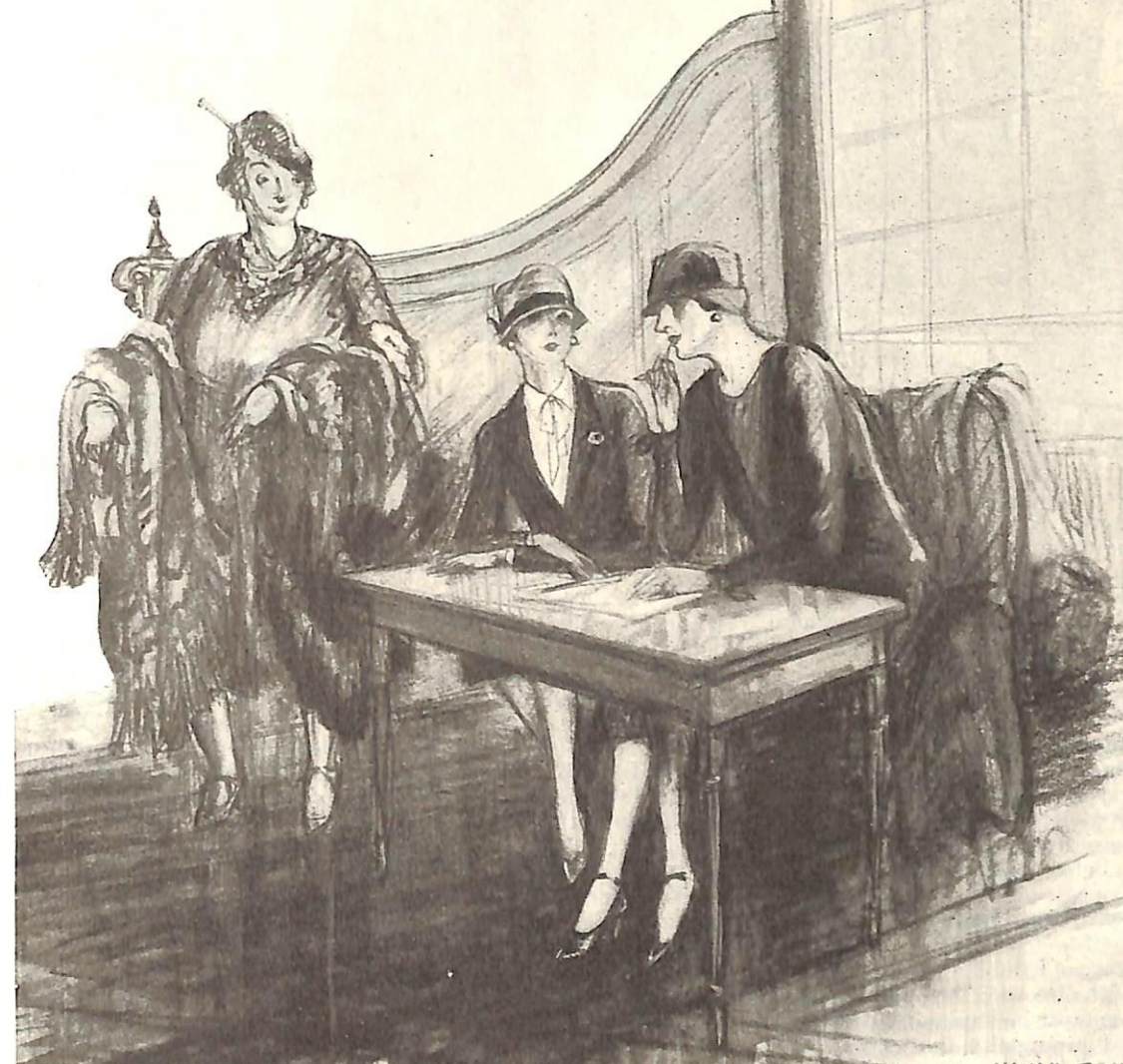
not just happen. A man who makes automobiles doesn't just spring up out of bed in the middle of the night and say: "I've got a great idea! I'll make all my cars this year with special dog houses on the roofs."

If the time ever comes when we have dog houses on the roofs of our cars it will be because this seems the logical answer to some particular need of some particular class of society. And then willy nilly, within a season or two, people who can not bear dogs, and would never take them for an airing if they had them, will be driving around blissfully with a dog house on the roof.

THAT is exactly the way fashions in women's clothes are started. Some great lady goes to Monsieur Patou or Gabrielle Chanel or some other of the great dressmakers in Paris, and says that she is planning a little trip to the South of France and wants a little frock to travel in. Monsieur Patou or Mademoiselle Chanel says: "Ah, Madame must have something in tweed, a lovely, soft tweed, and very simple, with perhaps a collar of white crêpe de chine."

So the great lady starts off to the South of France in something in tweed with a white crêpe de chine collar, and because she is a very smart lady in her own particular world, all her friends get something in tweed, because that is of course the smartest thing or she wouldn't be wearing it. Then all the dressmakers who happen to be in the South of France at that particular moment rush back to Paris and say to themselves: "There is a decided feeling for tweed."

"Don't ask me!" the buyer answered, "unless you want me to break down and cry. Women want something that looks as if they were getting a lot for their money—that one with the spangles on it, and flowers on the side, for instance."



Hence when they make up their spring collections they include many little frocks of tweed, some with collars of white crêpe de chine and some with bright particular touches of their own imagining. Then the Paris representatives of all of our great shops and wholesale houses go to the openings—as the first showings of these collections are called—and order number after number of these tweed frocks. They are rushed over here on the first boat and before we know it Fifth avenue is congested with women all arrayed in copies and adaptations.

BUT—and this is the point of the whole story—if there had not been a definite place in our manner of living for frocks of tweed, all the Patous and Chanels in the world could not have made that fashion a success. Moreover, it is pretty safe to say that they never would have tried. It is their business to create fashions that are going to be successful and they rarely fail.

More than two years ago several of the leading designers in Paris made one piece dresses of the sort of tweeds that are called "men's wear." They didn't include many of these in their collections but those they did were bought by the most discriminating of their private customers and wholesale clients. Occasionally you would see one at luncheon or on Fifth avenue. The next season the Paris designers made many more. You began to see them in larger quantities in the shops. This spring the fashion magazines and the advertisements of the best New York shops tell us that tweed frocks, not of the heavy, rough tweeds of our childhood days, but lovely, soft tweeds, are absolutely the thing.

So you see it took two years for that fashion really to establish itself and it will certainly be another whole year before it begins to die out. Three years in all and the particular line and cut of those first tweed dresses did not differ in any terribly radical way from what we are wearing this season. To be sure there are minor changes; skirts are shorter, and there are subtle differences in the silhouette that would be apparent if the two versions were put side by side. But any woman who bought one of those first tweed dresses could, if she simply took up the hem, wear it with perfect assurance now. That is just one example of what I mean by intelligent buying.

SO MANY times I have heard women say: "But why do you insist so on the importance of looking smart? Isn't it all right if I just look pretty? Now my husband always likes me best in a picture hat." So she steps out and gets the nearest modern version she can of the rose-trimmed and blue-ribboned leghorn of the days of her first triumph. She can not possibly find the rest of the picture—the frock, the shoes or the billowy parasol, and if she could she would not wear them. Even she has sense enough not to want to look like the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. So she compromises by getting just anything that looks fluttering and suc-

ceeds in looking, usually, ridiculous and a trifle pathetic.

No woman today can ignore the edicts of fashion completely. She can make her own clothes from patterns drawn from her own imagination—but she must buy her hats, her shoes and all the little accessories that go to complete a costume, in shops. These all reflect, for better or worse, the word of Paris where all good fashions start. Even the materials from which she must make her clothes are inspired by the designs and weaves to which the great dressmakers have given their approval. That being the case, why does not she deliberately put herself in the first rank, and use every means in her power to be a smartly dressed woman, instead of lagging along behind and looking as if she didn't know what it was all about? It is not so terribly difficult and it does not take any great amount of time or money. It is within the power of every woman who can read and use her eyes. There is nothing mysterious about it. She does not have to perform any miracles or do any table tipping to find out which way the fashion wind is blowing. She need only use her head.

IF YOU want to look well and smart you can do it. If you live in a large city read the advertisements of the best shops. In New York, for instance, there are at least five great stores whose daily fashion advertisements are authentic reports of what is being worn by the smartest women both abroad and in this country. All over the country are other shops which have good clothes for discriminating women. But their buyers, like my friend, have to cater to an indiscriminating demand as [Continued on page 67]

S The \$50,000 SILENCE

By Leroy Scott

(Certain Riches Embarrass Him Who Gives and Him Who Takes

THIS HISTORY of easy money, and how it comes and how and whither it goes, requires a brief prelude; for though the narrative is essentially the history of an episode in the lives of "Smiling Ed" Martin and Inspector Gilmore and young Charlie Grayson (who since his discharge had almost developed an acute case of "spender's cramp" in the right arm), it incidentally throws some light upon a condition which exists today throughout the breadth of our very broad land. The events hereinafter set forth might possibly have taken place in some other epoch of our national history, but in no other era could they have happened so naturally as in this our turbulent money-maniacal present.

WE STILL remember hazily through the mellow mists of romance the tales of wild gambling of the past—on Mississippi steamboats, on transatlantic liners, on race-tracks, in sumptuous, sound-proof, axe-proof gambling houses. But all these tales, even if true, are tinsel and gold paint and stage money compared to the realities of today. Never before have there breathed so many people who have sudden riches, and do not quite know how they got them, and do not quite know how to spend them.

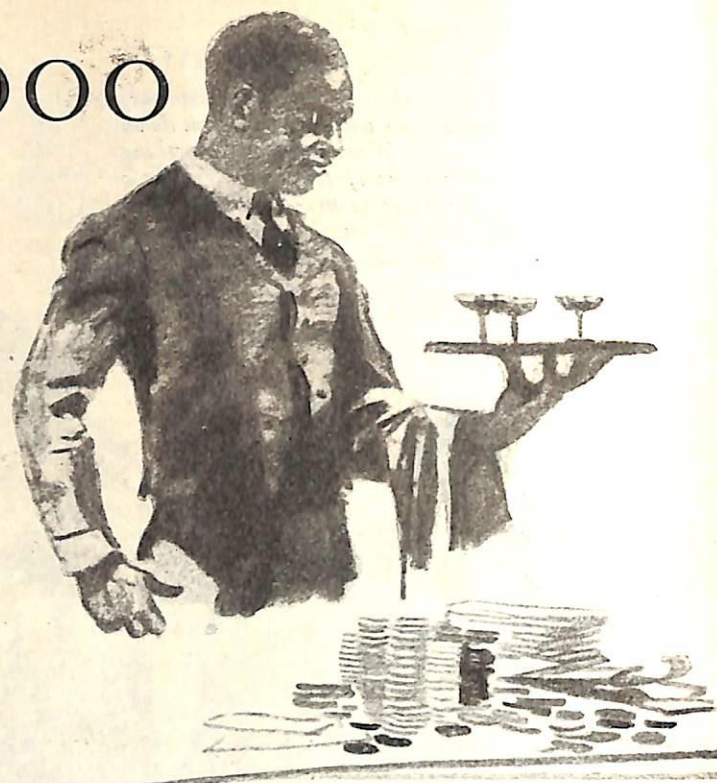
Hence today's energetic renaissance of gambling: gambling with stock, with oil wells, with cards, with dice, with the roulette wheel. Particularly with these latter three most be-damned instruments of chance is there unprecedented prodigality in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and in all points intermediate and in all points north and south. You may sit in the hushed lounge or discreet reception room of any great hotel in, say New York, and be perfectly certain that in the security of rooms above a half-dozen or so games are in progress, in almost any of which, be you man or woman, you may after a few necessary preliminaries participate provided you are sufficiently interested and provided that you have sufficient funds to back your interest. In other days "the lid" and "the sky's the limit" were words in common usage; today the lid is not only off but is forgotten, and the only limit is whatever may be at the other end of infinite space.

So much for the prelude, which will probably be of interest chiefly to sober students of social and economic conditions. Now for the history itself.

FIRST of all meet Edward Martin, more intimately known as "Smiling Ed," big altitudinally and laterally, of a splendid presence, and one of the most pleasant elderly gentlemen who ever promenaded the brighter sections of Broadway and Fifth avenue, and who at the moment of introduction was nearing the climax of his greatest enterprise.

Smiling Ed would have confessed to you that he was not a bad man. He was a business man—that was all—and a business man had to figure far ahead and be certain of his profits, didn't he? And a business man had to carry insurance against any mishap befalling his business operations, didn't he? Of course! That was business.

Smiling Ed's business was gambling.



Illustrated by William Oberhardt

And he made an excellent figure for a man whose sedentary affairs had resulted in his growing rather protuberant and very, very soft. Most people who knew him, and who had not opposed him in business, liked him. But Smiling Ed was no spectacular performer. He would never have flourished in those glorious western days dear to motion-picture romance when the lithe handsome gambler in soft flawless linen was lightning fast on the draw and was prompt to back up his hand or his challenged honor with a magically swift pistol.

Smiling Ed lived in a more advanced and prosaic and practical day. Instead of a gun, he carried an insurance policy, protection against unfortunate exigencies, the premiums on which he paid through the proper police official.

ON THE evening this history opens he sat in the card room of his establishment (the monthly premium he paid was \$1,000 which eventually got to Inspector Gilmore) with only two other men in the great place, all three of them in evening clothes: "Red Jack" Gerrity, his friend and disciple; and young Charlie Grayson, who had some time since come out of the air service with a dare-devil reputation and who had more recently come into a huge fortune whose soundness to stand hard service he was testing out by tail-spin, looping the loop, and flying the thing upside down.

Smiling Ed glanced at the four cards which had just been dealt him, tossed them aside with an easy careless gesture and glanced at his watch. "Your pot, son," he said to Charlie Grayson; Red Jack had already dropped out. "And the last pot for tonight. So sweep up your dough."

"Aw, come on," pleaded the flushed young man, who had had several drinks from Smiling Ed's sideboard. "Just two or three more hands!"

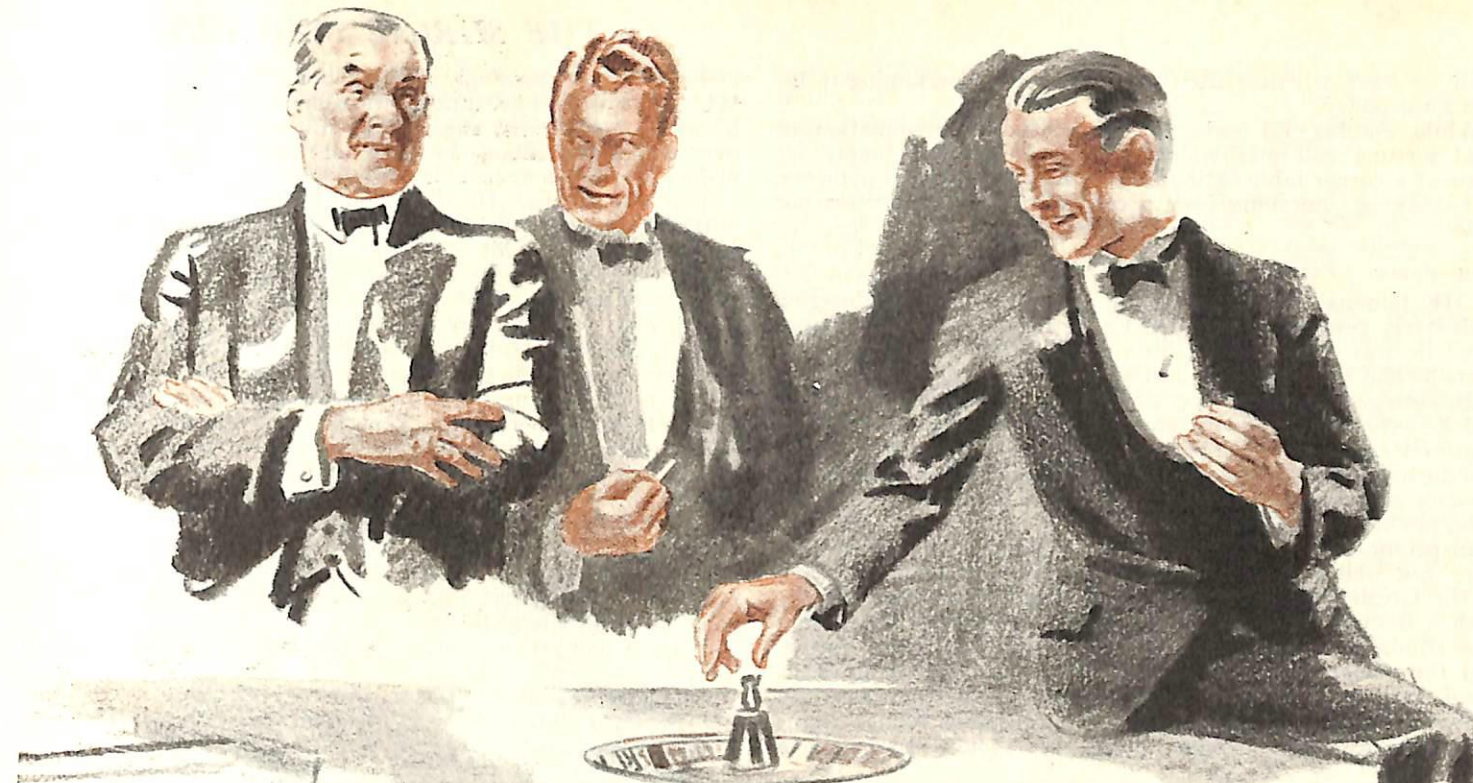
"Nothing doing, son. When we started in, I told you that Jack and I had to meet a party at twelve, and it's past twelve now. So good-by—au revoir—on your way."

"Then just one more hand!"

"Son, you've peeled two thousand off my old hide tonight. That ought to satisfy you. Take another drink if you want it, and then beat it!"

"But it's not only the money I'm after," protested young Grayson. "It's more the fun of the thing—the excitement!"

"Then you ought to be satisfied twice," said Smiling Ed, "for you've got my money, and you've had the fun of beating me at my own game. This last week you've trimmed me in my own joint at roulette, faro, poker, and would clean me up at jackdraws if I had a mess of them little sticks. Ten thousand you've taken off my hide in a week."



Whether the befuddled young Grayson tried poker or the wheel his chances were the same. Smiling Ed was sleight-of-hand with the cards and the frolicsome little ball of the wheel was rigidly chaperoned by unseen wiring.

"Then just one more hand, to give you a chance for satisfaction!"

"Ab-so-lute-ly nothing doing. 'La guerre est finie,' as you young fighting sports say who played the big game in France." Smiling Ed stood up. "Son—I'm a gambler by trade, but if I could play like you, or had your luck, I'd play just one more night when the stakes were high—just one big night—and then I'd retire for life."

"But you promised me a big night," insisted Grayson. "You said some night I'd get a real run for my money. You're not going to back out of your promise. I want some real excitement—see!" He leaned toward Smiling Ed; his tongue ran more freely and intimately than it would had it not been for the regularity with which Smiling Ed's colored butler had filled his glass with supposedly unprocurable Scotch. "Listen. There's a girl. You understand. She's coming to New York in a week. After that I've got to cut all this out. Can't we have the big night you promised me before then?"

"Well"—hesitantly—"since you insist on holding me to a promise—yes." Smiling Ed regarded him thoughtfully. "Big? What does that word 'big' mean to you in dollars? How much do you want to win—or lose?"

"Enough to make it really exciting. A hundred thousand—two hundred thousand."

"Two hundred thousand. You're no piker, son. H'm. Two hundred thousand, if I lost it, would bust me. All right, though—since I promised. But checks are barred. Nothing but Uncle Sam's best stationery is ever used in my place."

"Oh, I'll bring the cash. How soon can you make the night?"

"I'll let you know later. I have to throw you out now. Jack and I have got to hustle to make that appointment. Sam, the gentleman's coat and hat and fix him another drink."

BUT WHEN the colored butler had attended to these ceremonies, and young Grayson was out of the house, Smiling Ed seemed in no haste about his pressing engagement. He sat down at the table with the youthful Red Jack Gerrity, and leisurely poured himself a small drink from the bottle of priceless Scotch.

"Rather a nice kid, Grayson," he commented.

"You certainly played that young sucker just right!" admired Red Jack. "String 'em along, keep 'em begging for more—till you spring the big blow-off! It's a grand system you got, Ed."

"I hope it works," said Smiling Ed soberly. "I've fed him

ten thousand, and there's only seven thousand left in the bank-roll."

"Of course it'll work. Never saw you plan a thing better. He's all ribbed for the trimming!"

"Yes, he's all readied up. And it's going to be the biggest killing I've ever made." Smiling Ed sipped his glass meditatively. "I've been thinking, Jack, that when I made this clean-up I'd retire. I'm getting a bit old, Jack. Yes, I'm going to retire."

"You'll have enough to retire on—for a while anyhow."

"Yes, with all that dough I'm going to quit the game," reaffirmed Smiling Ed. "I'm certainly getting tired. I've been thinking a chicken farm over in Jersey would about suit me. Eggs at a dollar or two a dozen are a better graft than this game—and I wouldn't have to give the police a cut of what I take in."

SMILING Ed came out of his meditative mood, and again became the brisk, keenly practical man of affairs. "That's wandering off present business. I've the same as got Grayson's dough tucked away in my kick—that's already settled. The next thing to do is to head off trouble."

"You mean see Inspector Gilmore?"

"Yes. Fix things up with Gilmore tonight. When young Grayson wakes up the morning after, with nothing in his head but a headache, and nothing in his pockets but New York ozone, he'll go straight to the police with a holler they'll hear to San Francisco. I've got to choke off that holler."

"Gilmore will attend to that!"

"But the holler isn't all," Smiling Ed remarked slowly.

"What else can there be?"

"That kid hails from down Texas way, and cut his teeth on a gun barrel. Besides, being just out of the army, he probably still has the habit of shooting up the people he don't like. He's likely to come gunning for me."

"But Gilmore will take care of everything, if you give him a big enough cut."

"Twenty percent is the regular income tax I've paid Gilmore on all my winnings. Let's see—twenty percent on two hundred thousand is forty thousand. Forty thousand ought to fix Gilmore."

A few minutes later, in his overcoat, Smiling Ed was riding in happy expectation toward the Hotel Gresham, in whose grill Inspector Gilmore usually partook of some midnight nourish-

ment, to have a little chat with the Inspector pertaining to his insurance policy.

While Smiling Ed rode on in pleasant contemplation of good fortune and merited retirement, Inspector Gilmore sat alone at a corner table eating his lamb chops and fried potatoes, and drinking something from a cup which was neither tea nor coffee.

THE famous Inspector was big and broad and domineering with steely penetrating eyes, and a heavy cast-iron jaw—"Iron-face" he was called among his subordinates. For these many years he had been supreme lord over the more brightly lit region of Broadway and the adjacent territory of Fifth avenue, during which period he had with stern and widely-published justice banished crude and unfinanced offenders to upstate prisons, and during which same period he had with modestly unpublished lenience allowed discreet practitioners full liberty of his domain upon payment of adequate tribute.

Inspector Gilmore was scowling at his chops. Not because they were not well-done; they were broiled to perfection; the chef at the Gresham grill would not have dared cook otherwise for such a frequent and powerful patron. He scowled because he was thinking of the Extraordinary Grand Jury now sitting, and the rumors that had leaked through its supposedly leak-proof doors to the effect that the jury was on the trail of certain of his actions. What business had those jurymen to mess in his affairs? The damned boobs! But if they should stumble on to something—

He thought of the extremely confidential talk he had had that afternoon with his old friend the chief surgeon of the police department. The doctor had assured him that there would be no trouble about his heart. A few powerful drops on the tongue, a run around the block or vigorous calisthenics in the privacy of his own office, and a prompt medical examination would reveal all the symptoms of acute angina pectoris. Well, if it came to the worst, he'd beat that boob grand jury to it! Palpitation of the heart. They wouldn't be able to touch him!

WHILE the Inspector thus meditated, Smiling Ed entered, giving the girl at the door a quarter and a smile and retaining possession of his hat and smart stick. Over in the corner, beyond the thin scattering of guests at other tables, he saw the Inspector, and he moved toward Gilmore's table giving greeting to those he knew by a magnificent gesture of a gloved hand.

He paused at Gilmore's side, for there was nothing suspicious in his seeming to have a speaking acquaintance with an Inspector of Police, and lightly placed a perfectly gloved hand on Gilmore's heavy shoulder.

"Good evening, Inspector," said he; and then he added in a lower voice barely intended to reach Gilmore's ear: "Say, little playmate, meet me up in room 713 when you've finished."

Gilmore looked up, a chop, held like a Thanksgiving drumstick, in his wide mouth. As he saw Smiling Ed, he removed the chop to growl:

"Who the hell are you?"

Smiling Ed started and blinked. "Eh! I say, what's the matter, Jim?" He leaned lower down and whispered. "Listen, Jim. I got a big thing all readied up and I want to talk it over with you."

The Inspector stared Smiling Ed straight in the eye, and again growled:

"Who the hell are you?"

The Inspector's dark face was still blank with non-recognition. Smiling Ed could not understand.

"Why, Jim, is there something wrong with your bean?"

"I'll bean you! I don't know who you are, see, and if you don't stop hornin' in on me, I'll bust you one in the jaw!"

The Inspector's glower had the quality of a menacing finality. Ed turned away, and managing to achieve his amiable man-of-the-world smile, he sauntered on and out as he had intended doing and with his intended air of having merely paused to speak a casual word. But inwardly he was dumbfounded. What had come over Gilmore that he should act in such a way toward an old friend?—one with whom he had had many man-to-man chats, and with whom he had done profitable business for fifteen years or more?

Smiling Ed simply could not make it out.

The first few minutes after he got out of the Gresham grill Smiling Ed could think only of Gilmore's inexplicable behavior. Then the possible significance of that behavior to the business

in hand leaped startlingly into his brain, and he stopped still. Why, if he didn't have a talk with Gilmore and arrange matters, he would not dare go ahead with Grayson! He could not put over his greatest killing—he could not retire to that chicken farm in Jersey he had long had his eyes upon!

This was serious. He simply had to see Gilmore.

He slept not a wink, something almost without precedent, for Smiling Ed usually slept the child-like sleep of those who have an untroubled conscience. But during his wakeful hours he thought of another plan. Perhaps he had approached Gilmore too openly. He would try to reach Gilmore by way of Hennessy, one of the Inspector's confidential men, through whom on previous occasions there had been dealings of a delicate character.

The next morning he made known his desire to Hennessy. All day he waited nervously. That night when he met Hennessy in a cafe where hard liquor still flowed despite the law, he could hardly wait till his ambassador had gulped down his slug of Broadway moonshine.

"What did the chief say, Hennessy?"

"Said he wasn't going to see you."

"But, Hennessy, I got to see him!" cried Smiling Ed. "You made him understand that I would meet him anywhere—it could be as private as he liked?"

"Sure, I handed the chief all that. But he said he wouldn't see you. Never."

"But why, Hennessy? Why?"

"The chief didn't say why." And that was all Hennessy could tell Smiling Ed.

HOWEVER, it may be here stated that Inspector Gilmore had his reasons, good reasons, but it did not accord with his policy to let a single other person know what his reasons were. During his reign he had exercised in his little kingdom absolute authority, and he maintained a front (which in a measure had accounted for his power) of autocratic supremacy and permanence which no force could possibly shake or even menace; this pride would not permit him to explain to one he had lorded over that the great Gilmore was now possibly insecure. And the poignant tragedy of the situation to the Inspector, its damnable unfairness to him, was that his trained sense informed him that Smiling Ed wished to see him to arrange to give him some money, and that he really wanted to see Smiling Ed. He wanted the money. It was simply damnable!

Smiling Ed parted from Hennessy in a frenzied state of mind. Wasn't it hell, to have his biggest killing, his final coup, all ready for its consummation, to have all this money simply imploring him to take it—and to have the whole affair blocked by the bull-headed arrogance of a bull-headed super-cop! It certainly was hell!

After further consideration, Smiling Ed thought an emissary of more influence might succeed where Hennessy had failed; so a certain politician who tells a large part of New York what alderman they shall elect, went to see Inspector Gilmore after Smiling Ed had laid his troubles before him. But the great politician came back with the same message that had been carried by the more lowly Hennessy.

THAT same afternoon young Charlie Grayson trapped Smiling Ed in the men's lounge of the Biltmore Hotel, and drew Smiling Ed aside.

"What have you been dodging me for?" accused the young man. "How about that grand and gorgeous night you promised me?"

"It'll be all right, son. Excuse me, there's a man going out—"

But young Grayson caught Smiling Ed by his lapel and frustrated his escape. "Listen. Remember I told you about a girl. She's coming day after tomorrow. Our game has got to be tonight or tomorrow night. After that nothing doing. I got to be good."

"Don't worry—I'll fix it up all right. I've got a lot of things on my hands just now, but I'll let you know later." And this time Smiling Ed did effect his escape.

A little later Smiling Ed laid his tribulations before Red Jack Gerrity. "Ain't it hell!" he cried almost hysterically—for despite romance, a gambler's nerves are not always of steel and they do sometimes wear thin and even break. He sprang up. "By God, Gilmore has got to see me, and see me tonight! I'll be on his trail, like one of his own gum-shoe men!"

Smiling Ed carried through his announced purpose, though his usual ambassadorial poise was perilously near collapse. He

was in and out and around the Hotel Gresham all that evening; he did not know how to keep still; his strained eyes were everywhere. His smart yet dignified walking-stick performed ridiculous antics between his stout, dignified legs; and when his trusted friend the barkeeper slipped him a few prohibited but sorely needed drinks, which Ed had ungloved himself to swallow, he tugged in a most earnest endeavor to get the right glove on the left hand, till the friendly barkeeper set him right.

Even before Inspector Gilmore was through the little-used side door, Smiling Ed saw him and was upon him, clutching his sleeve.

"What in God's name's gone wrong with you, Jim?" he demanded in a tense whisper.



Inspector Gilmore swayed backward and sank weakly into his chair. He held his breath while his super-sensitive ears cocked toward the package, and stared at the box with the red seal . . . and stared . . . and stared . . .

"You let go my arm!" ordered the Inspector.

"But, Jim—listen! I got to talk to you—talk to you tonight! About dough. Big dough!"

Inspector Gilmore turned upon Smiling Ed the full strength of the Gilmore glower. "You ever speak to me again," he growled, "and I'll smash your face so far through you that your head'll be good for only a key-ring. Get out o' my way!"

Smiling Ed had stood too much; he now lost all control. "I'll get you for this, Jim!" he cried wildly. "No matter how long I've got to wait, I'll get you for this! Don't you forget that!"

Inspector Gilmore strode on without reply, but he did not forget. His iron nerve had likewise been under a terrific strain, and it likewise was sorely worn and indeed almost gone. The menace of that silent grand jury room had so worked on him, that even the threatening anonymous letter which every police official receives, and usually receives with bored indifference, now really worried him, and he expected any time to receive an infernal machine which was the conventional fulfillment of such threatening letters if ever they were fulfilled. So he remembered Smiling Ed's threat—he was to remember it for long to come.

AN HOUR later Smiling Ed, no smile now upon his full face, had just completed the recital to Red Jack of this culminating chapter of his crowding misfortunes. "Now ain't it the worst hell ever," he summed up wildly, almost pathetically. "Here I got the richest sucker ever, begging me to trim him—and only

one more night to do it in, only one more night!—and that bone-head crook of a Gilmore balls-up the play! I don't dare move a hand. And this was going to be my last time—I was going to retire—there was that chicken farm over in Jersey! Can you beat it for luck? My God,—oh, my God!"

"Mebbe the way Gilmore is acting is just a stall," suggested that keen young psychologist, Red Jack. "Mebbe he's holding you off to get you in such a humor that you'll be willing to give him a bigger cut than the twenty percent you've been paying him."

"You've hit it, Jack!" exclaimed Smiling Ed. "Of course that's his game! But why should I pay that big stiff of a stick-up man more than twenty percent? Besides, even if I was willing, there's no time to talk a new sort of deal over with him. There's only one day left. Get that—there's only one day left! Grayson plays tomorrow night, or he doesn't play at all!"

"Looks like the Grayson kid will have to keep his money," remarked Red Jack solemnly.

"Yes—I'm done for there; the boy will have to keep his dough," said Smiling Ed with tragic resignation. "And after all my hard work! And the two hundred thousand the same as in my hand!"

The big man stared hopelessly across at his promising disciple. There slowly passed a silent moment of profoundest gloom. Then a new life flashed into Smiling Ed's stricken face. It grew daringly. Smiling Ed stood up dramatically; he was not

quite his old self again, yet there was determination in his bearing.

"What is it, Ed?" excitedly asked Red Jack.

"I can't give up that two hundred thousand—my last stroke—and I simply am not going to!" desperately declared Smiling Ed. "I'm going to take every risk, Jack—in spite of everything I'm going to make tomorrow night Grayson's big night!"

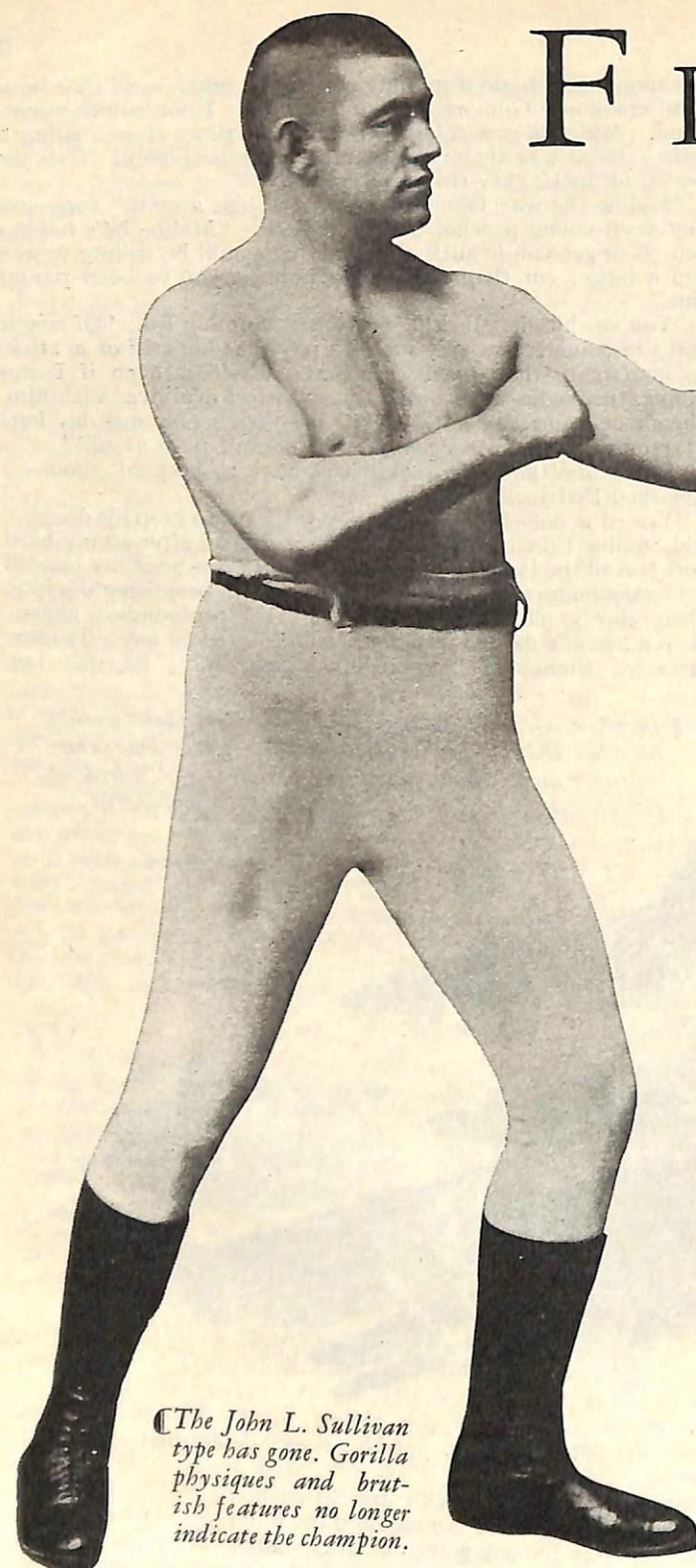
"Ed! . . . But Gilmore?"

"There's no time left now to waste on Gilmore. There's only time for the game. I'm going to make the clean-up, and then take my chance on squaring Gilmore!"

And thus it was decided; and the two sat talking over details the greater part of the night.

UNDER thousands of roofs the following night there was eager play among the possessors of easy money, and among those who would possess it. In private houses ladies lost their thousands at bridge, and later yawned or wept over their ill-luck according to their temperaments and their purses; and up in the great hotels private poker games clicked away, in some of which a man's losses were the price of a small railroad. For this chanced to be a night when renaissance gambling was in one of its most reckless moods.

Most of these games were friendly and were straight. But the game in which young Grayson sought to gratify his long postponed excitement was not of this order. [Continued on page 84]



«The John L. Sullivan type has gone. Gorilla physiques and brutish features no longer indicate the champion.

FIGHTING

«The Bad Man Type

he was lantern-jawed. But the eyes, which were blue, blazed with intelligence and his high, narrow brow suggested rather the storehouse of an adequate brain than the qualities that motivate a fighter. There had been a note of sympathy in the greeting of the crowd; they felt sorry for David Shade.

Not twelve minutes later Jimmy Slattery was reeling and stumbling about the ring, on his feet merely because of the instinctive gameness that was in him. His gloved hands were pawing at the ropes; he was helpless.

So the fight was stopped and the beaten boxer assisted to his corner, while the man who resembled a bank clerk, or an automobile salesman, turned away and picked up his bathrobe, his hair hardly mussed, his face and body unmarked.

What was the answer to the outcome of this ring battle? Brains, for one thing; brains and high intelligence. And again, eyes so perfectly attuned to muscles as to result in perfect rhythm; tendons nicely strung—absolute coordination.

Sculptors and painters through all the ages have depicted a young stripling of beautifully slender build standing over the fallen Goliath. It has been the modern age that has produced analogies in every line of sport to the Davidian triumph over brute force.

Appearance no longer indicates the champion. It used to. Study old British and American sporting prints and the low brows, the thick, unruly hair, the heavy brutish features, the gorilla physiques will be found to prevail without exception among these pictorial reproductions of gladiators of old.

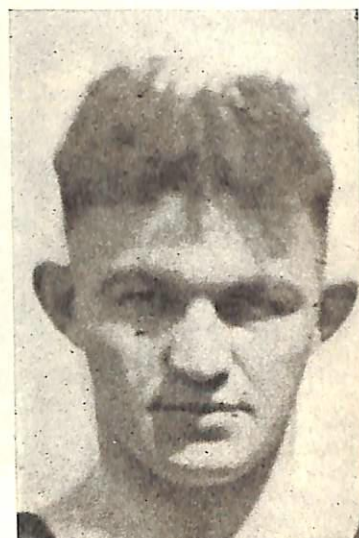
There is no mystery about this. Men of brains did not, in those days, fight with their fists. Physical combat was left to elemental humanity. And it was not until James J. Corbett, the bank clerk, well-groomed, good-looking, left the amateur ranks and laid many a plug-ugly low, that knowledge came that a head like a gargoyle, a face like a Japanese war mask and a body suggesting the Farnese Hercules were not essential to a world-beating champion.

Assume that you are out walking and see two men approaching. One is dressed absolutely in the mode, is tall, cleanly built, resilient in his bearing. His face is keen, alert, pleasing, if not handsome, while his companion has a flattened nose, cauliflower ears, square, grim jaws, heavy legs and the chest and shoulders of a blacksmith. Now assume further that you are totally unversed in pugilism and are informed that one of these two men is a world famous bruiser. Ten to one you will pick out the brutish appearing man as thus distinguished. It will be a million to one that you picked erroneously.

THE young man of the engaging appearance will be the outstanding boxer and his companion will be one of his stable of sparring partners, or a rubber.

Boxing and other major sports have advanced to a plane where the demands made upon vivid intelligence are absolutely imperative. There must be physical prowess, of course; but now

«The NEW



«Gene Tunney has the most engaging appearance of all the athletes.

Underwood & Underwood

FACES

By Lawrence Perry

is Going Out of Fashion in Sports

we know that long, rippling muscles hidden under a glossy skin, intense nervous organization and a keen mind are among the essential things that a champion possesses.

The time has long gone by when a boxer desires to wear that badge of his profession which practically all pugilists used proudly to flaunt—a flattened nose. If in the process of attaining to eminence in the ring a fighter has the normal outlines of his nose flattened or distorted, one of the first things he does when he has the money is to go to a plastic surgeon and have the damaged beak restored.

Jack Dempsey was a good-looking young man, except for a retousse proboscis. But this snubbed nose gave him a fighting look; at least, his admirers thought so. Don't think for a minute though, that even the champion's best friends were so careless as to compliment him upon that warlike protuberance; for Jack was not proud of it at all and the more famous he got and the more he went out into the world and met persons that other fighters do not meet, the less proud he was. At length he went under the beautifying knife.

And so with most boxers who are champions or near champions in the various weight divisions. Just at present several well-

Type of FIGHTING FACE



«Mickey Walker takes great pride in keeping his features unmarked.

Underwood & Underwood



«Benny Leonard's face shows the keen mind of the modern fighter.

Underwood & Underwood

known pugilists including Tiger Flowers, the negro middleweight champion, are sporting noses which the scalpel has restored to pristine grace of outline.

But this, as said, has all changed. Damaged features not only are held to advertise the fact that a man is a fighter—which is likely to injure him socially—but they point to a certain professional ineptitude. It is a point of pride with a boxer today that he has been able to keep his face clean, as the parlance of the ring has it; in other words, to be endowed with skill so great that opponents have been unable to effect any cartographical changes in his features.

THE late Bill Brennan, who was a high class heavyweight, always took pains to explain that his nose, which was thickened and described two or three angles in its descent from his brow, had not suffered from a punch but from a foul tip when he was taking off the bat without a mask.

And in 1921, when Brennan stayed twelve rounds with Dempsey in Madison Square Garden before he was finally knocked out, the champion in after days evinced no concern at all over such

loss of prestige as attached to his poor showing against his rival. But he was deeply perturbed over an ear which Brennan had walloped with force so crushing that it promised to develop into a cauliflower, or, to borrow from pugilistic nomenclature a more striking metaphor, a tin ear.

For some time thereafter the champion's busiest moments were concerned with one of the most skilled surgeons in the city.

Dempsey today with his Grecian nose, his stylish garb and his lithe, clean build, suggests the accepted type of the champion heavyweight bruiser of the world about as much as the modern six gun resembles the blunderbus.

Harry Wills, the leading contender for the title, is a negro who calls to mind some ideal of the athletic type done in bronze. His face is alert, intelligent, pleasing; his manners are reticent, his life a model of simplicity and decent conduct.

Gene Tunney, another leading aspirant for the title that Dempsey holds, is one of the most engaging young athletes to look upon that ever attained prominence in any branch of sport, amateur or professional. When he is not training for a bout he lives the life of a country gentlemen at Red Bank, N. J., riding, golfing, fishing and hunting or visiting friends well-known in business and the professions throughout the country.

AND so it goes through the fistic fraternity. Most of them are married and are living soberly and righteously, going forth to do battle as their neighbors go to business. The era of training at road houses and hanging about barrooms has long vanished.

Brains, alertness, observance of the ordinary common-sense laws of life and living characterize the great bulk of the profession. There are exceptions, of course, but as a rule they lie among the so-called pork-and-beaners. And where men emerge despite their disregard of sobriety, clean-living and orderly conduct they do not last very long.

There was a time when the average big league baseball player took little thought as to his status in the eyes of the public. That was when beer was sold in the stands and the entire aspect of the game was beery.

Today, if you should run across a big league team in a parlor car you could easily mistake it for some college nine. Good clothes, reserved demeanor and very often high intelligence mark the average big leaguer these days. Grand old Silver Flint used with pride to display two sets of gnarled, broken and twisted fingers, the result of years behind the bat. Nowadays no ball player has any use for a malformed digit and will not possess one if it is within the skill of the surgeon to correct the malformation.

And it would be an object lesson in the effective inculcation of knowledge concerning the little amenities of living if you happened to chance in a hotel dining room when a raw recruit from the sticks signaled his first appearance at a ball players' dining table by disdaining any employment of a fork save as a pusher.

There is Babe Ruth, of course. Baseball writers and fellow-players have depicted him in terms which, if they were accurate, would define him as a relict of the era of cave dwellings.

However that may be, the fact remains that Ruth, in spite of his great publicity and his ability—when in form—to hit, has never been and never will be a tenth part as valuable to his club or to baseball as such splendid modern athletic types as Tris Speaker, George Sisler, Ty Cobb, the [Continued on page 81]



Photo by Wide World

«"Gentleman Jim" Corbett who proved that brute force was unnecessary in the ring.

TWO BOXERS sat in the corners in a ring pitched on the Polo Grounds diamond one evening last summer. High above them was the August moon and the stars were as bright as stars always are in a clear sky.

But neither moon nor stars were factors, save as pallid and unimportant scenic adjuncts, in the impressions of the home arena of the New York Giants that night. For the amphitheatre was bathed, steeped in the dead white luminousness of huge electrics that defined every minute object in pitiless detail. It exaggerated the pouches beneath the eyes of denizens of New York night life who would blink and be blinded in the unaccustomed sunlight and it gave to rouged lips and cosmeticized faces the look of poisonous death.

And for background the cavernous stands, their gloom punctuated by red exit lights and the quick flares of lighted matches.

One of the boxers was a stalwart youth, heavy of chest and shoulder, his head ruggedly modeled, brows thick, eyes dark and slumbering. The crowd cheered him with the boisterous acclaim which is the due of a coming champion.

His opponent was slighter, smaller-boned. His face was lean;

Dear

By Hermann B.
DEUTSCH

Illustrations by
Arthur D. Fuller

UP TO THE time Sally Comerford reached the editorial rooms of the Star, Slat's Channing had been a drifter and Barbara Baldwin had been an acidulous widow, a bibulous copyreader, a credulous super-flapper, a myth and a thorn in the side of the Honorable Tim.

Do all these names need just a bit of sorting? Very well:

The Honorable Tim was publisher of the Star, on whose daily page of women's features there appeared the writings of a wholly mythical Barbara Baldwin—the name having been selected for its euphonic qualities. Barbara Baldwin had been created in response to the demand of certain newspaper readers—most of whom seem to be “young girls of eighteen years of age and considered good-looking”—for an impersonal oracle to advise them in matters of the heart. But while the name endured, the personnel of the wearers thereof shifted with almost clock-like regularity. Thus a Mrs. Westoner—the original Barbara Baldwin and the acidulous widow aforesaid—once advised a misunderstood wife to seek a divorce, much to the subsequent indignation of her husband. The Barbara Baldwin portfolio was promptly turned over to one James Rickey, copyreader.

This particular Barbara Baldwin's name was pronounced by his intimates as follows: Jin Rickey. Breaking under the strain of advising young Heartsick, Anxious, Blondie, et als., that they should always heed the dictates of their parents, Jin became, by various bibulous stages, a nightmare in the city, more apt than not to address unsympathetic policemen as “Brown Eyes,” and upbraid them for failing to return the affections of a heart that was true as steel.

He was succeeded, therefore, by a credulous super-flapper, who was later discovered to be more Freud than oracular. Viewing one of the early heart problems submitted to her from a perspective that was entirely too Havelock Ellis, the super-flapper called a spade a spade instead of a heart flush, her views reaching the public via the noon edition before they attracted general attention; but not much before, since the resulting public rush for copies of the noon edition might have been, under other circumstances, highly gratifying.

[Sally's entrance created a stir in the place—everybody looked at her—some with amusement, some with compassion.]

Whereupon Sally Comerford, rose smiling from the ashes to which the Honorable Tim's incinerative language had reduced her immediate predecessor. In the space of two heartbeats she had effected the voluntary capitulation of every male member of the staff. The second heartbeat, as a matter of fact, had been only for Speedy, the head copy-boy, a blasé youth who could have given a second lieutenant in the late Prussian Guards abundant pointers in the matter of thorough disregard for the human race. One heartbeat had been enough for all the others.

SALLY had looks 'n' everything. She had the wistful little one-way smile—straight to your heart, with no facilities for return routing. She had that indefinable something which made it possible for her to wear sackcloth and ashes or broadcloth and sashes with equal distinction. In the same way you felt that the smooth hair, the color of well-seasoned black walnut, which she wore fetchingly bobbed, would have looked just as entrancing—

Barbarous

*[She wrote the
“Hints to the Hearts”
column for a daily paper
—and took
her own
advice]*

“Lissen Sister,” Opportunity said. “You and me have supper together. Tell Auntie the train was late.”

but no more so—in long, heavy braids. And eyes—and complexion—and figure! Shucks! Fill in the blanks to suit yourself.

Naturally the Star cohorts promptly figured that Sally was entirely too good to be true. Every one of them eagle-eyed the first Dear Barbara column Sally turned out, to see just how much of a ghastly mess she had made of it.

The leading letter in the column informed Dear Barbara that the writer was a young girl of eighteen years of age and considered good-looking, “and while I kid the boys who come to see me along, they all say they cannot live without me. I am sure I do not love any of them like that. What shall I do?”

In reply to which Sally had written:

“My dear ‘Troubled’:

In the first place, thou shalt not take thyself too seriously. That's an awfully good rule to remember. You say you are

kidding the boys along. From what you tell me, my dear, I am convinced that they are only returning the compliment.

Sincerely,
Barbara Baldwin.”

The Star, from Speedy to the Honorable Tim, sighed in great contentment, and promptly ceased to worry about Dear Barbara's job. Cherry, who didn't get to be city editor merely by blind luck, recognized her as a treasure, and sent her on plenty of freak assignments. The story she wrote about her round of the palmist dens, and the different fortunes they foretold for her, made a smashing hit. In short, Miggles Cross, the staff poet, summed it all up one day when he remarked with great feeling:

"The bird who said white arms and shoulders need no grammar ought to have been introduced to our Sally of Newspaper Alley."

As a matter of fact, it was high time just then that the Dear Barbara business should be settled and out of hand, for affairs of greater moment than the woes of eighteen-summers-plus-an-affectionate-nature were shaping themselves about the Star.

"Pick up first half-way bright drifter 't blows into town," the Honorable Tim detonated at Cherry one day. "Want in for undercover work. Hush-hush-in-the-graveyard stuff. Keep 'm in the office till we need 'm."

"Politics?" asked Cherry.

"Ab's'lutely—accent on the loot—not bad, that one. Conna raisa mor l issue this time. City's going t' 'ell in a handbasket. P'lice force under Mayor Oliver all shot t' pieces. Raisa n or l issue an' raisa merry devil, too. We s'port Cranston—get th' idea. Clean 'em with Cranston. Say—at's a whale of a good campaign slogan. Write 'at down. S'my own idea too. Just's minute came t' me."

"Check," agreed Cherry, who was well aware of the fact that Mayor Martin Oliver had been in office too long for the Honorable Tim's peace of mind. "I'll grab the first drifter that looks good and keep him on rewrite in the office till you want him."

You may not be acquainted with the genus "drifter." Thirty years or so ago, he was a journeyman printer, roaming from town to town, from tundra to pampas, working a fortnight in the job-shop of the Devils' Valley Weekly News only to recollect, on the spur of the moment, a pressing engagement in Tampa, Duluth, Pysht, Cincinnati, or either of the Portlands.

Nowadays, they are reporters, who rove or rest as the spirit moves them. They can pick out a city editor's desk by instinct and their shibboleth is "Got any openings on the staff?" Three days after they hit town they know half the policemen and all of the taxi-drivers by name, can tell you why the wife of the cashier of the First National is going to sue for divorce next week, and have established a line of credit with the most reliable bootlegger in the city.

Such a one was Slat's Channing, who came trundling along at the helm of a tubercular flivver from somewhere else, just in time to be grabbed by Cherry as per the Honorable Tim's instructions.

"DO REWRITE?" Cherry asked.

"Yes," replied Slat's.

"Take the desk over there," directed Cherry.

Now, the "Desk over there" happened to be next desk to Sally's. Slat's sauntered over. Sally looked up, and tentatively smiled the one-way smile to which reference has already been made in this chronicle. Slat's Channing forthwith ceased to be a drifter.

There was nothing spectacular about it. He simply sat down before his typewriter and stared at it wonderingly. Then he transferred his gaze to Sally. Acutely conscious of his fixed regard, Sally turned.

"Hello," quoth Sally.

"Uh—hello," said Slat's.

"You just join?" asked Sally.

"Uh-huh," replied Slat's.

"What are you going to do?" asked Sally.

"Rewrite. Uh—you do society?"

Sally shook her head.

"I'm Dear Barbara," she explained.

Slat's pondered this cryptic remark at some length.

"Thasso?" he finally ventured. "Er—whose Dear Barbara?"

"Everybody's," smiled Sally. "I'm Barbara Baldwin, who does the Hints to the Heartsick."

Slat's pondered that still more deeply.

"Well," he announced with finality, "you got a patient. Gosh! Dear Barbara!"

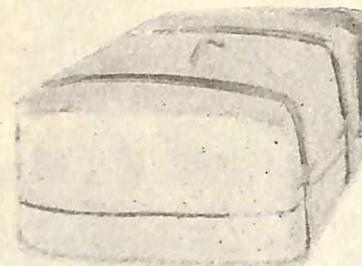
"It's all right if you don't misplace the accent," Sally warned him hastily.

The one-time drifter nodded his complete comprehension.

"Yours of even date received and contents noted," he replied. The name is Channing. Norman Channing. Answers also to the name of Slat's."

A command from the city desk to "take this story from police headquarters" cut further conversation short.

Now, while the rewrite job was just the sort of chained-to-a-desk affair which ordinarily would have irked Slat's beyond all



(Sally in her pink-checked doobickies and telescope bag looked like Mary Pickford's idea of an untutored daughter of the farm.)

endurance, he lost no time in settling down. He took hold with a practiced skill that Cherry was not slow to recognize and reward with sparing words of praise. Nor did Slat's waste many days before carrying into execution certain other plans. Not more than three or four days after he ceased so abruptly to be a drifter, Sally found among her daily batch of letters the following note:

"Dear Barbara:

"I am a young man but recently arrived in this-here-now fair and thriving city. I have made the acquaintance, quite informally, of a young lady whom I greatly admire. I should very much like to ask this young lady whether she will do me the honor to

"(a) Take dinner with me in some lavishly gilded den where they have lots of orchestral din between the courses,

"(b) Subsequently accompany me to the cinema igloo where the world's worst wampire is presently looting all the menfolks to their doom,

"(c) Thereafter step out amongst 'em for whatever the occasion may offer in the way of further amusement, upon my personal guarantee that she will be returned safely to her domicile at the twitching hour when the

dance begins to weary even a flapper's scapulae.

"Now, Dear Barbara, under the circumstances, what shall I do? Ever-Ready."

By the time the day's batch of Dear Barbara letters had been answered, Slat's found a note tucked under the base of the rewrite telephone. It ran:

"Dear Ever-ready:

"Any night this week but what is or are scapulae? Thanks.

Sincerely,

Barbara Baldwin."

THEREAFTER, Sally and Slat's stepped out amongst 'em once or twice a week. The stepping-out process might mean a drive through the park or out into the country in the tubercular flivver whose name, as Slat's gravely explained, was Ninon de l'Enclos because "she's so incredibly old and is still running around with the menfolks. Or it might mean a dinner in one of the quiet places on the other side of town "where they bring you your meal, and when you're all through, they bring on a roast chicken or something." Or it might mean a sedate call at the Comerford home on the terrace overlooking the river.

The interchange of letters between Slat's and Sally via the Dear Barbara medium became almost a rite. For instance:

"Dear Barbara:

"Pursuing the customary tactics, I want to immolate upon the shrine of a certain young lady, one box of candy. But what kind? I am deeply troubled. Please advise me.

Ever-Ready."



(Opportunity drew the chauffeur aside: "Take us to a quiet little place that looks like a sorta family home," he whispered.

The answer to which was:

"Dear Ever-Ready:

"Of course true worth can never be measured by gifts of sweets—but I bet she dotes on Pecan Roll.

Sincerely,

Barbara Baldwin."

Or it might be:

"Dear Barbara:

"See they put a by-line over your yarn about that kid out at Charity Hospital. Great stuff. Anxious to celebrate. What shall I do?

Ever-Ready."

The reply to which read:

"Dear Ever-Ready:

"Why not be real ruthless this time and force her to feed you at her home, say Thursday evening at 7?

Sincerely,

Barbara Baldwin."

The rest of the staff grinned or grumbled as the case might be. "Listen, I make no predictions, 'uttered our bonny hero," Preston remarked gloomily late one afternoon, during one of those slack periods when the city room gives itself over to a discussion of men or affairs, or, more often, women with affairs. "But mark my words. First thing, now, somebody's going to be circulating a list around this office—one of those things where they tell us we'll get 'em some nice silver and put down anything

you can afford—the cashier'll take it out of your envelope next Monday."

Quite unconscious of this discussion, Slat's and Sally had left the office together.

"You comin' out tomorrow night?" Sally asked while they waited for her car.

"Will the sun continue to rise as per schedule?" grinned Slat's.

"Answer: Yes. Age shall not wither nor whatchamaycallum do the other thing—close quotation marks."

"Whatever that may mean. They been keeping you busy today?"

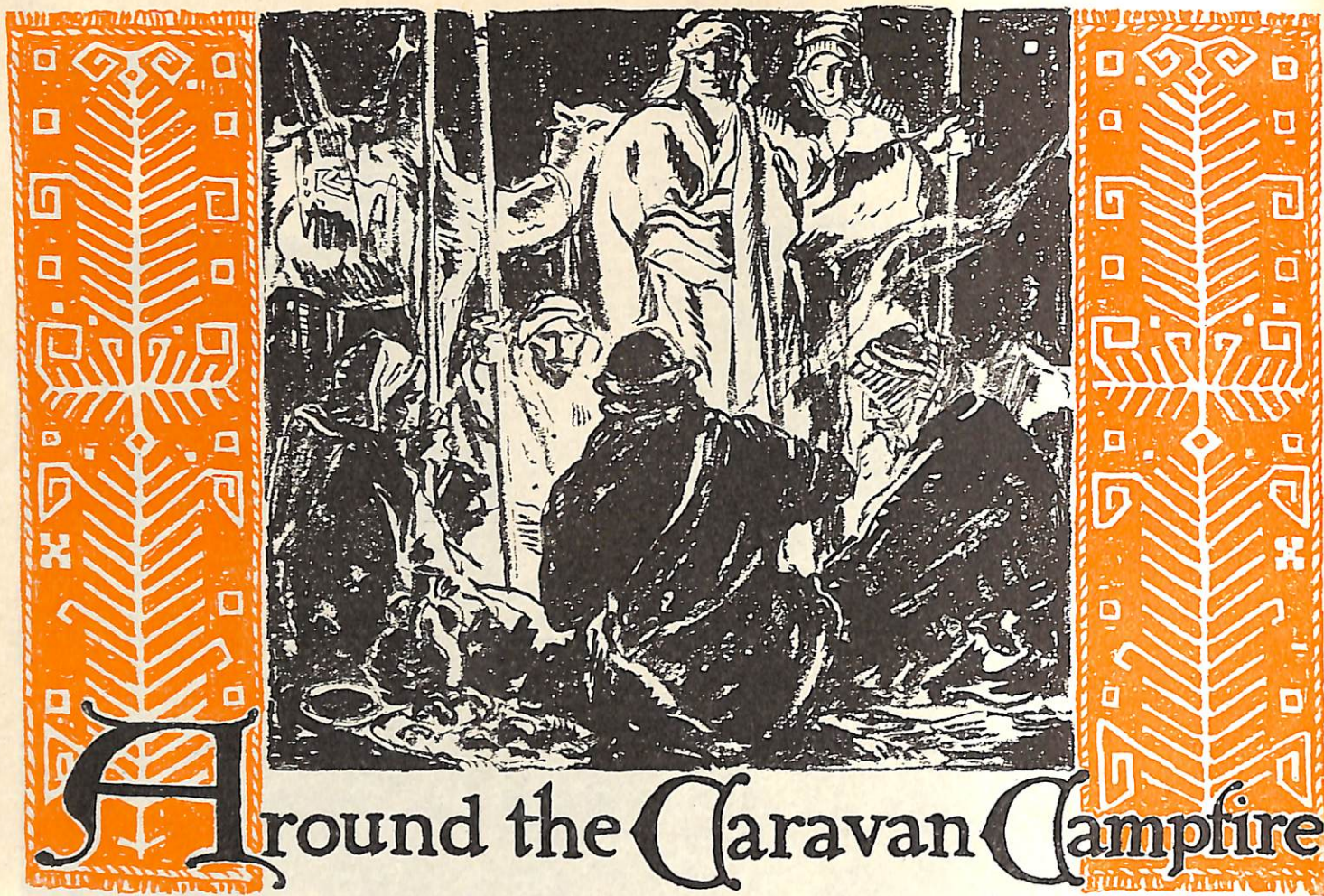
"Like the justly celebrated paperhanger. Most of it very blah," his voice suddenly rose to a high and mincing falsetto. "Oh what fascinating lives you newspapermen must lead—such interesting experiences!" he mocked. "It's sure been interesting today—just like proofreading the K pages in the 'phone book."

Sally smiled a very superior smile.

"You're in luck, Slat's. You ought to read what the mail brings me every day. Then you'd think that the K pages in the 'phone book were written with poorly repressed passion."

"That's a good hunch for tomorrow night, Sally. We'll sit in the gloaming before the fireplace and read some of its flaming lyrics, and in the city directory too, if you say so."

But while the sun did rise as usual, Slat's did not put in an appearance at the Comerford home the [Continued on page 78]



By Roe Fulkerson

Your Publication Committee proposes to make these pages vitally significant to each Noble who is actually interested in the Order. Here is the medium for the reporting of worth-while fraternal news and the recording of the Services which Shriners render to Humanity.

THE GOVERNMENT of the United States guarantees to each citizen the right to the pursuit of happiness. The Dominion implies this same right even if it does not express it, in so many words. But like the golf club which guarantees every player the right to try for a hole in one, it is the pursuit and the try which are guaranteed, not the happiness or the hole in one. We put in all our time in the pursuit of happiness. We divide time into three parts, the past, the present and the future. We think of these as equal parts of a perfect whole. But in reality there is no such time as the present. The present is the smallest imaginable dividing line between the past and the future. When we reach the hyphen reading the word "pres-ent" one syllable is in the past while the other is in the future.

To find happiness we must look either to the past or the future. The past is but a mass of memories; the future but an unrolled scroll of hopes. As I look back in my life I do not recall the really big events like birth, marriage and death, that great trinity of morning, noon and night of life. A few little things stand out against the misty background of the past like the face of a man lighted up at night by the flare of a match.

I RECALL the joy which was a barefooted boy's when I caught a red-finned sucker, the largest ever hooked out of the creek near Ourltown. What pride I took in walking half a mile out of my way to carry that fish down Main street, its tail dragging in the dust because I was short and it was long! I shall recall that incident till I finally hold lilies in my front foot.

I was once frightfully ill on the tenth floor of a hotel in Salt Lake City. The pain of my lonely illness has long since been blotted out by the joyful recollection of a yellow-green linnet the size of my thumb which came every morning high up to my window sill and sang a matutinal lay to the rising sun.

Loafing along the shores of Lake George I once saw Mr. and Mrs. Catfish swimming around and around in circles on the surface of the lake protecting a couple of hundred baby catfish and keeping them herded like two cowboys circle-riding a herd of steers.

From my office window I once saw a blind man come tap-tapping to the curb of a cross street. I clutched the sill in terror as a high-powered and highly colored car, driven by a still more highly-colored flapper, bore down on him. The flapper pulled neatly up to the curb just in the nick of time, hopped nimbly over the low door, guided the blind man across the street, patted his shoulder, and was gone in a cloud of smoke in less time than I have taken to write it.

I shall never forget having foolishly stayed in a big pot for sweet percentage sake, with a ten, Jack and Queen of clubs. I caught the nine and King. Several other Nobles in that game also recall the incident.

NOBLE Jim Rogers of Utica once got me to act as a toast-master at a little banquet. Under his instructions I rosted every speaker except one. This was a little old Noble from Alabama. Jim told me he was shy and sensitive, so I showered him with compliments. That man had the most wonderful vocabulary of vituperative English I ever heard. He peeled the rind off me till I was raw! I shall never forget that shy little Noble or cease to laugh at the ringer Jim sprung on me.

In my home we make much over birthdays, wedding anniversaries and the like. Business once took me out to the coast. I met my birthday on a train somewhere between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. I was never more sorry for myself in my life as I sat glumly in the Pullman smoking compartment. I was ready to open a lodge of sorrow and hold a Masonic burial service over my disgruntled and unhappy self. [Continued on page 65]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

Here begin The Shrine's own departments, which are conducted by and dedicated to the Temples and Six Hundred Thousand Shriners who are The Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. So you will find here a forum, unique in the history of Shrinedom.



SECOND SECTION OF CEREMONIAL REQUIRES TRADITIONAL PLOT AS WELL AS CAREFUL REHEARSING.

HAPPENINGS we see on the street are never as excruciatingly funny as those in motion picture comedies. The motion picture comedy is not only carefully planned in advance and rehearsed, but there is a plot back of the fun.

The need for careful rehearsal of the second section of a Shrine Ceremonial is so evident that few directors now follow the hit or miss method of conducting their fun provoking features. Rarely indeed do we see a disconnected series of dignity wrecking stunts in this part of our work.

There is, however, a tendency to forget the plot of the second section. It is intended to represent the trials and tribulations of the faithful Mohammedan on his pilgrimage to the Sacred City. The idea should not be forgotten but woven into the plans for the work.

Nothing adds more to the enjoyment of a Temple than timeliness in its fun making, and all cities offer sub-plots to the time-honored one already mentioned.

The traffic situation with its congested parking areas and traffic officers; candidates divided into pedestrians, flivver owners and those who own automobiles, is a good groundwork on which to build. Income tax returns, St. Patrick's Day, Washington's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day and other holidays are fruitful opportunities for the ingenious Director.

A planned and rehearsed section into which local color, timeliness, plot and real brains have been injected lifts the ceremonial above the horse-play plane and adds to the enjoyment of the audience, which, after all, is the real object of this play-ground of ours.

When you reach the time when you are more interested in your banker's opinion of your looks than in the flapper's opinion—You are getting old, Noble, you are getting old. The man with only a few friends is a spiritual runt.

The individual is always mistaken . . . the majority always right.

A failure is a man who can just sit down anywhere and hope.

In the bright lexicon of the Mystic Shrine are no such words as "cruel world." Eternally young regardless of birthdays the perennial boy Shriner sees a world full of elephants and clowns, little ladies with short skirts bobbing and bowing from the backs of big white horses and now and then jumping through a paper-covered hoop. A Shriner knows he looks as good to the women in the world as they look to him. He tries to live up to their opinion of him and, glory be, most of the time he really gets away with it.

LIKE INVENTORS, ORGANIZATIONS MUST BE EVER ALERT TO ADAPT A NEW AND PROGRESSIVE IDEA.

MOST of what we know of astronomy was made possible because the original inventor of the telescope combined a concave eyepiece with a convex objective. Yet today only the simplest telescopes are made thus; the larger ones are reflectors.

Navigation was made possible by the chronometer and sextant, which enables the sailor to compare shore time with mean local time, determining longitude, and the position of sun and stars, determining latitude. Yet today few ships depend on chronometers because wireless, adapted from quite a different science, enables the ship to get shore time any time.

The Wright brothers made flying possible by inventing the warping wing on an airplane. Today no airplanes have warping wings; they all use the hinged aileron adapted from the cellar door, quite another branch of building.

Incidents might be multiplied where the greater success is made possible by the adaptation of newer ideas.

Such is the history of the Mystic Shrine. Its success has been the wonder of the organization world. Many other fraternities have since added humorous side degrees. The greatness of the Shrine, however, comes from its adaptation of a new idea in its hour of greatest success.

This world's greatest exemplar of human happiness awakened to the fact that supreme happiness comes from making others happy. In the crippled underprivileged children it found its big objective, and if Fate ever writes Finis to Shrine history, this work will loom so large that the original objective of the Shrine will have been forgotten.

Every little crippled child we change from a dependent into an upstanding useful member of society will add another jewel to the crown history will place on the brow of the Shrine.

SHRINE HELPFULNESS IS NOT A MORAL GLACIER BUT AN OVERFLOWING OF GOOD WILL.

HELPFULNESS is not a huge, slow, cold, implacable moral glacier grinding out truths and grinding under humans, generation after generation, down toward some happy valley filled with posies and kiddies and nice white haired old ladies, a thousand years away.

Helpfulness should be a laughing, fat, jolly old gentleman like Santa Claus with a fez on his head, or some springy elf who kids his way along, doing good for people and laughing with them instead of doing good to people and feeling sorry for them.

But we cannot think of helpfulness without wishing it would hurry up. Hurry is the slogan of the modern world. Those who criticize the church's efforts to make the world better, dwell chiefly on the funereal way in which it works. Funerals move slowly.

That's the thought which has made the Nobility enter so joyously into Shrine work. It is work being done happily. It makes helpfulness move rapidly. It has built hospitals, helped the helpless and had as much fun out of it as comes from the zest supposed to be the accompaniment of wickedness.

No hired man can help you gather a crop of good deeds.

Charity of thought is one of the principles inculcated by the Shrine. Let's be generous in thinking of the world. Even a monkey falls out of a tree now and then.

Men will keep right on marrying as long as curiosity makes them want to investigate what they do not understand.

Every man in the world has a perfect right to be mournful but no right to try to make it unanimous.

Anatomists tell us that it takes sixty-five muscles of the face to make a frown and only thirteen to make a smile. Shriners never work overtime.

Every poor man longs to own an orange grove or a yacht. But whoever saw an orange grove or a yacht which was not for sale?

Constructively there are always ladies present at a Shrine meeting. No story should be told, no allusion made, no act put on, which could not be staged if the wife and daughter of every member were present.

This is so generally understood that members of the Shrine never err in this respect. But some vaudeville comedians, called in after Shrine meeting to face a thousand happy red fezzed smoking men, may confuse the occasion with a stag smoker.

No man is more sensitive to criticism or more anxious to get a laugh than the professional actor. It is only fair to tell him before he does his stuff that the custom of the Shrine is to bar anything which he could not put on the stage in a theater with ladies in the audience.

Constructively ladies are always present at meetings of the Mystic Shrine.

HISTORY OF THE SHRINE

By William B. Melish

33° Senior Past Imperial Potentate

HOW THE SHRINE SHIP SAILED ALONG THROUGH THE DOLDRUMS OF THE FIRST DECADE OF ITS EXISTENCE

THE SHRINE was launched on June 16th, 1871, from Masonic Hall on East Twenty-third street, New York City. But for several years after the launching, there was little to indicate that an impressive voyage had begun.

Noble Walter M. Fleming felt that the Order, like any sea-worthy vessel, required the services of navigating officers and to meet this need, the Imperial Council was organized in 1876. Noble Fleming had discussed his plan with several members of Mecca Temple, so seventeen of the twenty nobles responsible for the organization belonged to the parent temple.

In comparison with the Philadelphia Convention, it is amusing to read the minutes of the informal meeting of 1878 and nothing, perhaps, gives a clearer idea of the growth of the Order than these chronicles placed side by side. The meeting was at Masonic Temple, New York.

The illustrious Grand Potentate announced that he had notified both officers and active members that he did not consider it necessary to call them together for a regular session. There was comparatively little business to come before them and he did not feel that it was of sufficient importance to justify the individual expense, since the constitutional clause regarding mileage and per diem was not in operation. The clause stood, but the exchequer was empty.

Nor were matters much better the next year when Imperial Potentate Fleming was forced to remind the Council and members that:

"The moneys due the Grand Body from Subordinate Temples and Diploma fees for their membership would nearly, if not quite place us beyond the embarrassment of indebtedness. The time, toil and expenditure that have been entailed upon a certain few in the effort to advance the interest of the Order, would fill a volume to recapitulate, and can only be realized by a careful investigation of the past three or four years. The issue of our printed Transactions, etc., it was deemed advisable to omit for the time being, until our condition was such as to warrant us in incurring the necessary expense for the same. In the event of issuing a new and correct Ritual some provision should be made by the Grand Body whereby the desired object may be accomplished without subjecting any individual representative to personal obligation for the same."

FROM other passages of his address, it is evident that the first officers were forced to draw upon their own funds frequently. "In the event of the publication of a new History," he added, "this should be done under the sanction of constitutional authority and not incur individual indebtedness."

The slow growth of the Order between 1876 and 1884 cannot be charged entirely to indifference or neglect. Business conditions over the entire country did not reflect any prosperity and most men, who in other times would have been interested in promoting the Shrine, were concerned in their own tangled affairs. It was only the continued devotion of Noble Fleming and his associates which prevented the Order from sinking into oblivion.



In 1880 the exchequer, as the Imperial Potentate pointed out, was "not in a wholesome condition." Little revenue had come in. He said, "It has been necessary for someone to advance certain funds to meet the expenses of printing; also diplomas and sundry other accounts. This honor has devolved on me (being so enabled by Noble George W. Millar) and I have, as far as possible, liquidated accruing accounts from same. Under the head of unfinished business, I briefly state for the information of the Council that our transactions or Proceedings have not been published, our per diem and mileage paid, our Statutes and Regulations not newly issued as provided and our corrected, revised Ritual is in status quo."

The reason was that the necessary funds were not in the treasury. The Order now claimed a membership of 438 Nobles and 12 Temples.

NOT until three years later (1883) was there much prospect of wiping out the indebtedness of the Imperial Council. But in that year the Imperial Potentate was able to announce that if the subordinate Temples made a prompt return, the Order would be placed on an independent financial basis. Mecca Temple, he said, by raising several hundred dollars, had been the heaviest contributor in the work of liquidating the long-standing debt.

Nor was the prosperity of the Order limited to its first bank balance. A wealth of new members were coming in and the news of petitions for charters cheered the members of the Imperial Council.

The Meeting of 1884 shows that the Shrine had definitely come "out of the doldrums" and was sailing away on a strong breeze of popular interest. It was the end of the first decade of the existence of the Imperial Council.

Imperial Potentate Fleming's address indicated the belief which he had always maintained in the future of the Order in spite of discouraging uncertainty which had at one time prevailed.

"That the Mystic Shrine is already an acknowledged power," he said, "is beyond all question or contradiction. And in the not distant future, it is destined to achieve a wide-spread popularity, high status and well-earned fame which shall outdistance the present imagination of even the most enthusiastic Shriner."

It is possible that his vision, in an indefinite way, included a view of the Twentieth Century activities of the Order which he had been so instrumental in founding.

"The apathy which too long characterized the many new and smaller Temples," he continued, "has given way to renewed zeal and interest, a firmness of purpose to equip and exemplify has manifested itself and an almost contagious enthusiasm has had

its influence throughout the length and breadth of our Imperial Jurisdiction. The result is a rapid increase and expanse of available working territory, and a list of followers of the Crescent which is fast swelling to a multitude. The inquiry from the eligible and desirable in all parts of our United States, and also the British Dominions, is most gratifying at this conclusion of our first (according to the Record) decade."

The official Proceedings of the Mystic Shrine of 1884 devote much space to the exploiting of the legendary and entirely fictional features of the Shrine, which it is said Imperial Potentate Fleming later regretted, because of the publicity and credence given them. In his opinion the Mystic Shrine had really thriven on sociability and good fellowship and not on fool'sh fab'e or legendary lore.

Before the end of that year, nineteen Temples had been chartered.

THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL OFFICERS 1925-26

James C. Burger, El Jebel..Imperial Potentate
David W. Crosland, Alcazar
Imperial Deputy Potentate
C. M. Dunbar, Palestine
Imperial Chief Rabban
Frank C. Jones, Arabia
Imperial Assistant Rabban
Leo V. Youngworth, Al Malaikah
Imperial High Priest and Prophet
Benj. W. Rowell, Aleppo..Imperial Recorder
Wm. S. Brown, Syria...Imperial Treasurer
Eaten A. Fletcher, Damascus
Imperial Oriental Guide
Thos. J. Houston, Medinah
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master
Earl C. Mills, Za-Ga-Zig
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master
Clifford Ireland, Mohammed..Imperial Marshal
John N. Sebrell, Jr., Khedive
Imperial Captain Guard
Dana S. Williams, Kora..Imperial Outer Guard

THE CONVENTION'S HOST—MAYOR KENDRICK

By William Almon Wolff

IT WAS MAYOR KENDRICK OF PHILADELPHIA WHO CONCEIVED THE IDEA FOR THE SHRINERS HOSPITALS FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

YOU CAN'T help, as a rule, having a remote sort of view of a man who is a governor, or the mayor of a great city, or the holder of some such office. You know, of course, that he is, after all, a human being, roughly like yourself, but, in spite of that, the man and the office become one in your mind. This is, often, hard on the man. Through no fault of his own his personality is dimmed; he loses, to some extent, his human aspect. Many a man, holding high office, has been saddened and even embittered by this experience.

Mayor Kendrick, of Philadelphia, W. Freeland Kendrick, will have no such unpleasant adventure. He has one of the biggest and most difficult of official jobs; the mayor of the third city, in point of size, in the union, has a far more difficult task to perform than do most governors of states. But Mr. Kendrick has taken the mayoralty in his stride; he will walk out of the City Hall, under the towering statue of old William Penn, the same friendly, well liked man he was when he went in.

HE WILL do this because nature blessed him with two of its rarest gifts—gifts, too, that are closely related. He has both a sense of humor and a sense of proportion. Few things can seriously or permanently trouble the man who is so endowed. Either would have saved many a man who has come to the end of a term of office bowed down with care and carrying a burden of unpopularity he knew to be unearned.

The Shrine, of course, knows Mayor Kendrick very well. Long a Mason, he was Imperial Potentate of the Shrine in 1910-1920. It was he who conceived the idea of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, and it was his eloquence, at Des Moines, that carried the day for the advocates of the superbly complete materialization of that idea, against those who feared that too much would be attempted, and sought to limit this benefaction to the subsidizing of existing agencies. There isn't any argument any more as to which view was right; the success of the hospitals has settled the point forever. But Kendrick was the one who led the fight, and it was characteristic of him and his methods that what might have been a bitter and acrimonious dispute was finally ended in friendship and fraternal agreement.

Kendrick is an American of Americans, a Philadelphian of Philadelphians. The Kendricks go back to the Slayers, who came over from England long before the Revolution; Mayor Kendrick is himself a member of the Sons of the Revolution. It was to be expected that the movement for the celebration of the sesquicentennial of American independence, cradled in Philadelphia, should find an early and a staunch supporter in him, and it is more than a lucky chance that the great meeting of Shriners should come, this year, to Philadelphia, where, for the

first time, the mayor of a great city will welcome the Nobles, not only as that city's chief magistrate, but as a loved and well remembered former Imperial Potentate of the order.

THE man who utters the formal words of welcome to the gathered Shriners when they meet will be a proud one. That will be no formal and perfunctory address. Every word in it will come from his heart. There will be pride in that speech; pride in the city, pride in those who have come to accept its hospitality. And there will, perhaps, and rightly, be some pride in him, too, for himself. For, as mayor, Freeland Kendrick has done much for the city of Philadelphia in which he was born fifty-two years ago.

He earned his election as mayor, too. For ten years he served as Receiver of Taxes, and made an office too often taken for granted one of real significance. A man of standing and importance in the financial life of the city, a successful banker, he gave up valuable and important connections upon his election. He devoted his whole time to his work; reorganized his office and brought its methods up to date; did much to improve the city's position and increase its resources.

Things have been done, progress has been made, during Mayor Kendrick's administration, largely because he knows how to use his subordinates and those elected with him. Administration on a large scale is never a one man business if it is effective. It demands cooperation, understanding, sympathy. A mayor constantly at odds with the legislative branch of his administration, always using or threatening to use his veto power, goes out of office, as a rule, with a brief and disappointing record of accomplishment. Kendrick, so far, has not, since he was elected, vetoed one piece of legislation enacted by the City Council of Philadelphia.

THAT does not mean, naturally, that he has bowed down to the legislators. Far from it. He hasn't had to veto because he has, when it was necessary, used his influence before matters ever came to that point. He can be firm when he has to be. But he seldom has to remind people that there is an iron hand under the velvet glove he wears. He knows what he wants very exactly, and he knows just why he wants it. He is always armed with information, facts and figures. It is a difficult thing to win an argument with him.

Busy though, as mayor, he necessarily is, Freeland Kendrick finds time for many non-official activities. He has been deeply concerned in all the planning for the sesquicentennial, and his connection with the work of Lu Lu Temple in planning for the meeting of the Imperial Council has been anything but an honorary one. As will be plain to the visitors in June the city of Philadelphia is to play a much greater part than is usual in the gathering of the Shriners, and the mayor has been, to a great degree, active in making that possible.

Nor has his interest in the hospitals that owe their very existence to him ever lagged. He has had much to do with the work of building the great new hospital in Philadelphia, on Northeast Boulevard, that will soon be in operation, and his name, fittingly, will be associated with the Convalescent Home that is to be built, adjacent to the hospital, by Lu Lu Temple, at a cost of \$300,000.



Photo by Wide World

When W. Freeland Kendrick welcomes the Shriners to Philadelphia it will be not only as the mayor of a great city but as a Past Imperial Potentate.

PHILADELPHIA'S PROGRAM for the CONVENTION



SUNDAY, MAY 30th, 1926:

On arrival of the Caravans with their Uniformed Units representing the many Shrine Temples, they will register their Uniformed Bodies and Personnel at

CONVENTION HEADQUARTERS,
ATLANTIC BUILDING,
Broad and Spruce Streets,
Philadelphia, Pa.

- 10:00 A. M. *For the Imperial Officers, Representatives, Potentates, Divans, Uniformed Units, Bands and Nobility:* The Shrine Bands and Uniformed Bodies are invited to the various Denominational Churches (details to be furnished), and an Imperial Officer, Potentate or Representative will address the "Congregation" on the great accomplishments of the "Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children."
- 2:00 P. M. *For Uniformed Units:* Automobile and Motor Bus rides through the Parks and Boulevards of Philadelphia. Courtesy of Lu Lu Temple Automobile Club, Noble Joseph Way, President.
- 8:30 P. M. *For the Uniformed Units and Caravans:* Presentation of motion picture stars and motion pictures at
- Stanley Theater
Stanton Theater
Palace Theater
- through the courtesy of the Stanley Company of America, Noble Jules E. Mastbaum, President.

MONDAY, MAY 31st, 1926:

- 9:00 A. M. *For the Uniformed Units and the Nobility:* All visiting Nobility together with Lu Lu Temple and all Uniformed Bodies with Bands, Patrols, Mounted Guards, Chanters, etc., will proceed to Independence Hall, 5th and Chestnut streets.
- 9:00 A. M. *Recorder Association* will convene at Lu Lu Temple, 1337 Spring Garden street for their Annual Session. Past Imperial Potentate Philip C. Shaffer, Chairman.
- 10:00 A. M. *The Nobility and Uniformed Units:* Address of Welcome by the Mayor, W. Freeland Kendrick, Past Imperial Potentate, on the plaza of Independence Hall, after which the historical points of interest will be visited—Independence Hall, Liberty Bell, Carpenter's Hall, Benjamin Franklin's Grave, Betsy Ross House, Christ Church, Swedes Church, Public Ledger and Saturday Evening Post, Curtis Publishing Company.
- 10:00 A. M. *The Nobility and Uniformed Units:* Sesquicentennial Grounds open all day for visitors.
- 10:00 A. M. *The Nobility and Uniformed Units:* Golf—Lu Lu Temple Country Club, Manufacturers' Country Club, Pine Valley Country Club—All day.
- 10:00 A. M. *The Ladies of the Imperial Council and Caravans:* Shopping Tour—through Gimbel Brothers Department Store.
- 12:00 Noon *The Recorders:* Luncheon to the members of the Recorders Association of the Imperial Council of North America, at Lu Lu Temple, 1337 Spring Garden street.
- 12:30 P. M. *Imperial Officers and Representatives:* Luncheon

12:30 P. M.

2:00 P. M.

2:00 P. M.

2:00 P. M.

2:30 P. M.

7:00 P. M.

7:00 P. M.

8:00 P. M.

8:00 P. M.

TUESDAY, JUNE 1st, 1926:

- 9:30 A. M. *Parade*—The Imperial Officers, Representatives, Potentates and all Uniformed Bodies, consisting of Bands, Patrols, Mounted Guards and Chanters, will assemble at 19th street and the Parkway, at the Parkway Fountain, for parade formation to escort the Imperial Potentate, James C. Burger, to the opening of the Fifty-second Imperial Council Session of the Ancient Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine at the Academy of Music, Broad and Locust streets.
- 10:00 A. M. *Illustrious Noble Clifford Ireland, Imperial Marshal.*
- 10:00 A. M. *Illustrious Noble Charles H. Grakelow, Chief of Staff.*
- 10:00 A. M. *Opening of 52nd Imperial Council Session.* Addresses of Welcome by Government, State and Municipal Officials and Potentate of Lu Lu Temple, William J. Highfield.
- 10:00 A. M. *American Academy of Music,* Broad and Locust streets
- 10:00 A. M. *Sesquicentennial Exposition Grounds and Gladway* open all day for Visitors.
- 10:00 A. M. *Golf—Lu Lu Temple Country Club, Whitmarsh Country Club, Overbrook Country Club, Torresdale Country Club—All day.*
- 10:00 A. M. *Shopping Tour—through John Wanamaker's Department Store, City Hall Square.*
- 11:00 A. M. *Historical Fairmount Park and points of interest* in Philadelphia.

for Imperial Officers and Representatives to the Imperial Council at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel.

The Ladies of the Imperial Officers: Luncheon for the Ladies at Gimbel Brothers, 9th and Market streets.

For Nobility and Ladies: Visit to Masonic Temple, Free and Accepted Masons of Pennsylvania, Broad and Filbert streets.

Shrine Bands and Patrols—Drills at the National Ball Park before the Game.

Sesquicentennial Exposition Grounds, Gladway and other entertainment features.

For Uniformed Bodies and the Nobility: Baseball, Philadelphia National Ball Park.

Ceremonial and Class Initiation of the Convention Class of 1000 under the auspices of Lu Lu Temple—only Shriners admitted, at Lu Lu Mosque (Metropolitan Opera House) Potentate—William J. Highfield. Seats reserved for Representatives until 8 o'clock.

Official Opening of the Sesquicentennial by the Imperial Council Officers, James C. Burger, Imperial Potentate, at Sesquicentennial grounds.

Ladies of Caravans: Vaudeville Entertainment at Globe, Earle, and Keith's Theaters for the visiting Nobility and Ladies.

Broad street from Chestnut to Spruce. Music by Shrine Bands. Dancing for the Public.

Reception and Ball to the Imperial Potentate, James C. Burger, and Officers of the Imperial Council, at the Municipal Auditorium, Broad and Patterson streets. Admission by Shrine Card only. Uniformed Bodies, Nobility and Ladies.

PHILADELPHIA'S PROGRAM for the CONVENTION



12:30 P. M.

12:30 P. M.

2:00 P. M.

2:00 P. M.

3:00 P. M.

8:00 P. M.

8:00 P. M.

8:00 P. M.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2nd, 1926:

- 10:00 A. M. *52nd Imperial Council Session* at Convention Hall, American Academy of Music, Broad and Locust streets.
- 10:00 A. M. *Sesquicentennial Exposition Grounds and Gladway* open for visitors all day.
- 10:00 A. M. *Golf—Lu Lu Temple Country Club, Philadelphia Country Club, Merion Country Club—All day.*
- 10:00 A. M. *The Stadium:* Exhibition Drills of Uniformed Bodies in the Stadium. Trophies to each and every unit participating.
- 10:00 A. M. *Shopping Tour* for the Ladies through Strawbridge & Clothiers Department Store, 8th and Market streets.
- 12:30 P. M. *Luncheon* to the Imperial Potentate at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.
- 12:30 P. M. *Luncheon* to the Ladies at Strawbridge & Clothiers Department Store, 8th and Market streets.
- 2:00 P. M. *The Stadium:* Mounted Guard Drills, Special Polo Games, etc., to be held in the Municipal Stadium.
- 2:00 P. M. *The Stadium:* Concert by Boys Harmonica Band at the Stadium, featuring Samuel Hockey.
- 2:00 P. M. *Baseball.*
- 8:00 P. M. *The Stadium—Mammoth Shrine Parade:* Formation Broad and Oregon avenue, South on Broad

8:00 P. M.

8:00 P. M.

8:00 P. M.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3rd, 1926:

- 10:00 A. M. *52nd Imperial Session,* Convention Hall, American Academy of Music, Broad and Locust streets.
- 10:00 A. M. *Sesquicentennial Exposition Grounds.*
- 10:00 A. M. *Golf—Lu Lu Temple Country Club, and Gladway* open all day for visitors. Llanerch Country Club.
- 10:00 A. M. *Shopping Tour* for the Ladies through Lit Brothers, 8th and Market streets.
- 12:30 P. M. *Luncheon* to the Imperial Potentate and Representatives to the Imperial Council at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Stenton Hotel and Hotel Walton.
- 12:30 P. M. *Luncheon* for the Ladies at Lit Brothers, 8th and Market streets.
- 2:00 P. M. *The Stadium—Gigantic Industrial Pageant* in the Municipal Stadium presenting the Industries and Manufactures of Philadelphia.
- 2:00 P. M. *"Schuylkill Navy Regatta,"* on Schuylkill River, Fairmount Park. Schuylkill Navy.
- 8:00 P. M. *Tour* of the United States Arsenal, Frankford; U. S. Soldiers Navy Home, Gray's Ferry Road; U. S. Quartermaster Department, 23rd and Oregon Avenue; League Island Navy Yard.
- 8:00 P. M. *The Stadium:* Electrical Pageant and fire works in Municipal Stadium.
- 8:00 P. M. *Vaudeville Entertainment* at the Metropolitan for visiting Nobility and Ladies.
- 8:00 P. M. *Dancing* for Public in the Oriental Way, on Broad street from Chestnut to Spruce. Music by Shrine Bands. Dancing in the Ball Rooms and Temple Headquarters at the various hotels.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4th, 1926:

- 10:00 A. M. *Visitation of Historical and Interesting Points* throughout the City and Textile Industries, Stetson Hat factory, Baldwin Locomotive Works, Cramp's Ship Yard.
- 10:00 A. M. *Sesquicentennial Exposition Grounds* and the Gladway open all day for visitors.
- 10:00 A. M. *Golf—Lu Lu Temple Country Club, Brookline Square Club, Brookline.*
- 11:00 A. M. *Tour* to Valley Forge, Penna., to visit General George Washington's Winter Quarters and Battle-field.
- 12:30 P. M. *Luncheon* to Imperial Council at Sylvania Hotel.
- 2:00 P. M. *52nd Imperial Council Session* of the Imperial Council officially closed.
- 2:00 P. M. *Water Carnival,* League Island Park for Patrols, Bands, Visiting Shriners. Shrine Card for admission. Bathing and luncheon.

LU LU'S GLAD YOU CAME

THE MIRACLE HOUSE AT SHREVEPORT

*The Story of What the Shriners
are Doing for Children*

By Hermann B. Deutsch

SCULPTURE IS at once the oldest and the newest of the arts. In the very dawn of antiquity, primitive man fashioned rude images of wood and stone. Marble or bronze, emerald and warm ivory—all these has the sculptor worked through the intervening ages. But today there are sculptors who work with living flesh and bone. Their ateliers are found in no frowsy Latin Quarter by the stone-walled Seine. The newest of them, indeed, has risen on the banks of the Red River of the North, hard by the point where that roily stream, in its rather aimless journey, crosses out of Texas into Louisiana.

Shreveport is the name of the city that is sprawled there on the flats of red and yellow clay. It is a city which is rather used to miracles. Yesterday, or the day before, it was a place to which the owners of small hill farms brought their cotton, or their cotton money, after the annual ginning, resentful of the heavy burden of school, road and levee taxes. Then oil strike followed oil strike. Today it is a city of reaching skyscrapers, where offices are carpeted in deep velvet and men gather to say: "Of course, our price is thirty millions. Still, they're offering us twenty-seven. That leaves us only three million dollars apart, so I think we'll be able to dick."

Yes, Shreveport takes miracles rather casually by this time, and perhaps that is why the greatest miracle of all has excited but little comment there—the establishment and operation of the first unit of the crippled children's hospitals which the Nobles of the Shrine are founding throughout the United States, as an enduring and fitting memorial to the heroism of those who laid down their lives in the Great War. That is the studio where sculptors fashion and shape anew the living flesh and bone of little children.

They aren't called sculptors, these artists. Because they work with materials that shrink and quiver beneath the bite of the chisel; because their hands unerringly guide the sculptors' tools where a tiny slip means not a misshapen bit of stone, but the death of a child, we call them orthopedic surgeons. And yet fabled Pygmalion, whose love gave life to the cold marble Galatea he had wrought, never achieved half the wonder of these surgeons, for it is indeed life—real life among the other living—with which they endow their masterpieces.

Perhaps not even the most zealous of the Nobles who attended the Imperial Councils of the Shrine at Indianapolis and Portland and Des Moines realized what a wonder their routine debate and vote on a \$2 per capita tax was to bring about. It was in June of 1921 that the final ballot was taken. Just about a year after the crashing ayes had ratified the decision of Shriners throughout the American continent, a little girl was brought to Shreve-

port from Haslem, Texas. That was September 21, 1921. The Shreveport Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children was opened the following day. The little girl in question was eleven years old. She had never walked, as the result of an attack of infantile paralysis, suffered at the age of ten months. Today she walks. There's a big story in just those three words: Today she walks.

The hospital itself wasn't so much to look at in those days. On a wide five-acre tract near the edge of the city, there stood an old gray plantation home, with the broad galleries with which the Southern planter invariably surrounds his residence. There were no operating rooms, no diet kitchens, no X-ray departments, no isolation wards, no solarium—in short, about all there was to be found was five acres of rather valuable real estate, purchased by the members of El Karubah Temple in Shreveport, and presented as a gift to the new hospital unit to be founded there by the Imperial Council.

THAT old gray home still stands, but not where it stood in 1922. By three stages it has been moved back and away, to make room for the great new buildings that have arisen there near the border of the city that takes its miracles casually. Now there is an administration building with its operating rooms, its offices, its radiographic rooms, its clinical examination rooms, its admitting rooms, its pharmacies, and what not. There are two ward buildings, where some fifty little children are winning back through bravely borne pain to the bodily freedom of movement most of them have never known. There are school rooms with desks and gay pictures and low kindergarten tables and a radio set and a piano and toys. There is a nurses' home for the women—most of them are little more than girls—who perform for the tiny patients innumerable tender offices, ranging from the grisly work of the operating room to teaching convalescents how to make artificial cherry blossoms for some approaching entertainment. And aside from the fifty little patients, there is a waiting list of more than 200!

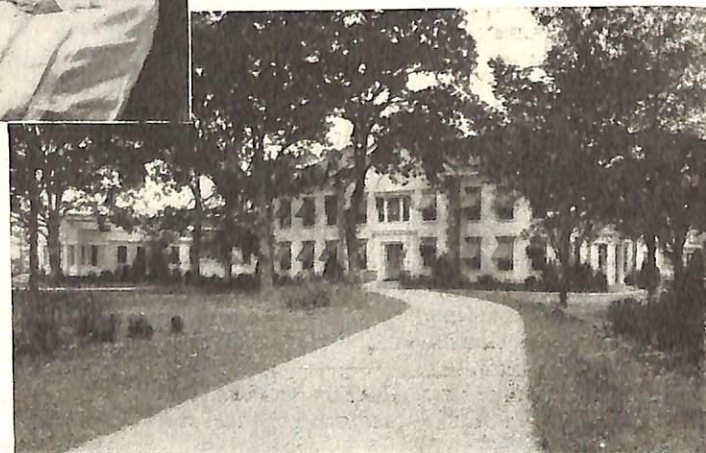
Already the number of operations performed at the hospital totals well over a thousand. Obviously it would be impossible to give even a sketchy idea of what these have involved. But consider for a moment the case of Eva Strother. Eva, born in 1911, had suffered an attack of infantile paralysis before she was old enough to have learned how to walk. The disease left her with malformed legs that would not support her. She was not pretty to look at when, at the age of eleven, she was admitted to the Shreveport Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

Her legs were twisted, spindly things that were folded up beneath her. Not even with the aid of artificial braces could she stand. She "walked" by crutching her body along with her arms. An attendant had to hold the girl when she was admitted, so that she could be photographed for the elaborate record file kept at the hospital.

Unfortunately, such things as romance and heart interest have no place in hospital records. Therefore, all that the record in charge of Miss Byrd Boehringer, one-time war nurse and now [Continued on page 61]



One of the little convalescents and her nurse.



This beautiful Shreveport building was the first Shriners Hospital for crippled children.



A Christmas gathering of some of the little crippled patients at the Shreveport Hospital.

It may be something like
this has happened in
your house

LUCK IN REVERSE

By Corey Ford

Illustrations by R. M. Brinkerhoff

THERE is no good trying to change Agatha's mind for her. She is the only person who is able to do that.

"We have a car," she declared, "so I shall learn to drive it. I mean, it all looks so easy; just press down your foot on some little thingumajig or other, and start her going, and everything else comes naturally."

"Including policemen, and telegraph poles, and hospital bills. Now, really, dear," I began, "don't you think—" and so on. My arguments were: 1st—Why learn to drive if somebody else can drive you? 2nd—You might get hurt. 3rd—You might get killed. 4th—You might even smash the car. 5th—Anyway, why do you want to learn for, huh, Agatha? 6th—You really don't want to learn, now, do you, Agatha?

Her arguments were: 1-6 incl. But I do too want to.

SO WE picked the driveway for the first lesson. This gave us the entire stretch from the garage to the curb.

"In the first place," I explained, "the what-you-may-call-'em there is the starter. That starts it. Then you want to take your foot off the clutch and release it, that is, if you've shifted. There are three shifts: first, second, and third."

"Let me see, I put my foot here, and pull this, and then take off this foot, and then let this out, and then press on this. Don't I?"

"Eh? Yes. Yes, you've got it now. Throw out the clutch." "But it's fastened here," she complained.

I controlled myself with an effort, and stepped on the starter.

"Ready? Go!" I said.

We edged forward.

"Shift!"

There was a horrible grinding noise.

"What did I do?" said Agatha timidly.

"Nothing, dear," I smiled savagely. "You shifted into reverse when it was going forward, that was all. Just try it again; you'll get it pretty soon." She did.

"Good heavens!" I screamed. "STOP!"

"What's the matter, Jack?" she persisted.

"Nothing at all, dear," I replied when I had my breath. "Only it doesn't do to take the car through the house. Tracks up the floors so."

"I was just trying to avoid the lilac-bush," said Agatha calmly. "I don't want to break anything."

"Lilac bush?" blankly.

"Over there," explained Agatha pointing, back over her shoulder.

"But you were heading this way—"

"I know. I wanted to be on the safe side, you see."

"The safe side, dear," I ventured, "is the one with the most room." I mopped my forehead. "Next time aim toward the house, and you may hit the street. Are you ready? Go. STOP!"

"How do I stop?" inquired Agatha, ricocheting past the porch and missing the fence by inches.

"STEP ON THE BRAKE!" I shouted as we crossed the sidewalk.

We shot into the center of the street, and then I found the emergency; and there we were.



On the twentieth spin I decided something was wrong. This conclusion was shared at the same moment by a crowd of drivers who had dismounted and stood beside me.

"The brake doesn't work very well," she faltered. "As it happened," I said in a strained voice, "you had your foot on the accelerator instead. Oh, no matter, dear," I added wittingly.

"Well, it was dark, and I couldn't see," she wept, reaching for the switch. "I'm going to turn on the lights."

"Lights!" I ground my teeth. "At a time like this you talk of lights. We can't stay here. Step on your starter."

THE starter throbbed without result, and two trucks halted on either side of us and honked to pass. "Hurry up, why won't it go?" asked Agatha.

"Eh? I don't know. Broken, probably. Step on it again." Three more cars added themselves to the line and hooted impatiently. Somebody shouted.

"Really, we've got to get out of here," I said nervously. "I'd better try cranking. Lower the spark—here. All right—"

On the twentieth spin I decided something was wrong. This conclusion was shared by the crowd of drivers who had dismounted and stood watching me grimly.

"I guess she won't start, fellows," I laughed nervously, loosening my collar. "What do you say we push her, eh?"

It took ten of us to crowd her to the curb. When we got there I found that Agatha had helped matters by stepping on the foot-brake and also pulling the emergency as tight as she could.

"I couldn't see," she explained, when I told her as politely as I could what had happened. "Those aren't very good lights, are they, Jack?"

"Lights? What lights?"

"Aren't the lights on?" she asked blankly. I shook my head. "Now, that's funny," she pondered. "I turned this little switch here—or wait a minute, is that the switch for the lights over there? Now, wouldn't it be funny if this one turns on the engine?"

I gasped. "Didn't I tell you which switch is switch—which which is switch—switch—" I choked, and my eyes bulged.

"No you didn't. You said not to bother about those little whosits till later. So how do you expect me to know if you won't tell me things? You wait and see if I don't learn in spite of you," declared Agatha, as she marched into the house. "Where there's a will—"

THAT EVENING as I sprawled limply on the chair before her, and fanned myself with my hat, Agatha asked calmly, "Would you like a sip of water first?"

"Thanks," I set down the tumbler. "You know, Agatha, it was a bit of a shock, I mean, just that telephone message from Mrs. Robinson next door—'Oh, Mr. Spratt,' she said, 'your wife has had an accident and your car is smashed,' she said, 'come quick!'"

"And what did you say?" sparkled Agatha.

"What did I say?" I gulped. "I said something I can't repeat, and then I grabbed my hat, and—here I am," I concluded.

"Well, there's nothing to get all excited about," soothed Agatha. "Nothing happened, except maybe I smashed the car a little, and that can be fixed."

"Of course it can be fixed," I remarked pointedly. "Whether it can be paid for is another matter."

"But look, dear," Agatha paused dramatically, and then held up a roll of bills. "One hundred dollars."

"Where—where did you get that?" I asked faintly.

"To pay for the damages," she explained proudly.

"You might have been hurt," I accused her. "Suppose it had been a bigger car than ours that hit you."

"It was," dimpled Agatha. "It was a truck."

"A TRUCK!" I collapsed. "In a world full of Fords you must pick out a truck!"

"Oh, it was a nice truck," said Agatha. "It was carrying Soft Drinks."

"Well, I'm glad of that at least," sarcastically. "If they'd been Hard Drinks you might have been hurt." I shook my head.

"And where did all this happen?"

"Way out on Houston Avenue. There wasn't a soul there, except a policeman around the next corner, and he never saw it."

"No, that was to be expected," I muttered. "And just what were you doing out in the most deserted section of town?"

"I was learning to drive."

"Learning to drive?" I shouted; and then took hold of myself with a sort of steely control. "Our story seems to develop. Who was teaching you to drive?" jealously.

"Nobody," announced Agatha calmly. "I was all alone." "Do you mean to say that you went out all by yourself?" "Of course. Why not?" demanded Agatha.

"How did you propose to find out which switch—" I checked myself hurriedly.

"Simply by trying one gear after another till I found the right one."

"Arguing that there were just so many mistakes you could make with a car," I suggested, "and eventually when you'd exhausted them all you'd do something correct?"

"Exactly."

"Suppose you hit something in the meantime?"

"I did," said Agatha. "I hit the truck."

"I thought you said the truck hit you."

"Of course it did. We hit each other."

"Wait a bit, dear," I interrupted suspiciously. "Which way was that truck going?"

"I don't know."

"Good Lord," I shouted. "Couldn't you see it ahead of you?"

"It wasn't ahead of me. It was behind me," said Agatha.

"It was behind you when you hit it?" I echoed weakly.

"Yes. You see, I was going backwards."

THERE was a tense silence. I loosened my collar.

"You passed it going forward behind you when it hit you going backwards standing still, and so you ran into each other, and the man gave you a hundred dollars, and it's the Fourth of July, and I'm to be Queen of the May. Tra la!" I shouted. "Tra la!"

"Don't be silly," said Agatha sharply. "You see, I was driving along Houston Avenue, and I decided I might as well learn a little more about shifting gears. So I tried it; only somehow—I don't know, I missed count or something—anyway, I started backwards all of a sudden as fast as anything, and the old truck was standing there unloading something in front of a house, and it smashed the rear end of our car all to pieces, and never hurt the truck at all except to break a little glass inside, and then the man came out and gave me a hundred dollars. That's all."

"Do you mean to tell me that a truck-driver was willing to pay damages without even a lawyer or a policeman? Agatha, I don't want to seem to doubt your word, but—"

"That was just it. He said he didn't want any policeman. He wanted to settle right then and there."

"Just exactly what did he say?" I asked with sudden interest.

"Well, first I got out and said: 'I guess I'd better call a policeman!' and the man said: 'Wait a minute, lady, for gosh' sakes!'"

And then he and another fellow went inside the truck and looked around and I heard one of them say: "Well, it looks like only two or three bottles are broken, and they're all in the same case," and the other fellow said: "Say, we got to hush this thing up no matter what happens," and then they whispered something and came out.

"What did you say then?"

"Of course, I pretended I hadn't heard, and one of them said: 'How much damages do you suppose you want for your car?'"

and so I took a deep breath and said: "Oh, a hundred dollars will fix it!" It seemed to surprise them, dear, and they went back and whispered some more. So I just looked around."

"Did you happen to look inside the truck?"

"No those men were in there."

"Then why were you so sure those were Soft Drinks?"

"Because I know they were. Why, the man said so. He was very insistent about it. He said: 'Now, lady, I want you to understand there's only Soft Drinks in this truck. Get that? Soft Drinks.' So you see that was proof, wasn't it?"

"Eh? Oh, of course, dear," I replied. "Of course, yes. And what happened after they whispered?"

"Well, pretty soon I got tired of waiting, and so I called: 'By the way, my friend Mr. Hourigan the policeman is just around the corner, and maybe I'd better call him after all.' Then they tumbled out of the truck, and one of them said: 'Here's your money, lady,' and handed me the bills, and they started up the truck and went away. That was all. Pretty soon somebody came to tow me home, and here I am."

"Where there's a will—" I gasped.

"And darling!" she added with eyes glowing.

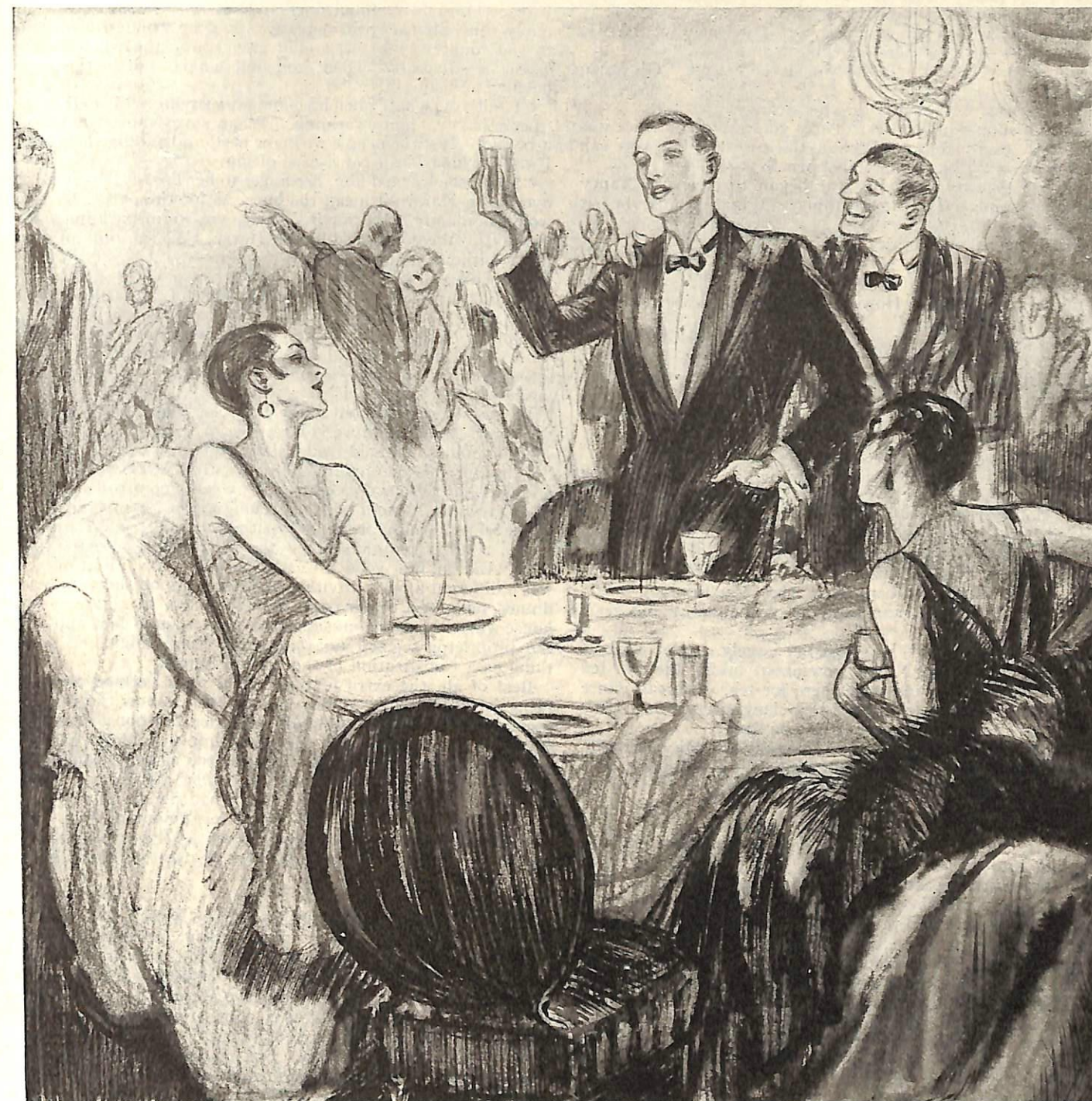
"What?"

"Now I know half of how to drive a car anyway."

"How do you mean?"

"That is, now I know how to drive it backwards," explained Agatha, "and so if I just learn to drive it forwards, dear, I'll be all right."

Invitations poured upon the Kimberlons—now for a dinner, now a dance at a roadhouse where the music gave wings to one's feet.



A Raise in Pay

By Gerald Mygatt

CA Little Money is a dangerous Thing

Illustration by Hubert Mathieu

HER LAST summer's sport hat was not going to be a this summer's success, and Nancy Kimberlon well knew it. She frowned with distaste at the mess upon the table before her; the outspread newspaper already smirched with brilliant blue, the saucer filled with what looked like glossy sapphire ink, the uncorked bottle of pungent dye with streaks of blue running down its sides, the dauber that had been twice caught in mid-air on its way to the spotless kitchen linoleum. The hat itself looked rather like a plucked chicken, a chicken bearing the marks of a hideous and nameless plague.

Last year the hat had been a rakish thing of brown ribbon and bleached straw, a saucy, snugly little hat with an uptilt here and a droop there and a big brown bow at the side, deftly con-

ceived and fashioned, to make it utterly adorable. Now the once enchanting ribbon had found its way to the wastebasket. As for the cunning uptilt and the artful droop, they were lost to the eye in a new and amazing camouflage of blue blotches and blue smears and dripping blue streaks.

She pouted. In her heart of hearts she knew the hat was never going to look like anything again. Nevertheless she picked up the dauber once more and dipped it into the saucer of shiny dye. Since there could be no new sport hat this season, the havoc must go on.

The telephone rang sharply. Nancy sighed, laid the hat gingerly upon the newspaper and hurried out into the hall. She lifted the receiver with bored

patience, to be greeted with a bright, masculine "Hello, Nance?" Her expression changed upon the instant.

"Harry!" she whispered, half eagerly, half fearfully. "Why, what on earth—? Is there anything wrong?"

"Wrong, Nance? I'll tell the world there isn't. Give you three guesses."

"Three guesses? Wh—what do you mean?"

"Just that, spouse of spouses. Three guesses." His voice was vibrant with excitement. "What's the nicest thing you can think of that you'd like to have happen to us?"

A tingling thrill of delicious fear began to creep up Nancy Kimberlon's spine. The nicest thing? Why, it must be—it couldn't be—

"Harry, you tell me. I can't guess. I'm all excited."

"Oh, I suppose it could be nicer," he teased. "But still it's not so bad. Just a promotion and a little raise with it, that's all."

"A raise—really truly? How much, Harry? Please stop fooling and tell me all about it."

HE TOLD her then, and her eyes widened in awe. A raise of fifty dollars a week it was, fifty whole dollars each and every week. And Harry had been getting only seventy-five. Why, that almost doubled their income!

Said Nancy rapturously, "I can hardly believe it."

"Believe it or not," he informed her solemnly, "it's so, just the same. You see, Nance, it jumps us right through the five thousand dollar barrier. Five thousand is where so many men stick, and never get any farther. Well, we're past it already. Why, honey, we're on Easy Street!"

"You just hop home and watch me hug your head off!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Harry, do you know what I'm thinking most? I'm thinking that now I can throw my old hat away and get a new one."

"Throw 'em all away," he suggested largely. "Get a whole flock of new ones. Say, Nance, how about taking the four-ten into town and meeting me somewhere for tea? We can dance and have dinner together and go to a show afterwards. Let's make it a real celebration. What do you say?"

"Oh, you peach!" she whispered blissfully. "You bet I will, Harry. Meet you at the Biltmore at five. But I'm going to take an earlier train."

"What for?" he asked.

"That hat you're being so generous about."

"Go to it," he told her. "And if you see anything else you want, wade into it."

It was ten minutes past five when Nancy walked into the Biltmore, and Harry was there. He gave one look at her, his eyes shining with pleasure and pride.

She squeezed his arm and said: "Let's go some place where we can talk. I don't feel like dancing, Harry. I'd rather hear all about it. And it'll be fun to plan things out. Oh, I'm so thrilled—and so proud of you!"

They sat at a table and at last the waiter went away.

"Of course," Harry began, "we mustn't let this run away with us, Nance. We mustn't get the big head. But just the same we don't need to skimp any more I've been figuring things out all day, Nance. You know, sort of budgeting ourselves. Of course, as soon as we can we'll want to move over to the other side of the track. You know—get a real place. But for the moment that's out of the question. You see, after we get a car—"

"Oh, Harry, can we really have a car?"

"You bet we can, and not a flivver either. We'll get a good medium priced car—a used car, you know. You put just a little down and pay the rest every month. That's how everybody does. We'll hardly notice it. Gee, won't it be fun, Nance? Going over to the country club and taking Sunday trips and going away for a long trip in August when I get my vacation."

"But, Harry," Nancy's forehead crinkled thoughtfully, "the country club is terribly expensive, isn't it? Isn't the initiation fee a thousand dollars, or something like that?"

"It's not an initiation fee," he expounded. "That is, not exactly. It's an owner-membership. You buy in, just the same as buying any other bond. And you sell it back if you ever resign."

She nodded doubtfully. "That's all right, Harry," she commented, "but we haven't got a thousand dollars. Not yet, anyway."

"Don't you worry your head about that," he told her easily. "All they want is your signature. You pay 'em a little at a time, when you get ready."

Said Nancy, "Oh!" She felt a trifle dubious about this projected expenditure of so much money in one lump, particularly

because she knew that there would be other expenses in addition to the thousand—annual dues and monthly house charges and many other items. Still it really would be wonderful to belong to the country club. It would give Harry the wholesome exercise he so sorely needed; golf and tennis and, in the winter, bowling and squash.

"I tell you what," her husband was saying with enthusiasm. "Let's have a housewarming. What say, Nance? Wouldn't it be fun? Just the people we know best, and maybe a few others. I know where I can get a case of gin—"

"Shh!" she warned him, her finger to her lips. "Let's talk that over later, Harry—I mean the gin. As for the party, I think it would be dandy. I'm for it." Her eyes were sparkling. Then she said: "We don't need liquor, Harry. We can pull off a good party without liquor."

He winked at her broadly.

"Say, that reminds me, Nance! One of the fellows at the office gave me a card of introduction to a place where we can drink our own health. Some joint, he says. Let's go there for dinner and make it a real blow-out. And wait till you see the seats I got for the show—second row center. Don't you dare ask me how much they cost."

"I was so excited about everything else that I forgot all about the show. Where are we going, Harry?"

"The Follies," he said, and his eyes implored her. "Oh, honey, it's just for this one night," he pleaded. "A fellow doesn't get a fifty-dollar raise every day in the week. Tomorrow morning—cross my heart!—we'll begin watching every last nickel."

She smiled fondly at him across the table.

The country club welcomed the Kimberlons into its cheery fold. And oh, how good it was to belong! Now, all at once, life was a different affair. Invitations dropped upon them, now for a dinner, now for a bridge party, now for a run to a nearby road-house where the dance music gave wings to one's feet and where the proprietor seemed unaware that there might be such a thing as a Constitution of the United States.

Best of all, the extra fifty dollars a week seemed to be sufficient for everything. Nancy was well aware how the thing was accomplished, and the knowledge afforded her not a little secret pride. A rising young man with an unimpeachable reputation—a young man, in other words, as bright and as honest and as generally fine as Harry—could borrow against his salary. This, as it happened, was exactly what Harry had done. It was in this manner that he had paid his initial instalment of \$500 on his country club membership bond; it was in this same way that he had raised enough to make the first payment on their Lenhard.

THERE was only one thing that worried Nancy, and that thing she tried to dismiss from her mind. Harry, for some unaccountable reason, seemed to be growing irritable, very irritable. She studied him covertly, noticed with a sort of shock that beneath the ruddy tan of his features, his face seemed drawn and lined. Wasn't it, maybe, just that they were staying up too late too many nights, going too hard, drinking . . .

Nancy began to meditate. She resolved to say something to Harry about her new misgivings, to talk them over with him as they used to talk things over before his raise. She wanted to, terribly, but the days went by. Harry had a way of laughing peculiarly now when she tried to talk with him seriously, and Nancy was a little afraid of that laugh.

It was some weeks later that the opportunity for saying something finally presented itself. Harry had come home to dinner with a big portfolio under his arm.

"The Flink Company's new advertising campaign," he told her succinctly. "Art work, copy, plan, dealers' helps, everything. Got to check it over tonight, as we deliver it tomorrow morning at ten. Some job, this—takes care of an appropriation that foots up pretty close to a quarter-million."

"I'll go to bed early," said Nancy. "Then you can be perfectly quiet."

As they were sitting down to dinner the telephone rang. It was Monty Benlar, suggesting an evening of bridge.

"I'm awfully sorry," Nancy informed him over the wire, "but Harry has to work tonight. Almost any other evening, Monty."

"Wait a minute! What's that?" called Harry from the dining room.

Nancy turned. "Monty Benlar," she said. "They want us to come over for bridge."

"Tell him we'll come," said Harry. He shouldered his way out into the hall and seized the [Continued on page 87]



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"The White House Spokesman," President Coolidge, reading a prepared statement to a group of political reporters. These men who have "The White House Beat" follow the President about the country. This meeting was at Swampscott.

"There's A Piece in the Paper"

(In the Back Room with the Political Reporters

By Boyden Sparkes

A TYPEWRITER does not make a political writer any more than the traditional swallow makes a summer. To become—and remain—a writer of political news requires certain qualities not taught in the schools of journalism.

One man who has been writing politics in Washington since Arthur was President, and in New York since the days of the Tweed ring, boasted not long ago that he never had to wait more than a minute or two when he called on Mayor Hylan. Yet his newspaper had been one of the bitterest opponents of what is called "Hylanism."

"I called him the 'Emperor of Bunk' in my articles," said the news writer, explaining his ability to get along with John F. Hylan. "But I never poked fun at him as a human being by ridiculing his English or his manners. If we caught him in some inconsistency, I hastened to write about it, but I never tried to wound his personal vanity. My job never called for that sort of effort and when it does—I'll get another job."

The good reporter, for his own sake, must refuse to "hunt in a pack." He cannot afford to seek his news in a company that might include one or two men unfamiliar with the ethics governing the behavior of a high calibre political reporter. Alone, he is privileged to call on an assortment of politicians, state leaders, local bosses, national committeemen, and enjoy illuminating discussion with them.

They know that his typewriter is equipped with valves that skim out of his articles references which would betray the source of his information. Their confidence in him is a valuable part of his stock in trade.

After he left the White House, there was always a group of newspapermen about Theodore Roosevelt. He trusted them

absolutely. Sometimes by portents, visible only to themselves, they ruled that the Colonel was feverish for publicity on some project, although to reporters unaccustomed to his ways, it might seem that the reverse was true.

This was illustrated after the 1916 convention of the Republican Party, which nominated Charles Evans Hughes to oppose Woodrow Wilson for the presidency.

Mr. Roosevelt retired to Oyster Bay. Europe was drenched with blood, Mexico seething with revolution and America was about to enter a stirring political campaign. Was Theodore Roosevelt going to support former Justice Hughes? Until that question had been resolved no conscientious editor could rest easily in his bed.

Out at Oyster Bay all the reporters on the assignment down to the youngest cub knew precisely what the Colonel was projecting. He wanted to go into Mexico, if there was intervention and he believed there would be intervention. Near the end of June the National Guard was mobilized. The former Colonel of the Rough Riders was striving to form a division to consist largely of cavalry for service in Mexico. Pershing was already "in," hunting Villa.

Every day the Colonel would invite all his newspaper visitors into his library, shut the door, look them individually in the eyes and announce through set teeth, "Now we are in cabinet."

Then he would tell them all the steps he had taken during the preceding twenty-four hours to further his divisional organization. Read them telegrams from former Rough Riders, from regular army officers, who wanted to go in with him, tell them, in short, all there was to tell. At the conclusion of each day's talk he would say, "Not a word of this must get out, of course."

For nearly ten days the reporters were as men tethered to a hot stove. Once he said to them, "When I get into uniform my mouth is shut. It's the one way Wilson can get me out of this campaign."

Then on a night in June when the newspapers were full of a fight at Carrizal, in Northern Mexico, between Carranza soldiers and American negro troopers of the Tenth Cavalry—about seventy-five of them under the command of Captain Boyd—the older men of the "kitchen cabinet" at Oyster Bay urged Colonel Roosevelt to give them permission to write the story of his division.

"This story is coming out whether we write it or not," pleaded one.

"It must not come from Oyster Bay," retorted Mr. Roosevelt significantly, clipping off each word as if it were made of steel. "It's bound to come out," the writer insisted.

"It must not come from Oyster Bay," repeated the Colonel. When they had said their farewells and left the house, the spokesman addressed the other newswriters.

"The Colonel," he said, "wants this story of his division plan given publicity."

"But he said," objected some of the others—

"I heard what he said and I know the Colonel. I was with him at Santiago. I covered his campaigns for the governorship of New York. I was a fair-haired boy, so to speak, when he was President. I tell you he wants that story printed. We must however instruct our offices to print it without an Oyster Bay date line. There must be no suggestion that it came from him."

It was front page news, of course. The lead of the article in the *New York Times*, read: "In the event of a declaration of War on Mexico, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt will ask the War Department for permission to put in the field a special division of troops . . . This was learned by *The Times* today on high authority."

Some of the writers were a bit timid about meeting him the next day. Effusively cordial to them he did not say a word about the projected division.

THE really big news of the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments was not the decision to destroy some battleships and restrict the building of others. It was the settlement by treaty of some of the uncertainties of the Pacific basin and especially the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese treaty of Alliance. Certainly something had to be prepared to re-

place that treaty before it could be abrogated pleasantly.

In Washington diplomats from all over the world were wrestling with the problem in hotel rooms, in automobiles, behind the double doors of embassies and legations and aboard yachts. There were hundreds of diplomats and several correspondents for each of them.

Every hotel lobby, every governmental department, every embassy and legation was meshed with correspondents and men willing to admit they were just reporters. All were seining with questions for some hint as to the story.

It came in the form that the Washington bureau men call an "office tip." A New York newspaper's telegraph editor sent a message to the chief of the publication's Washington bureau. This informed the correspondent that the paper had received a dispatch from its London bureau, based on another dispatch printed in a London paper that day. This story had been received from the paper's Tokio correspondent, who received his information from a story printed in the *Jiji Shimbun*. This story had come from one of the Japanese correspondents attending the Washington conference. It was a long and roundabout course for a tip.

The meat of this tip was that conversations were being held in Washington, concerning the feasibility of a four or even five power treaty in the Pacific to replace the Anglo-Japanese treaty. Although Baron Kato had been talking with the correspondents every day he had said nothing of such a plan.

The chief of the Washington bureau felt that this was a lead, a clue, that might result in a story more important than anything in the fifteen or twenty thousand words that had been telegraphed from his office that day. All his augmented staff members were rounded up from late suppers and put to work.

The first thing to be done was to ask any persons in the important missions and as many American officials as could be reached, what they might know or what they might be willing to say about such a treaty. Telephones and taxis were enlisted. Half-a-dozen men went scurrying about hunting for anything tending to confirm such a development.

Several other men were at work, trying to run down among the horde of foreign newspapermen, the particular Japanese, who filed that story to the *Jiji Shimbun*. The reporter who finally reached him by telephone was a charming, gentle mannered Swede. He explained the roundabout way in which his paper had come into possession of its few facts.

After some hesitation, the Japanese reporter admitted he had cabled such a dispatch but he was unwilling to add anything



It was President Harding who made the system of interviewing newspaper men at the White House the worthwhile instrument to the American public it is today.

to it, and refused absolutely to reveal the source of his information, obviously some member of the Japanese mission. The Japs, too, are rather careful about that sort of thing.

"A very delicate matter," insisted the Japanese.

"But we should like to investigate the story a little more," pleaded the Swede reporter.

"Very delicate matter," repeated the Japanese.

"Yumpin' Yiminy," suddenly burst out the Swedish gentleman, his nerves already on edge because of an approaching dead line, a narrowing margin of time before the presses of his paper would begin to rumble, marking the end of another newspaper day. "Yumpin' Yiminy, how many times must a dispatch go circumnavigating the world before it ceases to be delicate?"

The other news hunters were beginning to return or to report by telephone. The sum of their endeavors was a thrilling news article, setting forth with considerable and accurate detail the first steps that had been taken by representatives of the United States, Great Britain, Japan and France in a joint effort, to draft the basis of a four-power treaty, that would be an acceptable substitute to Japan, for the alliance she then had with Great Britain.

AT THE last Democratic National Convention at Madison Square Garden there was enough manufactured enthusiasm to confuse anyone. But there were two places where the political reporters kept track of the trading that occurred before every shift in the voting on the convention floor.

One of these fountain heads of news was a small ante-room, ordinarily used as a coat room, on the right side of the main entrance corridor. The other was an upstairs room in the Manhattan Club, just across the street from the Garden, a club where, when Taft was President, Woodrow Wilson used to sit to dine genially with Colonel George Harvey and Colonel Henry Watterson.

In the little ante-room in the Garden, a place reeking with stale tobacco smoke and the odors from the adjoining restaurant, the initiated knew they could find George Brennan of Illinois, Wilbur Marsh of Iowa, Thomas Taggart of Indiana, Frank Hague of New Jersey, George White and Ed Moore of Ohio and David Ladd Rockwell, general of the McAdoo forces. Moving in and out of that small chamber were the perspiring figures of Norman Mack, Bill Connolly and sometimes of William Jennings Bryan.

In such places an ordinary reporter is almost worthless. The specialist, by contrast, shines there with a fine glitter, first, because he knows whom to believe and second, because those who talk to him cannot afford to lie to him.

It was no secret, and is not now, that Governor Charles Bryan of Nebraska was selected, as the vice-presidential nominee to run with John W. Davis, at a conference held in the Manhattan Club. His picking was not entirely as the picking of a prairie wild flower to some of the leaders.

One or two of the oldest political writers were trying to select cigars from the tobacco case on the first floor of the club, cigars that would still have a soothing effect after a seething day in and around the convention. The only big story still to write was the name of the vice-presidential candidate. None seemed able to make even a sane guess as to that. A few pessimistic souls were grumbling their fears that the amazing convention would deadlock itself over that question. Just then two or three men came scuffling their way impatiently down the stairs. Leading them was Frank Hague of Jersey City.

"Gosh A'mighty," exclaimed the tall and normally suave Mr. Hague. "It's Bryan. Charlie Bryan."

He flung himself across the street and into the convention hall. The reporters flew to telephone booths. They knew Frank Hague and had a high opinion of his political sagacity. If he said it was going to be Bryan, they were sure it was time the art editors of their papers were dusting off suitable zinc engravings of Mr. Bryan wearing his black skull cap, his black bow tie and his diamond stud screwed into his hard-boiled shirt front.

About twenty minutes later the convention had voted Mr. Bryan on to the ticket, but by that time the news was on the streets not only of New York but of Lincoln, Nebraska, and San Francisco.

JUST now, and perhaps for a long time to come, George Washington Olvany rules Tammany. Happily for the political reporters, he is inclined to explain things to them so that they can write their stories with a background of solid information.

When Charles F. Murphy sat in Fourteenth street behind a roll top desk, under a big frowning picture of Boss Croker in a frame of golden oak, it was not possible for a large group of political reporters to call on him and enjoy a frank discussion of political matters, although there were individual reporters who were in his confidence. With him it was entirely a matter of the individual.

Under Murphy's rule, which was absolute and sometimes affected decisions that were made in Washington, there was a gathering every Tuesday and Thursday of the district leaders of Manhattan. On those days there was a long line of favor seekers waiting hat in hand to talk with "the commissioner."

Each man recited his plea or his complaint as briefly and as

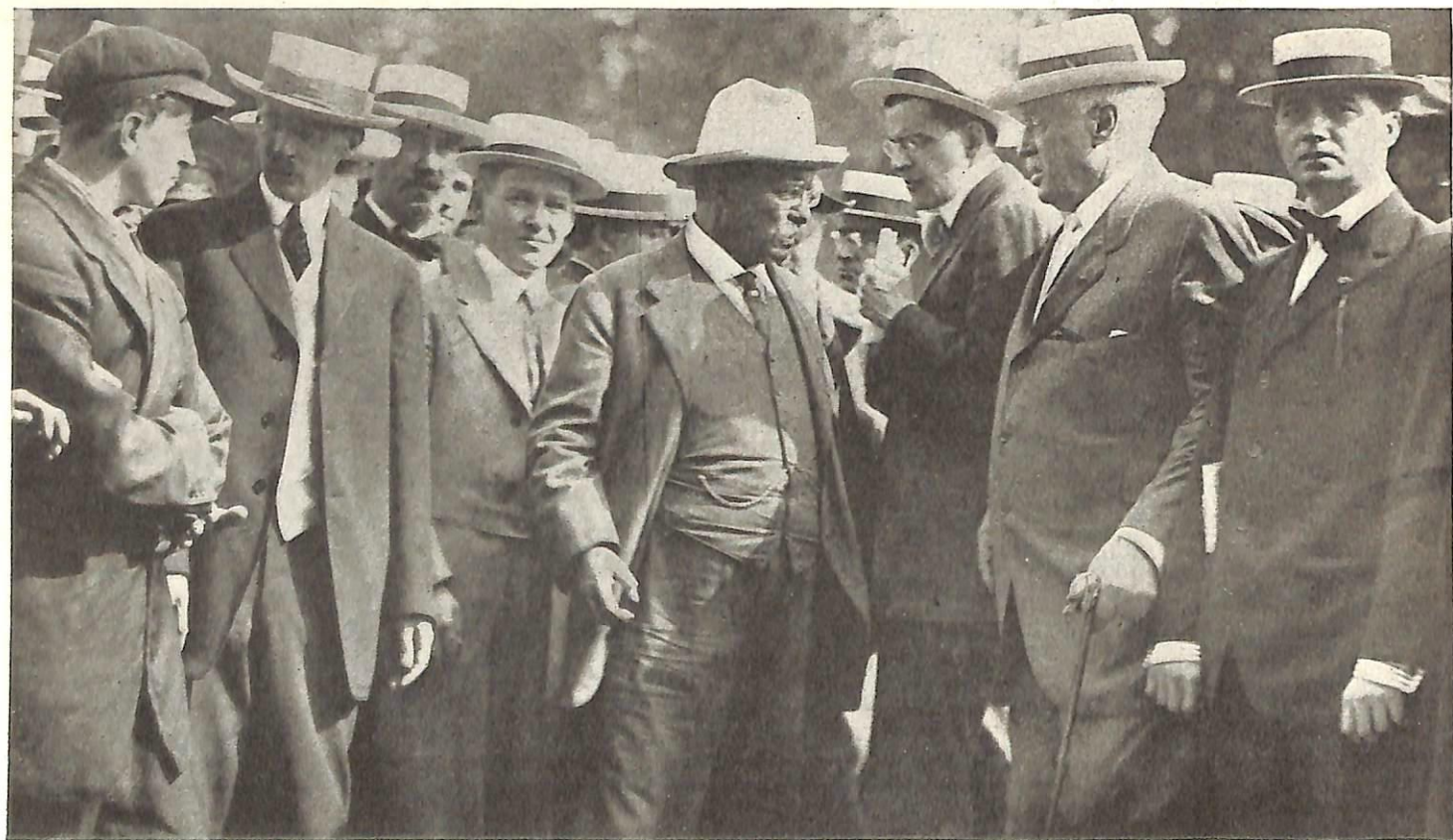


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

After he left the White House, there was always a group of newspapermen about Theodore Roosevelt.

compellingly as he could. Some of them even seemed, with mumbling lips, to rehearse their little speeches as they waited. From Mr. Murphy there was rarely more than a "yeh, yeh," expressed as a sort of prod, but he granted all the favors he could and the important visitors had to pass through a newspaper sieve on their way out.

IT IS precisely in this way that the White House is "covered" by the newspapermen assigned there. Every important visitor is asked who, what, why and where. The smart ones give respectful answers even if their answers are not always satisfactory.

For many years the best and biggest fish, that came into that net, were the heads of the governmental departments as they left a cabinet meeting. Nowadays, the President himself talks to the corps of Washington correspondents after each cabinet meeting. The correspondents are received by Mr. Coolidge on Tuesday at twelve o'clock and on Friday at four. This arrangement is made to divide the advantage of the White House news between the morning and afternoon newspapers.

The correspondents walk into the circular green and white room in the executive office building which is the private office of the President of the United States. Generally they find the President seated behind his flat-topped desk. A small packet of papers has been laid in front of him. On each has been typed a question. Usually this question is something that has been puzzling one of those reporters, now grouped in a semi-circle about the President's desk. Sometimes it is a question that has been asked by an editor out in Oregon or Texas, and relayed by telegraph to the editor's Washington correspondent.

When the reporters are all in the room Mr. Coolidge arises from his chair. It is not a solemn occasion. Frequently he is inclined to be humorous. He examines each slip of paper, reading the question aloud and then answering it as best he may, sometimes briefly, sometimes extensively. Occasionally he lays a slip of paper aside without comment, but that rarely happens.

The correspondents are privileged to use in their stories to their newspapers all that he tells them, and he tells them many important things. There is only one restriction. They must not put quotation marks about his words as they report them. They must not quote him directly. That is White House tradition. The custom prohibits them from writing "President Coolidge said today—" Ordinarily they write, "A high official of the government said today," or "A spokesman for the President said today," or "Callers at the White House learned today that—"

THERE is nothing to compare with it anywhere else in the world. It is an important element in the functioning of our democracy. It is a recent growth of political reporting. Roosevelt is credited with starting it but his method was much less desirable in every way. He used to see correspondents representing papers friendly to him, or who were themselves disposed to treat him and his actions favorably. But he never saw the correspondents as a group or the correspondents of Democratic or other hostile papers.

Under Taft's administration it was not difficult for individual correspondents to see him and ask questions and there were times when Mr. Taft sent for all the correspondents in a body.

President Wilson inaugurated the system of meeting the correspondents in a group and answering their questions. This practice continued a few years, lapsing at a time, when the tense Mexican situation gave him an excuse to end it. Mark Sullivan recently expressed the opinion that, "temperamentally Wilson really did not like, and was not adapted to the frank and easy relations with correspondents and other men, which intellectually he advocated."

President Harding adopted the Wilson idea and made it what it now is, a worthwhile instrument for keeping the American people informed about the administration's attitude on various public questions.

When the President leaves Washington his traveling arrangements are made by men of the Secret Service. When those arrangements are not interfered with they are admirable. Correspondents, whose papers wish them to accompany the President on tour, simply leave word at the White House and later receive advice as to the hour of departure. Usually there is one compartment sleeping car full of correspondents on the President's train. Sometimes on important trips, there are two cars of correspondents.

It is the correspondents who insist that the presidential travel

shall be done on special trains, because their work suffers when, as was the case not long ago with Mr. Coolidge, a President decides to travel as an ordinary passenger on a scheduled train. His movements are news, and the men who must convert an assortment of scattered facts into a comprehensive story of the President's day, have to have typewriters, access to telephone wires and a reverent consideration for deadlines.

During a campaign it is customary for the candidate's train to be held in a town, after a night speech, until the reporters with him have written and "filed" their stories at the telegraph office. When the candidate is tucked into bed for the night, they may play cards and forget him, unless he should come and knock on their door, asking permission to join the game.

There is a funny angle to that. A candidate dares not let it be known he plays cards nor may he be seen smoking a cigarette. He may smoke a pipe, chew tobacco, eat cigars and stogies and play quoits. But if he wishes to be elected, he must not be seen smoking cigarettes and he must not play cards. Even golf is a sin when a President plays it.

WHEN Mr. Harding was making his campaign, it distressed him to find sacks full of mail, from well-meaning but misguided Americans, complaining about his golf games. He needed the exercise, but those letter writers deluged him with their mutterings, until he used to plead dolefully with us not to mention his golfing sins.

Vice-President Dawes shows less concern about what people pretend to think than any candidate I have ever observed during a campaign. In 1924, some member of the Republican National Committee suggested that he ought to have his picture taken entering church of a Sunday morning. The General balked. He did not go to church either, until the campaign was over. Then he started again.

ACCEPTING an escort of newspaper correspondents must be one of the most difficult adjustments that a man is called upon to make, when he enters public life with the design of becoming president. I remember well the day a group of us attached ourselves to Mr. Harding.

Although nominated several weeks before, he had been living at the home in Washington where he and Mrs. Harding had stayed during the six years he had been there as senator from Ohio. Every day he met the reporters at his office in the Senate office building. His training had begun, but Mrs. Harding was still "unbroken" to reporters. Then came the day when he and Mrs. Harding were to start west for Marion. From that morning on he was never to be without an escort of reporters.

THE little patch of cement pavement that served as the back yard of the house in Wyoming avenue, Washington, next door to the Siamese legation, was littered with men, movie cameras, tripods, "still" cameras, pup typewriters, golf bags, kit bags, suitcases and one large, new seven-passenger automobile. Clearly this was the impedimenta of some kind of an expedition.

"Look-a-here, now," hailed the fat, black cook of the minister from Siam. She was standing in her kitchen door. Her name was Hattie. "Look-a-here, now," she hailed again.

This time her shrill cry brought to the neighboring kitchen door no less a personage than Inez McWhorter, cook in the household of Senator Warren G. Harding.

"What's all these?" Hattie lifted her apron-clad arms in a gesture that indicated all the strangers and all of their apparatus. "Paper men they is," explained Inez, ignoring the subjects of her identification as if they had been so many store dummies.

Mrs. Harding, seeing her back yard overrun by strange men, appeared in the kitchen door behind Inez. Her hat was secured by a blue veil knotted beneath her chin. That chin was lifted in anger.

"What are you taking that top down for?" she demanded sharply, addressing the automobile salesman.

Just then, the Senator himself, wearing a gray tweed cap, stepped out of the garage.

"Now, now, Duchess," he said in an undertone, "play the game. The boys just want a picture of this departure."

In that moment, she learned that the correspondents and not the wife of the candidate regulate the position of an automobile top. She did play the game, thereafter, and as long as she lived, she made it her particular task to see that her newspaper correspondent friends were comfortable.

Don't let the shadow of the coal shovel ever come between you



Pretty gifts do not take the place of modern conveniences. Only by relief from the irksome tasks about the house can any wife enjoy the leisure so necessary to loveliness and charm.

With Oil-O-Matic you provide a form of heat as carefree as the light that floods the room. Where most modern household devices are at best only labor saving, Oil-O-Matic eliminates work! It automatically maintains an even temperature.

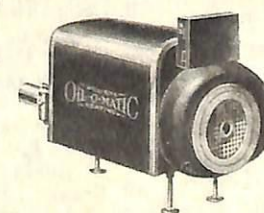
Curtains appear freshly laundered throughout the heating season. Delicately tinted walls remain so, even back

of pictures. Dusting is necessary only half as often. Rugs and carpets require much less use of the vacuum cleaner. Good maids do not leave such homes. Each morning you wake in luxurious comfort. All day, and as far into the night as you wish, the same temperature is maintained. In the early fall, and late spring, you never lack for heat. Any moment heat is desired, you have it before you realize that you need it. You can have this comfort for practically the same

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It tells you everything you want to know about this modern way of heating. It is sent free and postpaid with plan for ideal arrangement of basement space.



No part inside the fire box

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

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PAST IMPERIAL POTENTATES

*Ill. Walter M. Fleming Mecca Temple
June 6, 1876 to June 14, 1886
*Ill. Sam Briggs Al Koran Temple
June 14, 1892 to Aug. 16, 1892
Ill. William B. Melish Syrian Temple
Aug. 16, 1892 to June 13, 1893
*Ill. Thomas J. Hudson Syria Temple
June 13, 1893 to July 25, 1894
Ill. William B. Melish Syrian Temple
July 25, 1894 to Sept. 3, 1895
*Ill. Charles L. Field Islam Temple
Sept. 23, 1895 to June 23, 1896
*Ill. Harrison Dingman Almas Temple
June 23, 1896 to June 9, 1897
Ill. Albert B. McGaffey El Jebel Temple
June 9, 1897 to June 15, 1898
*Ill. Ethelbert F. Allen Ararat Temple
June 15, 1898 to June 15, 1899
Ill. John H. Atwood Abdallah Temple
June 15, 1899 to May 23, 1900
Ill. Lou B. Winsor Saladin Temple
May 23, 1900 to June 12, 1901
*Deceased.

Ill. Philip C. Shaffer Lu Lu Temple
June 12, 1901 to June 11, 1902
Ill. Henry C. Akin Tangier Temple
June 11, 1902 to July 9, 1903
*Ill. George H. Green Hella Temple
July 9, 1903 to July 14, 1904
*Ill. George L. Brown Ismailia Temple
July 14, 1904 to June 21, 1905
*Ill. Henry A. Collins Rameses Temple
June 21, 1905 to June 13, 1906
*Ill. Alvah P. Clayton Moila Temple
June 13, 1906 to May 8, 1907
Ill. Frank C. Roundy Medinah Temple
May 8, 1907 to July 15, 1908
*Ill. Edwin I. Alderman El Kahir Temple
July 15, 1908 to June 9, 1909
*Ill. George L. Street Acca Temple
June 9, 1909 to April 12, 1910
*Ill. Fred A. Hines Al Malaikah Temple
April 12, 1910 to July 12, 1911
*Ill. John F. Treat El Zagal Temple
July 12, 1911 to May 9, 1912
*Ill. Wm. J. Cunningham Boumi Temple
May 9, 1912 to May 14, 1913

*Ill. Wm. W. Irwin Osiris Temple
May 14, 1913 to May 14, 1914
*Ill. Dr. F. R. Smith Damascus Temple
May 14, 1914 to July 15, 1915
Ill. J. Putnam Stevens Kora Temple
July 15, 1915 to July 14, 1916
Ill. H. F. Niedringhaus, Jr. Moolah Temple
July 14, 1916 to June 27, 1917
Ill. C. E. Ovenshire Zuhrah Temple
June 27, 1917 to June 6, 1918
Ill. Elias J. Jacoby Murat Temple
June 6, 1918 to June 12, 1919
Ill. W. Freeland Kendrick Lu Lu Temple
June 12, 1919 to June 24, 1920
*Ill. Ellis Lewis Garretson Afifi Temple
June 24, 1920 to June 16, 1921
Ill. Ernest A. Cutts Alec Temple
June 16, 1921 to June 15, 1922
Ill. James S. McCandless Aloha Temple
June 15, 1922 to June 7, 1923
Ill. Conrad V. Dykeman Kismet Temple
June 7, 1923 to June 5, 1924
Ill. James E. Chandler Ararat Temple
June 5, 1924 to June 5, 1925

JUNE, 1926

THE MIRACLE HOUSE AT SHREVEPORT

[Continued from page 50]

superintendent at the hospital, shows in the case of Eva Strother is that she was admitted on March 10th, 1923, from Glenmora, La., was operated on six times, and was discharged on October 30, 1924. The patient's chart bears this final note: "Patient walks with aid of crutches and braces without any difficulty."

That is all. There is nothing more. But what a story is embodied in that laconic note: "The patient walks." Eleven years this girl was practically without life. Never had she known the companionship of other children, the delight of play, of being part of the great moving world about her. The changing charms of the seasons meant nothing to her. Sun, wind, or rain, or cloud-scud racing across the sky before a lousy breeze were all the same to the narrow cot where she had spent her life. Then she was taken to the wonder-house that grew out of a vote taken by the Imperial Council of the Shrine. And now she walks and plays and goes to school. That is all.

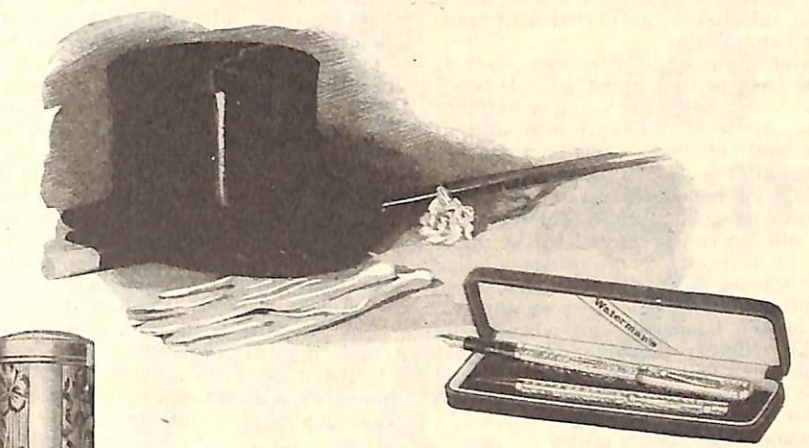
Of course, there are other things on these hospital reports. To the layman they are as meaningless as so much Sanskrit; cryptic notations about double plantar fasciotomy, about lengthening the tendon Achilles, about articular stabilization, about spinal fusions. It is the trade jargon of those who, because their chisels re-shape living tissues instead of insensate stone are called not sculptors but orthopedic surgeons.

Specifically, they are the notations of Dr. Herbert A. Durham, surgeon in chief at the hospital. Following the example he sets in brevity of speech, it may be reported here that on his operating days he performs as many as six or seven operations in a day. That is all. What do they involve?

There are two general types of spinal deformity in children. One is a side-to-side curvature, which may have been brought about by any number of causes—the result of infantile paralysis, perhaps, weakening of the muscles at one side of the back so that the pull of the strong muscles on the opposite side swings the spine out of its straight line. The other is, generally speaking, the result of spinal tuberculosis—a disease of the bony tissues of the spine itself. The spine is composed of hollow rings—vertebrae—set one upon the other in a column of bone, the central canal thus produced forming a securely protected passageway for the spinal cord.

THE bone tuberculosis which attacks the spine softens the front part of each affected ring, so that the entire column "buckles" or bends, bulging out behind and forming the hunchback deformity. Movement of any kind in the infected bony rings or vertebrae produces irritation which hastens the spread of the disease. The child is brought to the hospital and goes through the routine of examination and admission. It is thorough work, of course. Once the diagnosis has revealed a tubercular condition of the spine, the little sufferer is brought to a cot provided with a flat or slightly curved frame, and is there put to bed for complete rest and relaxation. The frame holds the little diseased spine motionless; if necessary, special braces are added to insure immobility. This prevention of further irritation, and the wholesome diet, the cleanly and healthful surroundings, the air of cheerfulness and sunshine that pervades the entire place, then do their work. The disease is checked, for the little body is given a chance to throw it off.

Then comes the surgeon-sculptor's great task. The little patient is placed tenderly on the operating table, and wheeled to the big, glass-walled room on the second floor. There is the cloying, sweet smell of anesthetic, the general sterile air of cleanliness—gleaming tiles, spotless white linen, shining instruments; the surgeon-sculptor is [Continued on page 62]



For the Best Man

GREAT are the labors of the best man and beautiful should be his reward. When the last old shoe and handful of rice are thrown, here is a man's gift—a kingly set of writing tools—that will recompense all his pains and last throughout life.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The exquisite fountain pen and pencil illustrated are a triumph of pen maker's art. The holders of both pen and pencil are solid rubber encased in solid 14 kt. gold. The decoration is hand-engraved. Each reflects the genius of Waterman's pen and pencil making.

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Solid Gold
Hand Engraved
Pen and Pencil
\$75.00

THE MIRACLE HOUSE AT SHREVEPORT [Continued from page 61]

ready to do nothing more or less than build a rigid bridge and brace of living new bone which will hold the infected section of that little spine immovable through life.

Knives and clamps and tiny sponges do their work. The back of that living spine is bared down to the very bone. Each ring or vertebra stands out. At the back of each is an upright thin fin or blade of bone. It is on these fins that the sculptor's chisel bites. From each fin two chips of bone are cut; they are not severed completely, but just so that the lower chip from one fin can be united to the upper chip from the next one. It is a bridge of living bone that is being built, for the chips, when united, will knit with each other as any two pieces of broken bone will knit when firmly bound. The slightly movable rings of that part of the spine will thus be held rigid and immovable by the solid bridge of bone which the sculptor has built.

Muscles and other tissues are replaced with sure delicacy by the sculptor when his task is done. The clean incision is sutured. But the patient does not go back to the ward; not for some hours, until the pain and the nausea have subsided. It would not be a nice thing for the other children to see, you understand. So those cold-blooded people have set apart a separate room where the babes that have been operated on may recover before the other children have a chance to see them.

And then, for three months, the child is once more held immovable on a frame, while that bridge of living bone knits and solidifies and hardens into a brace that will endure through life. That—merely that—sketchily outlined in a description from which the technical points and most of the real difficulties have been omitted—that is a spinal fusion.

Let it be emphasized that this is only one of the countless operations. There are the innumerable club-foot deformities, for example. Children who cannot walk are brought in. When they stand, they stand not on the soles of their feet, which are warped and twisted and bent inward, but on the outer sides of their ankles. They cannot wear shoes, they cannot run, they can scarcely hobble. And then those feet are taken in hand by the sculptor. In very young children, the condition can sometimes be corrected by what the hospital reports call manipulation. That one word on the report means that the surgeon has worked the twisted baby foot with his sensitive, sculptor hands; has worked the displaced bones a little nearer their true position; has cased them into plaster until the final adjustment has been stabilized; has cracked away the plaster shell and has worked a new adjustment; has stabilized the new adjustment; and has repeated this process, with infinite patience and skill, until at the end the youngster dons an ordinary pair of shoes and takes the first normal steps of his or her little life, ready to learn how to run and play just like the other children. But the only description you'll find on the report is "manipulation."

Of course, with older club-footed children, there must be operative treatment. That is, sculpture. The foot is opened; bone is scraped and chiseled back to natural shape—or to as close a natural shape as can be reached. Muscles and tendons, lengthened or shortened by deformity, are lifted from their fastenings and attached to new anchorages where they will fit. And at the end, when the sculptor has completed his work, the child will walk, and the hospital chart will bear the notation: "Condition corrected and patient dismissed."

Examples could be multiplied. The account could be elaborated with the stories of children to whom the miracle house is a sort of shrine.

where grown-ups speak in soft and tender voices, where everything is clean and gentle, where beds are white and spotless; of children who cry for re-admission because that hospital is the finest home they can ever know. Of little cripples brought to Shreveport from Cuba, from Denver, from the Canal Zone, from the blue-grass swales of Kentucky and from the pine-clad mountains of Carolina, and sent forth hale and whole. Of a girl who in infancy had been so frightfully burned that her right arm grew to her side, and of the sculptor-surgeon who slashed through those fetters of flesh and gave her two arms to use when she returned to the world. But there is not space to tell it all. Here are the bare statistics:

Actual number of admissions, September 16, 1922 to January 1, 1926...	647
Number of readmissions, same period...	285
Total number of admissions...	932

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SHREVEPORT HOSPITAL UNIT OF THE SHRINERS' HOSPITALS FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN

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H. S. WESTON, <i>Secretary</i>	H. H. BAIN
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EX-OFFICIO MEMBERS

S. W. MASON, <i>Potentate</i>	El Karubah Temple
M. W. BOYLAN, <i>Potentate</i>	Jerusalem Temple

Number of dismissals	872
Number of deaths	7
Applications on hand	198
Average number of hospital days per patient	86
Number of operations	1,279
Number of children treated as out-patients	45

In themselves, these figures might not have meant so very much. But read them again in the light of some of the descriptive explanations that preceded them. It will, perhaps, give a new idea of just what sort of memorial the Shriners are erecting to the deathless dead of the World War.

ISMAILIA ASKS FOR BUFFALO UNIT

Ismailia, Buffalo, is actively campaigning to secure for that community one of the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children. Potentate Joseph D. Morrell and a committee composed of George C. Diehl, Clarence K. Porter, George A. Halbin, Charles J. Staples, John D. Dehn and Edgar L. Kleindinst appeared before the Board of Trustees at their Chicago meeting to present Buffalo's case.

The Temple has not limited its activities to appeals to the Board of Trustees. The Committee and the Nobles have undertaken a program to secure local interest. The publication of the Shrine Booster and the production of the Shrine Follies brought in about \$25,000 profit.

Then the City of Buffalo, through the City Council, was induced to pass a resolution offering a site on city land which adjoins the present city hospital. This is in a park of 75 acres and adjoins the city's school for crippled children with its modern and valuable equipment.

Donations amounting to more than \$20,000

in cash have been promised by Nobles of Ismailia Temple. This money will be available immediately after notification that the Hospital Board granted the prayer of the Buffalo Temple.

Perhaps the most surprising feature of the campaign has been the interest awakened in the city. Bankers, clubs, newspapers and individuals have joined in offering assistance. One newspaper offered and did print 11,000 miniature copies of the Booster Edition. These were mailed out without expense to the Temple. Outdoor advertising men printed 4,000 cards which were posted about the city and they gave 18 large electric billboards. Factory owners opened up their plants to Shrine speakers and arranged employee meetings. And the Nobility of Ismailia Temple agreed to raise \$100,000 if favored with a Shrine Hospital in Buffalo.

CHICAGO UNIT INFORMALLY OPENED

The Chicago Hospital, eighth of the Shrine units, was informally opened on March 20th, when seven children were admitted. The waiting list is filled beyond the unit's capacity of fifty patients.

At the opening, the Board of Trustees was represented by the Chairman, Sam P. Cochran of Dallas, Texas, Secretary James R. Watt of Albany, N. Y., and Arthur W. Chapman of Winnipeg, Canada. Will H. Wade of Chicago, Chairman of the Building Committee and Board of Governors, presided. Thomas J. Houston of Chicago, Imperial First Ceremonial Master, spoke for the Imperial Council. Potentate E. Edwin Mills of Medina Temple and J. Harry Lewis of St. Paul, a member of the Board of Governors of the Twin City Unit, also spoke.

Chairman Cochran formally accepted the new building for the Board of Trustees. Dr. R. A. White made an eloquent address on the scope of the Shrine Hospital work.

The Chicago unit is situated in a beautiful and easily accessible suburb, Oak Park. The Board of Governors and the Nobles of Medina have invited all Shriners passing through Chicago to visit the unit.

LEXINGTON UNIT CONSTRUCTION PROGRESSES

After a number of vexing delays, due to cold weather, full-time work on the Lexington unit building has been resumed. It will be completed early in the summer.

This building and its site is to be the gift of Oleika Temple and it will be turned over to the Board of Trustees.

ALADDIN HAS ITS OWN WARD

Aladdin, Columbus, had many applications for admissions to the hospital at St. Louis. But because of the long waiting list there, the Temple appropriated \$5,000 from its treasury, to endow a ward in the Children's Hospital in Columbus. This ward will be devoted to orthopedic work.

According to the terms of the gift, the Temple controls the treatment and will name the beneficiaries.

SPRINGFIELD CHILDREN'S WORK

Boys and girls in the Springfield hospital, directed by the Junior Achievement Club, made a large number of toys, stuffed dolls, favors, needle books and other articles. These were exhibited and ribbons awarded for exceptionally fine work.

DR. LANSTRUM VISITS HONOLULU

Dr. O. M. Lanstrum of Helena, Montana, one of the Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals

for Crippled Children, recently visited the mobile unit in Honolulu. In the three years that this institution has been in existence 872 cases have been discharged without a failure to make a marked improvement in the condition of a patient.

Because of the distance of some of the islands from Honolulu, it was expected that the transportation charges would prove a serious handicap to successful operation. But the Nobles of Aloha Temple were very loyal and generous and as the steamship companies became interested in the work, there has never been a charge for transportation against the regular funds.

At this hospital the continual sunshine is one of the most valuable parts of the cures. The windows of the wards are never closed from one year to the next.

MEMORIAL GIFT AT TWIN CITIES

Equipment and machinery for the manufacture of instruments and appliances has been installed in the Twin Cities Unit. It was presented to the Board of Governors to serve as a memorial to the late Trevanion William Hugo, 33rd.

TREE GIVEN TO PORTLAND UNIT

Noble D. G. Tomasini, member of the Board of Governors of the Portland Unit, had a large sweet gum tree planted on the hospital grounds. He gave the tree in memory of his late wife.

TREES PLANTED AT SHREVEPORT

During the Imperial Potentate's visit to El Karubah, Shreveport, two trees were planted on the hospital grounds. One was dedicated to the Imperial Potentate James C. Burger and the other to Past Potentate James H. Rowland. Potentate Mason made the address of dedication to the Imperial Potentate and Miss Byrd Boehringer to Noble Rowland.

ST. LOUIS AWARDED \$50,000

The circuit court of St. Louis has handed down a decision awarding the St. Louis unit \$50,000 from the estate of Past Potentate Clarence A. Sinclair. The court decided that the funds could be diverted from the original purpose, in that no convalescent home was in prospect.

TIDINGS FROM THE EAST

Recorder F. J. Smith, Zembo, Harrisburg, has resigned from the military branch of service in the state of Pennsylvania, after 28 years of activity, and is devoting his entire time to the interest of Zembo Temple.

Past Potentate Frank D. Rash, Rizpah, Madisonville, is now Grand High Priest R. A. M. of Kentucky.

HONORING THEIR LEADERS

Potentate Albert E. Hamilton and retiring Potentate Judge Clyde L. Webster, Moslem, Detroit, were honor guests at the annual formal Potentate's ball given by that Temple.

RECEPTION TO IMPERIAL POTENTATE

Imperial Potentate James C. Burger was honor guest at a reception and dance at the Hotel Utah, when inspecting El Kalah, Salt Lake. Governor George H. Dern was among the guests.

OSMAN ACTIVITIES

Osman, St. Paul, had an illustrated lecture on "The Lure of the Great Northwest," March 12, a Pageant at the auditorium April 7 and has a Ceremonial scheduled for May 14.

ONLY FIFTY YEARS WEDDED

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Heaton celebrated their golden wedding March 27, when they were the recipients of several magnificent tokens of appreciation and congratulation at the hands of friends. Noble Heaton has it all over the fellows who freighted over on the Mayflower, he having elected to arrive with Noah in the Ark. Immediately on landing he grabbed the Recorder'ship of Mt. Sinai, at Montpelier, which post he has held down ever since.



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NO matter what you smoke now, no matter whether you have ever ordered cigars by mail—now is your chance to try **absolutely free** a box of full-flavored, cool, even-burning cigars—the kind that more and more smokers every day say they've "hunted years for."

This is "my treat"

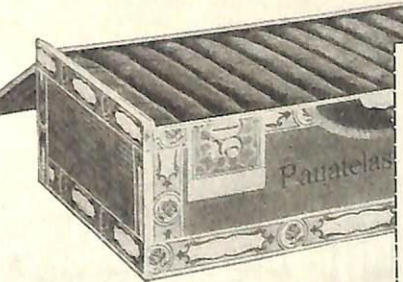
Sign and mail the coupon now. I'll personally see that you get a box of freshly made, full-flavored cigars, size and shape as in the illustration, postage prepaid.

My famous Panatela, the cigar illustrated, is a full five-inch cigar. The genuine Cuban-grown, clear Havana filler gives it richness and rare flavor. The fine Sumatra leaf wrapper assures even burning and long white ash. This cigar is just heavy enough to satisfy, yet light enough to please smokers accustomed to cigarettes. Strictly hand-made by skilled adults in clean, airy surroundings.

You save jobber and dealer profits

For twenty-four years I have been selling cigars by the box, direct and fresh, at a price that represents only one cent of handling and one profit. Customers tell me that I save them upwards of 5 cents on each cigar.

My selling policy is simple. I make the best cigars I know how, put a box in a customer's hands, ask him to smoke ten. If he likes them, he pays. If he doesn't like them, he returns the remainder of the box at my expense. The trial costs him nothing.



Actual Size and Shape

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
19 Bank Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me a box of 50 Panatela cigars. If, after smoking 10, I decide the box is worth \$3.75, I agree to send you that amount. If I decide it isn't worth that amount, I agree to return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days with no obligation.

☐ Mild ☐ Medium ☐ Strong

Name

Address

Reference

Address

**This coupon
entitles you to a
FREE TRIAL of my cigars.**

Why I lose money on the first box

I don't expect to make a penny on the first box of cigars sent to a new customer. In fact, I lose money—and am willing to.

Suppose, for instance, you and 199 other men order a box of cigars from this advertisement. Dividing 200 into \$900 (the cost of this advertisement) gives \$4.50. In other words, it costs me \$4.50 to induce you to try a box of 50 cigars. So I must offer an extraordinary cigar; it must be better than you expect. The flavor, aroma, cool, even-burning qualities must delight you. Otherwise you would not order again. And I would lose more and more money on every advertisement.

Snap up this offer quick!

Let me send you a box of 50 cigars at once. If, after you smoke ten, the box doesn't seem worth \$3.75, return the forty unsmoked cigars within ten days—no explanation necessary, no questions asked. You will not be obligated in any way. In ordering please use your business letterhead or the coupon, filling in the line marked "Reference." Or, if you don't wish to bother giving a reference, just drop me a postcard and you can pay the postman \$3.75 when the cigars are delivered. I'll pay the postage.

Order today—enjoy the cigars right away

As I said before, you take no risk. The cigars won't cost you a penny if you don't like them. Now is your chance to try a wonderful cigar free. Mail the coupon to me.

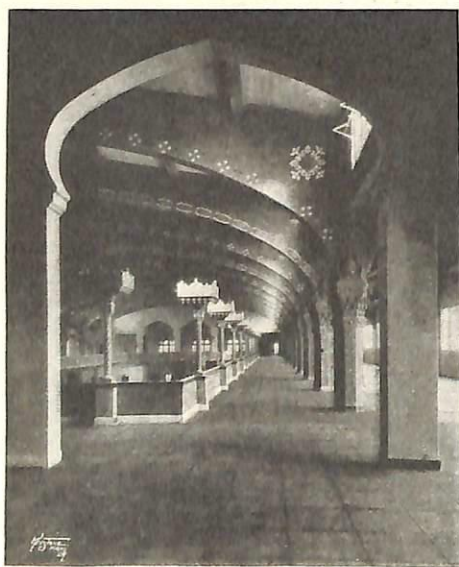
NELSON B. SHIVERS, Pres.

Al Malaikah Gives a Wonderful Mosque to Southern California

CHARACTERIZED by Imperial Potentate James C. Burger as the greatest and most magnificent Shrine home in America, the new \$2,500,000 Civic Auditorium and Ballroom of Al Malaikah Temple in the Oasis of Los Angeles was formally dedicated recently and opened to the general public and the 10,000 Nobles of that temple with elaborate ceremonies.

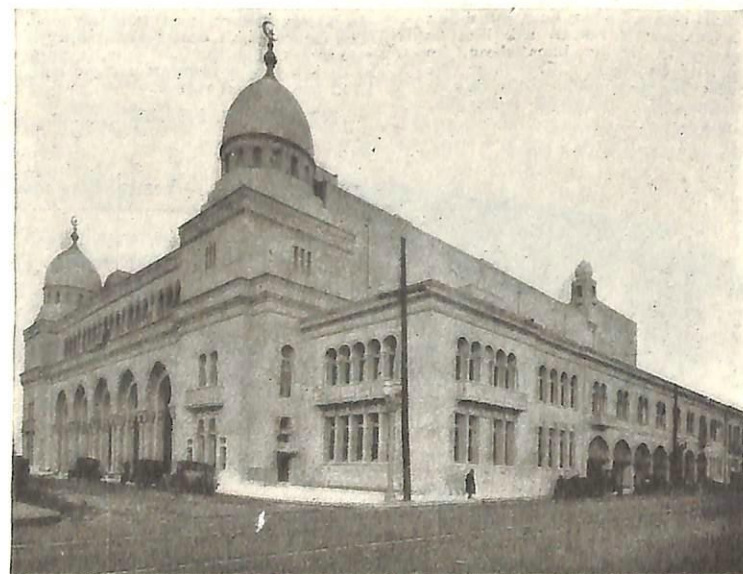
Imperial Potentate Burger arrived in Los Angeles on January 14, accompanied by Mrs. Burger and his private secretary, Roy C. Hecox, to attend the dedicatory exercises and was given a rousing welcome to Los Angeles by the Al Malaikah patrol, band and chanters, who were accompanied by high dignitaries of Al Malaikah Temple, headed by the then Potentate Louis M. Cole. Dave F. Smith is Potentate now, having been recently installed as head of the Oasis of Los Angeles. A full program of entertainment had been mapped out for Imperial Potentate Burger's stay in Los Angeles.

HE WAS the guest of honor at a luncheon meeting of the Masonic Club of Los Angeles on the day following his arrival and that night was the guest of Potentate Cole and the divan of Al Malaikah Temple at a dinner dance at the Ambassador Hotel. On Saturday evening, January 15, he was the dinner guest of the temple officials at the Jonathan Club and, later, was the honored guest at the formal ceremonial that marked the dedication of Al Malaikah's magnificent new home.



The archway of the ballroom in the magnificent Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles.

The new Civic Auditorium of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, recently dedicated with elaborate ceremonies.



"The new auditorium and ballroom of Al Malaikah Temple is so vast and beautiful that it takes my breath away," Imperial Potentate Burger told Al Malaikah officials.

More than 6500 Nobles were in attendance at the formal dedicatory exercises, comprising the greatest gathering of its kind in the history of Los Angeles, with the exception of the imperial council meeting of last year. On the following Saturday evening, the public dedication of the magnificent structure took place, with the auditorium and ballroom crowded to capacity.

IN THE auditorium alone, Los Angeles has a structure which not only eclipses in size and facilities anything of its kind on the Pacific Coast but one that ranks with the great auditoriums of the world. With a seating capacity of 6442 and a stage that can conveniently accommodate 1200 persons, the mammoth structure stands out as a monument to Los Angeles Shrinism and contains features heretofore absolutely unknown to the theatrical world.

Adjacent and under the same roof is the huge ballroom and banquet hall, which appears to have sought to outdo the auditorium in beauty, size, decorations and equipment. The main floor of the ballroom can accommodate 5200 diners at one time with its 101,000 square feet of floor space; 3000 can dine at one time on the mezzanine floor, while the basement has 40,000 square feet of space available for exhibits and other events of a similar character. In an emergency, also, the basement can be converted into a dining hall. This structure is equipped with spacious rest rooms and kitchens of sufficient size to meet any demand made on them.

THE new auditorium and ballroom are located at the northeast corner of West Jefferson and Royal streets, and cover an area of three acres. It was away back in 1906 that Al Malaikah Temple erected the largest auditorium that was ever built in Southern California. In its day, the structure adequately served the purposes for which it was intended, not only affording a meeting place for Al Malaikah Nobles, but providing accommodations for virtually every large gathering in Southern California. Figures of national and even international importance appeared upon its stage.

Had the auditorium not been destroyed by fire on January 12, 1920, it would have long since been inadequate for the needs of Los Angeles and Southern California, owing to the remarkably rapid growth of this section.

Inasmuch as the Shrine constructed the only large auditorium of those days, and which, when destroyed, left the community badly in need of a similar building, it was only logical that the people of Southern California again should look to Al Malaikah Temple to provide a structure adequate to the needs of the community and one in keeping with the dignity, prominence and popularity of this great fraternal organization.

The structures just dedicated are on the site of the auditorium destroyed by fire. Construction throughout is of reinforced concrete except for the steel roof trusses over the auditorium, steel truss carrying the balcony, steel cantilever trusses and steel gridiron over the stage. Moorish architecture with Arabesque detail has been used in the design of the structures throughout. The auditorium's main foyer and vestibule have a ceiling 38 feet high and elaborately decorated walls that give additional color to the already beautiful interior.

Between the ground floor and the balcony of the auditorium are two mezzanine floors containing offices, rest rooms and lounges, and there is an extensive suite of club rooms extending the entire length of the auditorium on one of these floors. Offices for the officials of Al Malaikah are provided on the second floor of the two story section of the building, which fronts on West Jefferson street.

THE auditorium portion of the structure is 200 feet wide and 294 feet deep, including the stage. The ceiling has an average height of 88 feet above the orchestra floor and is covered by an imitation canopy rich in design and color. From the center of this ornate canopy, is suspended a crystal chandelier, weighing approximately five tons, and said to be the largest of its kind in the world. This chandelier is capable of producing more than thirty different combinations of color and the effect of the reflections on the artistically-designed canopy is beyond mere words.

There are two tiers of boxes on either side of the stage, which is said to equal any in the world in size. The stage has a proscenium arch 100 feet wide and 50 feet high, and contains features in the way of equipment never before installed anywhere. The switchboard which regulates the lights for the entire auditorium and which also is said to be the largest stage switchboard in the world, is approximately 30 feet long, and the services of a score of men are required to operate the maze of levers and switches when a performance is at its height. The stage also is equipped to accommodate productions of the very largest kind.

ENTRANCES to the balcony are on four different floor levels, and it is notable that the balcony has a larger seating capacity than the orchestra floor, the former containing 3310 and the latter 3132 seats. A mammoth pipe-organ, in keeping with the design and grandeur of other sections of the auditorium, is now being installed.

Another feature of the auditorium and ballroom is a loud speaker system, which carries voices from the stage and other sections so that they can be heard without difficulty in the most remote corners. These loud speakers also are installed on the outside of the structures and are expected to prove their worth in calling taxicabs and automobiles after performances.

Describing the mammoth new Shrine Civic Auditorium and Ballroom in words is a difficult and almost impossible task. One must see the splendor and magnificence of the structures to appreciate the monumental project just consummated by Al Malaikah Temple.

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE *(Continued from page 44)*

Then a little redheaded runt of a Shriner came into the compartment and cheerfully said "Good afternoon, Noble." Hot-diggity dog! That Shriner will never know how nearly I came to kissing him. As long as I live I will never forget the incident and just "Good afternoon, Noble" did it.

I THUS have a redheaded Shriner as a part of my loving memories of the past and in my wistful hopes for the future. He is enshrined in my holy of holies, in that reservation sacred to that big red-finned sucker, that sweet singing linnet, Mr. and Mrs. Catfish and their large family, the painted flapper who helped the blind man, that straight flush and Jim Roger's Shriner friend from Alabama who peeled the hide off me.

The very bed-rock foundation of the Mystic Shrine whenever and wherever a fez tops a skull, is good fellowship. A Shrine button on any man should be as much of a guarantee of good nature as the sterling mark on silver is a guarantee of quality.

INTO a Washington cigar store one morning a few years ago breezed a big Stetson hatted westerner. To a small man with a Shrine button the big chap said, "Good morning, Noble. Have a cigar?"

The small man glanced up in an absent-minded way and answered coolly, "No, thank you."

"My friend," said the big man, "down in Texas where I make my home that button you have on your coat is a stamp of good fellowship. If I were you I would thaw out or take it off."

A SMILE and an apology came simultaneously from the small man. He said he would like to have a cigar. Then he asked the big man to get in his car and accompany him to the Capitol. He kept him there all morning in apology for his breach of Shrine courtesy.

The big man was Potentate Mike Thomas of Dallas. The other Shriner was the then Vice-President Thomas Marshall, of sainted memory. It was Noble Marshall who told me the story as an example of his best lesson in Shrine etiquette.

To hail a Noble of the Mystic Shrine whenever and wherever met is a part of the unwritten law of the order. On railroad train, in hotel lobby, in street car and even in the passing throng on the street there are thousands of lonely souls wearing Shrine buttons who will smile and be happier for a cheery "Hi Noble."

THE pursuit of happiness is successful just the same way that making friends is done successfully. To have friends we must be one. To catch happiness on the fly the past bids us to scatter happiness as we pass into the future.

The God of the Mystic Shrine is not a God with one hand full of hell fire and the other full of damnation, frowning down on a sinful world. He is a God looking down with kindly smile and a joyous understanding on a red-fezed group who are doing His work in the world and laughing joyously as they do it. To quote old Omar, "He is a good fellow and all will be well."

We are busy men, hustling for the almighty and rather dirty dollar but;

If your nose is close to the grindstone rough, And you keep it down there long enough, You will soon forget there are such things As a brook which babbles and a bird which sings.

Three things your whole world will compose; Yourself, the stone and your durned old nose! Good morning, Nobles!

White Rock

Ginger Ale

Pale

At The Dance

Golden — Sparkling — Bubbling over with all the vivacity of a jazzy fox trot, the flavor of White Rock Ginger Ale lingers like an old time waltz.

It is indeed the sensation of modern beverages—a compliment to friends—a treat for those at home. Order it in restaurants and at the club. Keep it on ice at home.

*Bottled only at
The White Rock Spring,
Waukesha, Wisconsin*

Preserve every
copy of your magazine!

See announcement
on page 81

SHRINE NEWS

KNOXVILLE COURT BANQUET

While Imperial Potentate James C. Burger was making his official visitation to Kerbela Temple, Knoxville, April 3-5, the committees on Jurisprudence and Laws and on Revision of the Constitution and By-Laws met there. Several important recommendations were made by the committees.

The session and the Imperial Potentate's visitation closed with a banquet given by Knoxville Court No. 57, Royal Order of Jesters.

Members of the Committee on Jurisprudence and Laws are: Albert H. Ladner, Jr., Chairman, William B. Melish, Albert B. McGaffey, Frederick I. Dana and B. S. Gaitskill. Members of the Committee on Revision of Constitution and By-Laws are: Thad B. Landon, Chairman, Elias J. Jacoby, James T. Rogers, Milton A. Pixley, Hugh M. Tate, Hugh R. Robertson, Clifford Ireland and Edwin H. Park.

NOW MAKING RECORDS

Considerable Shrine history has been written by the members of the Maskat Temple Male Quartet, who have just finished recording several records for the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company. The quartet is composed of business men of Wichita Falls, Texas, who originally sang together because they enjoyed it and who recently have taken extended concert tours because of the demands made upon them by Temples and non-fraternal organizations. They are photographed on next page.

Members of the Imperial Divan and other officers frequently suggested the possibility of having records made of favorite numbers and Imperial Potentate Burger proposed this to the quartet, when he was in Wichita Falls.

The quartet agreed to make the records, with the understanding that they would be placed on sale through every Temple and the proceeds devoted to charity. The first three records released are now on sale, each Temple sharing in the profits. The Brunswick Company, hearing of this, offered to donate their retail profits to charity until after the meeting of the Imperial Council in June.

The quartet is the same group which Past Imperial Potentate Conrad V. Dykeman invited to break the precedent set for Imperial Council business sessions. They appeared before the Imperial Council at the Kansas City and Los Angeles conventions.

MONTANA TEMPLES COMBINE FOR CEREMONIAL

Montana's three Temples, Bagdad, Algeria and Al Bedoo, will combine to hold a joint Ceremonial this summer. It will be held at the

same time as the annual Montana rodeo and round-up at Bozeman. The Imperial Potentate will be invited to attend on an official visit.

According to the plan, the Ceremonial will be staged under a huge circus tent, which will be loaned by the Ringling show. There will be a barbecue with food served from a "chuck wagon."

Potentate Robinson of Bagdad, Butte, is responsible for the idea and he proposes the abandoning of spring and fall Ceremonials in order to concentrate all efforts on this. Committees from the three Temples are working jointly on the plans.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP REPORTS

Annual reports from the Temples indicate that the year's gain in membership will be small. This result was not unexpected and is the result of several factors. Conditions have not favored large classes; Temples are acting with more severity in insisting upon the prompt payment of dues, chiefly because advances must now be made from the treasury to cover the assessment for the hospitals and the per capita.

These ten temples are highest in numerical strength: Medinah, Chicago, 23,015; Syria, Pittsburgh, 18,148; Lu Lu, Philadelphia, 16,904; Aleppo, Boston, 15,139; Mecca, New York, 11,047; Murat, Indianapolis, 10,304; Moslem, Detroit, 10,123; Islam, San Francisco, 10,111; Ararat, Kansas City, 10,064; and Al Malaikah, Los Angeles, 9,714.

MEDINAH'S SPRING CEREMONIAL

"The Streets of Bagdad" was presented by Medinah, Chicago, as the spectacle at the Spring Ceremonial. The uniformed organization played a large part in building up the scenic effects, which had, as their climax, the entrance of Potentate E. Edwin Mills.

An American flag was presented to the Temple by the Theodore Roosevelt and Square Posts of the Legion of Honor. It represented the appreciation of the gift of \$5000 which Medinah Temple made to the hospital drive of the American Legion. The colors were accompanied by a uniformed guard from the Legion of Honor posts and the ode to the flag was given by Major James E. White, chef de gare of Chicago Voiture, 40 and 8. The flag was accepted by Potentate Mills.

Several acts of vaudeville were presented.

SHRINE NEWS

The new official Shrine flag will be used at Philadelphia for the first time.

Arabian Knights, published by Elf Khurafah, Saginaw, has been discontinued. The

order which directed suspension said that since the publication of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE the need for Arabian Knights had ceased to exist.

The Pennsylvania State Shrine Council has elected these officers for the current year: Judge E. Foster Heller, president. This is his fifth term. Frederick A. Fichtel, Syria, first vice-president; Frank W. Acklin, Jaffa, second vice-president; A. Rook Carroll, Syria, treasurer; Fred J. Smith, Zembo, secretary. The executive committee is A. H. Ladner, Jr., Lu Lu; Robert R. Harvey, Irem; George Eisenbrown, Rajah; Ray Shoemaker, Zembo; Arthur Milne, Zem Zem and Howard Martin, Syria.

TEMPLES

Pyramid, Bridgeport, made elaborate arrangements for the entertainment of Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Burger. Four orchestras furnished music for the ball that was given in their honor. Pyramid band gave a concert in the hotel lobby, which was decorated for the occasion. There was also a reception and a luncheon at midnight. Noble Fred Atwater was chairman of the committee in charge.

Acca, Richmond, was asked to put on a Ceremonial session at Petersburg and took there all the equipment and the uniformed units. It was the first Ceremonial staged in Petersburg since 1921.

Al Amin, Little Rock, put on a Ceremonial at El Dorado, with a class of more than fifty. The Divan, Patrol, Band and a number of the Nobles made the trip in a special train. The activities included a drill, band concert and a ball at the Coliseum.

Al Sihah, Macon, conducted the most elaborate spring Ceremonial in the history of that Temple. It was a two-day affair, with a business meeting and dance on the first day and a parade, entertainment, supper and Ceremonial on the second.

Osman, St. Paul, staged a Ceremonial, pagant and formal party as three separate events for the spring. The Ceremonial was largely attended and more than fifty unregenerates saw the true light. The second section, put on by Past President Fischer of the Shrine Directors' Association, contained all the newer better features which have been developed by the association. [Continued on page 70]

CRAIG'S WIFE [Continued from page 29]

Mrs. Craig—Doesn't it say in the papers that you were seen leaving the Passmores (where the murder took place) at twelve o'clock last night?

Craig—It doesn't say I was seen leaving there.

Mrs. Craig—It says a man was seen leaving there and who else could it have been but you? You were out there, weren't you?

Craig—I think I'll call up Birkmire and see if they've been to see him too. (He steps to the telephone.)

Mrs. Craig—Now wait a minute, Walter. Go away from that 'phone. Don't you realize that telephone is being watched?

Craig (Picking up the telephone.)—I want to know why it's being watched.

Mrs. Craig—Now, listen to me, Walter. You must not use that telephone. (She looks at him defiantly.) I will not allow you to drag my name into a notorious scandal.

Craig—I've got to find out where I'm at in this thing.

Mrs. Craig—If you speak over that telephone, I'll leave this house.

Just by accident, from the housekeeper, Craig learns that his wife has spied upon him.

Craig—Checking up on me?

Mrs. Craig—Don't flatter yourself. The man hasn't been born yet that I'd bother checking up on.

Craig—Why didn't you tell the truth?

Mrs. Craig—Because I anticipated an attack of your romantic disposition.

Craig—You were playing safe; that was it, wasn't it?

Mrs. Craig—Exactly.

Craig—And at my expense.

Mrs. Craig—I knew the necessity of it with you.

Craig—God!

Mrs. Craig—I knew if I told you I made that call, you'd be on the telephone in five minutes, calling the police.

Craig—I intended doing that anyway.

Mrs. Craig—You silly fool!

Craig—That's where I went this evening, with Birkmire, when I left here—to Police Headquarters.

AT HER threat to leave, Craig, who is rapidly becoming disillusioned, assures her that it would not worry him in the least. She sees that she has gone too far.

Mrs. Craig—They wouldn't have been looking for either of us if you'd stayed home last night instead of being out card playing with a lot of irregular people. You wouldn't have been visiting them if I were here. You haven't visited them much in the last eighteen months, have you?

Craig—No, I haven't.

Mrs. Craig—And they haven't been visiting you either, have they?

Craig—You mean you've kept them out of here?

Mrs. Craig (Looking him straight in the eye.)—Well, if I did, the end justified the means. At least, you haven't been in the shadow of the law during the past eighteen months.

Craig—My aunt said a while ago that you'd driven all my friends away from the house.

Mrs. Craig—There are ways of getting rid of people without driving them from the house.

Craig—She said you were trying to get rid of me, too. Without driving me from the house. And I believe that's true, too.

Mrs. Craig—Keep your voice down. Do you want everybody in the house to hear you?

MRS. CRAIG discharges Mazie for leaving an envelope behind her cherished terra-cotta ornament on the mantel. And, after she goes out, Craig, staring at the little statue, suddenly seizes it and hurls it against the bricks.

Mrs. Harold (Running in.)—Glory be to God this day and night, how did that happen, Mr. Craig? Did it fall off the mantelpiece?

Craig—No I smashed it, Mrs. Harold.

Mrs. Harold (Puzzled.)—On purpose, Mr. Craig?

Craig—Yes, I didn't like it.

Mrs. Harold—I wish you'd tell Mrs. Craig it was you done it.

Mrs. Craig comes to the head of the stairs. She calls down to her husband, who is sitting in front of the cold fireplace.

Mrs. Craig—Did something fall a minute ago?

Craig—No.

Mrs. Craig—Are you sure?

Craig—Yes.

Mrs. Craig—Well, it sounded up here as if the house fell down.

Craig (After a pause.)—Maybe it did, Harriet—I'm just sitting here wondering. (He sits there smoking, a forbidden act in the living-room, as the curtain falls.)

THE THIRD ACT is laid the following morning. Mazie, discharged the night before, has vanished. Miss Austin leaves, taking Mrs. Harold with her as lady's maid. Ethel goes away with the Professor of Romance Languages, who arrives in person to see why he cannot reach her by telephone.

The murder implication has been removed by the news that the affair was a murder and suicide.

Craig hands his wife the keys to her car and the garage.

Craig—If you want me for anything during the next week or two, I'll be at the Ritz.

Mrs. Craig—Now listen to me, Walter. You're surely not serious about leaving this house.

Craig—I should think the decision would please you very much. You married a house and if it's agreeable to you, I'll see that you have it; that you go on having it just as though I were here. . . . If this affair at the Passmores hadn't revealed you, something else would; so my going may as well be today as tomorrow. Good-by, Harriet.

As the last person leaves, and Harriet Craig is left alone in the big house, her house, a telegram comes announcing her sister's funeral. She is now the most lonesome figure in the world. And when the gossip neighbor brings an armful of roses to Miss Austin, Harriet Craig does not heed the petals which drop to the floor.

CLOTHES & CLOTHES [Continued from page 33]

well—and outside of the largest cities fashion advertising is not always a safe guide. However, you can learn how to know the sheep from the goats. There are two well-known magazines whose entire mission in life is to tell women what to wear. Read them carefully—and do not be alarmed if you get at first an impression of seeming extravagance and exotic point of view. Underneath it all is a lot of good common sense, and what is more they truly give you a picture of the mode.

Perhaps you, yourself, will never be able to

buy a frock costing \$250. All right—few of us can—but if that \$250 frock is of a significant fashion you will find its influence reflected within a month or two, sometimes well, sometimes badly, in dresses priced at anywhere from \$20.50 up. The important thing to learn is how to recognize when it is well done, and remember it does not matter how badly or how often a frock is copied. If it is good that particular fashion will live a long time.

For instance, Chanel made a two-piece frock of velveteen a year ago last autumn for Ina Claire to wear in [Continued on page 69]

Buy SHRINE EMBLEMS

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JASON WEILER & SONS, Boston, Mass.
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For over 50 years we have sold direct by mail to customers all over the world. As manufacturing wholesale and retail jewelers, diamond importers and America's leading emblem makers we guarantee to save you 20 to 40%. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

		
37742M. Fine Platinum designed front Button . . . \$1.50	37741M. Attractive Platinum front Button . . . \$1.00	31087M. Diamond Mounted Solid green Gold Ring—the Shrine Emblem is of platinum raised on black enamel. Perfectly cut, blue white Diamond is securely set in platinum. Our price \$50.00 direct to you . . .
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BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
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A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

1/4 carat - - \$31.00	1 1/2 carats - \$217.00
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Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

Diamonds sent for inspection to your Bank Express Co.—before payment, if desired.

If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities \$20.00 to \$200.00 is considered an authority.

Also write for Shrine Emblem and Jewelry and Watch Catalogs.

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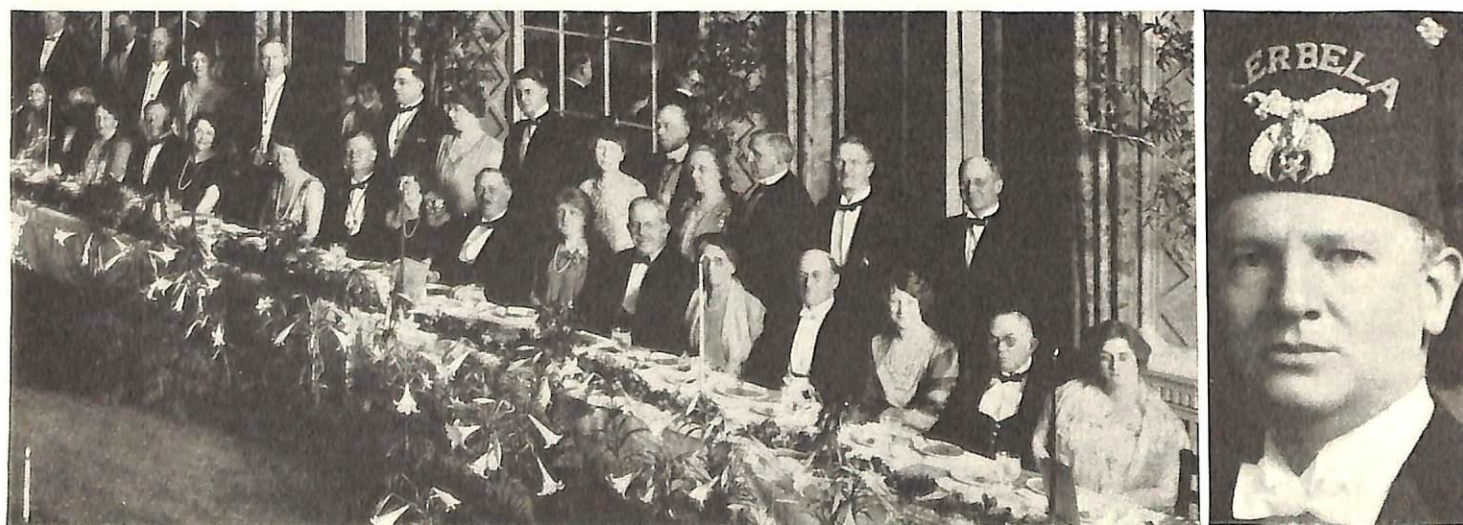
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Also write for Shrine Emblem and Jewelry and Watch Catalogs.



Banquet given to Imperial Potentate James C. Burger at the close of his official visitation to Kerbela Temple, Knoxville, April 3-5, by Knoxville Court No. 57, Royal Order of Jesters.

Potentate Judge Hugh M. Tate of Kerbela Temple.



FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

THE sheep and the goats are being more carefully herded apart in the investment field than ever before. Investment bankers are just like any other merchants. They know their best assets are prosperous and satisfied customers. American investors have ceased to be impressed by technical phrases such as state that a certain issue is offered "subject to approval of counsel, when, as and if issued and received."

Those who offer investments and those who buy them are looking with understanding eyes at the security behind the obligations, the earning power of the concern, government or municipality involved, the future of the industrial field, the ability and reliability of the managements employed and the purpose and necessity behind the financing. Consequently the identity and status of any shaggy issue inclined to answer the name of "Billy" or "Nanny," is being pegged more accurately than in the past.

The movement of the speculative markets has necessitated and promoted this trend. Speculation is a highway with money and credits moving swiftly in either direction. It has so many turns and twists in it that disasters are frequent. Investment is a one way street, intended to lead in a safe and sure, if slow way toward steady income and constantly increasing profits and values. Financiers and investors today are cooperating to eliminate any "left-hand turns."

Outlook for Higher Prices

Disasters in the stock market have had little if any effect on investments. For such securities on which the return is unquestioned the outlook is for higher prices. There are two reasons for this. One is the prevailing ease of the money market. The head of the Federal Reserve Bank System has personally assured the writer that credit conditions in this country never were better and that ample cash is available for any legitimate financing and expansion of business, agriculture and industry.

The other reason is the trend toward lower prices for commodities which tends to divert funds from industrial to investment purposes. Naturally investments of the highest grade are influenced by these conditions—not only bonds of the class approved for savings bank funds but the best of the preferred stocks. Basing his belief on the statements of level-headed executives, among whom are Charles M. Schwab and E. A. Frost, former president of the Southern Pine Association, the writer is convinced the upward movement in investments of the highest class will continue for a long period, and that it will be years before the first mortgage bonds of the leading railroads will again sell on a four percent basis and before the United States government will be able to finance its needs at three percent.

More Funds for Bonds

In the meantime, the market for good bonds

is strong. There is no valid reason for investors to dispose of investment securities, either stocks or bonds, at a sacrifice. Any subsidence of the speculative mania—and evidence is not lacking that such mania has been checked in more than one line—is likely to turn surplus funds into better grade investments. Even a falling off in business after mid-year, while it might justify a set-back in the speculative markets, would only mean that more funds would be available for the high grade issues.

It should be clearly understood that there is always some selling of bonds and high grade preferred stocks when a speculative campaign collapses. That is because stock traders must raise money to protect threatened positions. The only place they can do so is in the investment market. As soon as the stock flurry is over, prices of investment securities normally recover any temporary loss.

Old Profits into New Securities

Possessors of last year's huge business profits are being prompted to turn them into sound bonds. In that connection, naturally the government issues come into consideration. The market ability of such issues remains unquestioned. After July 2, only an aggregate of \$5,000 in Liberty 4's and 4½'s and Treasury 4's and 4½'s will continue to be tax exempt if held by an individual. But when owned by a corporation any amount of these issues remain non-taxable.

The buying of such bonds by corporations, therefore, is extremely likely to counterbalance any selling by individual holders, and the appreciation in price of such issues may make it profitable for individual holders to retain their investments and pay the tax on the income. But bankers anticipate that the shorter term bonds, which are certainly destined to move toward par as their retirement impends, will be exchanged for longer term issues which possess better prospects for price profits.

Success Assured Government Refunding

Conditions now are such that any quarterly refinancing operation by the United States Treasury to transform a revolving short debt into a long one, will be attended with conspicuous success. Well informed financiers anticipate at least \$2,200,000,000 of government refunding before the end of 1930.

The bonds issued by the Joint Stock and Federal Land Banks also are growing in favor. These have the advantages of an active daily market and of being tax exempt in the hands of individual investors. Moreover, the purchaser is loaning his money toward the prosperity of the farmer who, when all is said, constitutes the biggest buying factor for those engaged in the production or sale of non-agricultural commodities. In other words, the

investor is helping to provide himself with a prosperous customer.

Foreign Competition Not Feared

The urge for the investor to help himself while he helps others is involved also in the purchase of state, county and municipal securities which are being moved in big volume. Much has been said recently of state waste and extravagance but there is small doubt that the standard of living has been raised, transportation revolutionized, costs of production in industry cut and public safety advanced through state, county and municipal improvements financed by bond issues.

A flow of foreign issues is trickling into American strong boxes. These offerings represent the fact that European and South American industries are getting solidly on their feet and preparing to expand profitably, rather than efforts of governments to provide for needs growing out of failures properly to balance their budgets.

Business executives do not view this revival of foreign competition with attendant cheap labor costs, with alarm. Mass production has laid firm hold on the business consciousness and imagination of the American people. Through it, they have stabilized many industries and placed them on a basis where they can pay high wages and still consistent, dependable margins of profit. It is owing to this development that the high grade preferred stocks have taken their important place in the investment list.

Present Profits Assure Returns

The preferred issues have not moved in sympathy with the speculative industrial common stocks. In addition to the fact that a cheap and plentiful money supply has made such issues popular, extremely satisfactory earnings were returned in high grade preferred stocks last year. There is as yet no indication that such earnings have shown any alarming decline.

The demand for real estate and building securities has been extraordinary. New capital going into real estate bond issues has aggregated almost as much as \$50,000,000 a month and while the housing needs are being filled, any big falling off in this type of investment is not in immediate prospect.

There are widely differing opinions expressed about the partial payment sale of commodities. But there seems to be agreement by bankers, business men and investors that part payment sale of investment securities is a splendid proposition.

For Something Worth While

The trend is strikingly expressed in the slogan being dinned into the thousands of employees of one of the big Chicago industrial concerns. It is: "Get yourself in debt—for something worth while." The chief requirement of every investor today is that the issue into which he puts his money must be worth while.

It is an old theory that Americans won't take advice but investment bankers do not always find it so. One of the feminine stars of the screen, whose salary, even with the usual moving picture discount, is phenomenal, sought her banker the other day, shimmering with jewels like a municipal Christmas tree. She asked his advice about an industrial issue.

"The salesman who put this up to me," she said, "talked mighty sensibly and seemed like a nice young fellow. Frankly, this looks like a million dollars to me. What do you think of it?"

"It looks good," said the banker, shading his eyes, "like some diamonds. But I'm afraid it has a flaw in it. Would you buy a flawed diamond?"

"Nobody could even give me a diamond with a flaw in it," answered the star. And most investors feel the same way about it.

CLOTHES & CLOTHES [Continued from page 67]

"Grounds for Divorce." In less than a month New York was filled with copies selling for from \$49.50 to \$150 depending on the quality of the material and the workmanship. Later that dress could be had for as little as \$19.50. In January of this year I saw in the rotogravure section of a New York paper, a picture of two girls who belong to what some are pleased to call the idle rich, skating at Lake Placid. They both had on the Ina Claire model. So you see women do not have to be dashing out every other month, as so many husbands to their sorrow have come to think they must, to get a complete new wardrobe after all.

TAKE the clothes that are being worn this spring, for instance. The newest things in coats are those that fit closely at the shoulder and hang from there with more fullness than we have had in the coat silhouette for years. This line will undoubtedly be repeated in the Fall models, so if you are buying a coat now for travel or resort wear, why not look ahead and get one that will be equally correct for autumn as well? If your figure and age make you feel a little unhappy in a coat that seems to have taken its inspiration from the artist's smock, get one whose fullness is more a matter of general circular cut than of actual width of material, and that can be wrapped around the figure with a diagonal line at the closing, a line, by the way, that is unfailingly becoming and gives the suggestion of slenderness.

The summer fashions are a thing of the past now, so far as news is concerned and the autumn mode is still a thing of the future. Of this, however, we can be sure: the silhouette will continue to be full of movement, narrow at the shoulders and flaring by some means to the hem line. But beware of the dress or coat that achieves this narrowness by skimpiness of cut across the shoulders and tightness of the sleeve across the upper arm. That effect never was chic and never will be and usually ends in burst seams at some inopportune moment. The length of clothes will vary with the individual model and the purpose for which it is intended, but one thing is certain, knees are no longer of sartorial interest and that is something to be thankful for. The feminine knees of the nation are not the objects of beauty that we were once led to believe, when it was considered ladylike never to mention them much less show them.

MANY harsh things have been said about the modern styles. Skirts are too short; skirts are too tight; closely bobbed heads are unfeminine. The uncorseted figure is unladylike. Perhaps, but the answer is that today women are more active, more intelligent and more healthy than they have ever been before. If a woman wants to look well today she can not be lazy. Short skirts demand well-shaped legs and nothing is so good for leg muscles as exercise.

The straight silhouette demands a slender figure. Well, except in unusual cases, a slender figure can always be had by taking a little thought. I know a woman who took great comfort in the fact that her measurements were exactly those of the Venus de Milo. She looked far from chic even in the most carefully considered versions of the present fashions. Still she was content just to sit around and be lazy, while all her friends walked and walked and only ate dessert once a week.

Then one horrid day she came upon a copy of "Women's Wear," the daily paper of the dress trade, and her unhappy eye chanced to light upon a full page advertisement—a drawing of the Venus de Milo with, written across the lady's chest in large bold script: "Venus was a Stylish Stout." Since then a great change has come into her mode of living.

What is back of all this pother about wo-

men's clothes and their importance in the general scheme of things? A great deal. In this country, for instance, an investment of approximately four hundred million dollars in the wholesale end of it alone. The next time that anyone scoffs at fashions and what is back of them, suggest that when they are in New York again they take a walk between the hours of twelve and one. Tell them to start at Times Square and go directly south down Seventh avenue, giving as they go some attention to the side streets. If they are able to get as far down as Thirtieth street by one o'clock, without the aid of a police motorcycle corps going in advance of them to clear the way in the manner of visiting royalty, it will dawn on them that there is more in this clothes business than always meets the eye.

The streets are full—not the sidewalks, the streets—of workers, men and women, who have come out of the towering buildings to get a breath of air and a bit of gossip with their friends before they go back to spend the rest of the day over their sewing machines. Taxicabs are hurling themselves through the crowds, at the urgent behest of mink-coated models, who have a date and intend to keep it, even if it lands the driver in the Traffic Court. If not a model then a designer or two going to lunch at Sherry's or the Ritz to see if they can pick up an idea for a new neckline. Here and there you see a man getting out of an obviously expensive car and telling his chauffeur to come back for him at five—a man who, in all probability, fifteen years ago was one of a group like those lunching earnestly from frankfurters and sauerkraut bought from the little stand at the corner. Today he owns the ground that not only the frankfurter stand occupies, but all the rest of a twenty-story building that houses not only his own wholesale business but those of fifty of his friends and enemies as well.

ACROSS the town the scene repeats itself. The section on the east side of Fifth avenue is the older one. Ten years ago it was the center. Then the war came and with it a tremendous expansion of the clothing industry. New firms started and were successful over night. The old firms grew and had to have more room. The unions demanded better working conditions. The Save-New-York campaign was begun—the Fifth Avenue Association, worried by encroachments on the sacred street, taking the lead in the movement that led to the zoning law and official restrictions on certain trades in certain sections. Something had to be done, and that something turned out to be a migration of more than half the wholesale houses across Fifth avenue to Seventh.

THE woman's clothing industry is controlled by men, but it is an industry dependent, in the last analysis, on women. Being controlled in the main by men of intelligence, it grants the fact that women have brains and so it makes use of them. Practically every house has one or two women who are well up in the organization either as designers or first aids to the owners. They go abroad for him and they help him in the selling of his product. Some of these women make as much as twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year. Some of them are partners in the concern and in some instances they are the concern.

All told, about one hundred and eighty thousand men and women are employed in this industry, or if you like exact figures, there were 170,097 in 1923, the last year the figures were computed.

If all this does not convince you that the business of what women are wearing and why they are wearing it is of importance, then there is really nothing more to be said on the subject.

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SHRINE NEWS *[Continued from page 66]*

Aleppo, Boston, put on a three ring circus for the benefit of 125 candidates for desert honors. Noble Tom Carter, aged only 85, led his orchestra. The Ceremonial was under the direction of Potentate W. W. Morrison, who has held that honor for eleven years.

Potentate George F. Eisenbrown, Rajah, Reading, arranged a dinner and dance at Reading for the members of the Lehigh Valley Shrine Club of Allentown. A special train took 130 guests to the dinner and entertainment. The visitors gave Potentate Eisenbrown a handsome vase which contained a rose from each member of the party.

Zuhrah, Minneapolis, held an indoor circus. Governor Christianson and Mayor Leach sold their quota of pop corn and the Temple's band furnished music. In spite of inclement weather, a street parade was given. Noble A. G. Bainbridge was chairman of the committee.

Surpassing any previous show put on by Islam, San Francisco, the performance of "Araby" was a tremendous success. More than 30,000 persons saw the spectacle. The cast included nearly 700.

Mahi, Miami, greeted Imperial Potentate and Mrs. Burger with the largest class ever put through the Temple. Over 200 candidates were admitted.

Egypt, Tampa, took possession of the State Fair and their parade and stunts boosted the attendance until it shattered all records.

Irem, Wilkes-Barre, held its first Memorial service under the supervision of the Potentate. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot made the Memorial address.

Tigris, Syracuse, owns the site of the proposed \$2,500,000 Masonic Temple which is to be erected in that city by the various Masonic bodies. Its auditorium will seat 4,000 persons.

Kalurah Legion of Honor, Binghamton, had as guest of honor at the first annual banquet Colonel James S. Boyer, former commander of the First Pioneer Infantry.

Ben Ali, Sacramento, presented a pageant. The proceeds will be used to advertise the Sacramento Valley at the Philadelphia Convention.

GOSSIP

The recent death of Rev. R. Perry Bush was felt as a personal loss by almost every member of Aleppo, Boston. He was 71 years old. He was Grand Chaplin of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, the Grand Council and the Grand Chapter. He was also Prelate of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, K. T.

Past Potentate Gerald D. Bliss and Recorder Richard G. Taylor, Abou Saad, Canal Zone, have been named by President Coolidge as members of the National Advisory Committee, Philadelphia Sesquicentennial Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Heaton, Montpelier, Vermont, observed their Golden Wedding Anniversary on March 27, 1926. Noble Heaton has the distinction of being the dean of all active Recorders. He has served Mount Sinai Temple continuously in that office since the institution of the Temple in 1876, except for one year when he was Potentate.

Mr. and Mrs. Heaton have spent all of their married life in Montpelier. Noble Heaton has been active in all Masonic bodies and is the oldest 33° Mason in Vermont.

When several Nobles of Afifi, Tacoma, left the United States for a tour of oriental countries, Scott J. Henderson was Potentate. At the January election, Judge William D. Askren was elected to succeed him. The result was cabled to the party in Japan and Noble Henderson immediately installed the officers who were in the party: Potentate William D. Askren, Recorder C. D. Sasher and High Priest and Prophet A. J. Swindle.

Shrinedom sustains a great loss through the death of Past Potentate Joel C. Clore, Syrian, Cincinnati. He was Past Grand Master of the state, had served as Commander-in-Chief of the S. R. and had been active in all Masonic bodies. Noble Clore was an attorney, banker, former postmaster of Cincinnati and vice-president of the Ohio Life Insurance Company.

Potentate William S. Hackett, Cyprus, Albany, died suddenly in Havana. His death was due to injuries received in an automobile accident. He was serving his third term as Mayor of the city.

GREAT WELCOME IN LONDON

Imperial Potentate Burger and Mrs. Burger arrived in London, Ont., from Rochester, where an official visit had been made. The Divan and Patrol acted as escort from depot to Masonic Temple, where the official welcome was extended. A banquet was served, thirty candidates initiated and the Band broadcasted a special program. About 1500 were in attendance.

RAPID FIRE REPARTEE

Kismet, Brooklyn, had an entertaining Ceremonial, at which Imperial Potentate Burger and Past Imperial Potentate Dykeman crossed mental swords to the great delight of the audience. Candidates numbered 83 and prominent visitors were out in strength.

PALESTINE GETTING GRAY HAIRS

Palestine, Providence, celebrated its fortieth anniversary by a gala Ceremonial, the outstanding feature of which was the testimonial to Imperial Chief Rabbun Clarence M. Dunbar. The Past Potentates did the ritualistic work.

TWO BROTHERS POTENTATING

Judge of the Supreme Court, William D. Askren is Potentate of Afifi, Tacoma, while his brother, T. M. Askren occupies the same position in Nile, Seattle. Nile Temple honored the Potentating brothers at a reception.

WILL MEET TO EAT

The Fresno, Cal., Shrine Club has organized a luncheon club, electing Noble Ben Tyre as president and L. G. Jeffery secretary-treasurer. Luncheons will be held every Friday at which some acceptable form of entertainment will be provided.

CEREMONIAL DATE CHANGED

Morocco, Jacksonville, had a ceremonial scheduled for March 4 and then learned that the Imperial Potentate would be in that city

on March 20. Immediately Potentate Edward J. Burke changed the date of the Ceremonial to March 20 and held a dance and social session on the 4th. The Ceremonial was put on in due and ancient form, the parade taking place at 6:30, followed by the reception of visitors at the Temple. Imperial Potentate Burger left a very happy impression on his hearers, the Band and Chanters tilted the roof several feet, and a large class of Novices found the hour a rather crowded one.

STRONG ON JAZZ

Almas, Washington, at its annual entertainment put on music by the Band and Glee Club, interpretations of the Charleston, songs and dances by the hill billies, monologues and athletic feats. Noble James C. Boyle was chairman of the committee and about 3000 were in attendance.

ONE GRAND MUDDLE

The press despatches regarding the Directors' meet at Lexington introduced some new temples to the Nobility, the reports mentioning Boomy, Za-Sig-Zag, Al Almin, and Waahmes.

AN IMPERIAL VISIT

El Riad, Sioux Falls, is making elaborate preparations for a visit of the Imperial Potentate, scheduled for May 5, at which time a ceremonial session will be held. It will be recalled by many that the exemplification of the work at the Imperial Council session was under direction of Past Potentate Charles D. Symms of this Temple and it is probable that he will be active in directing on this occasion.

MAKES A FLYING START

The first ceremonial under the direction of Potentate E. Edwin Mills, Medinah, Chicago, was patriotic to the last degree in all its spectacular features. It was also the occasion of several presentations to the new Potentate—one being from Past Potentate Charles Weinberger, Jerusalem, New Orleans, in the form of a large pineapple made of roses and the other from the men of South Water market, in the shape of a magnificent Shrine lapel button.

It was voted to take all the units to Philadelphia.

A class of 138 candidates furnished involuntary amusement.

SHRINE CLUBS

The Pasadena, Cal., Shrine Club attended the Mission Play at San Gabriel as a unit. Hereafter this will be an annual event. Between the acts an address on Father Junipero Serra, the empire builder, was given.

Albany District Shrine Club was host to some two thousand visiting Nobles, when Alee, Savannah, staged a Ceremonial at Albany. In the morning a reception was given to the guests. This was followed by a parade, which was headed by the band and patrol of Alee. A barbecue dinner was served at 3 o'clock and at this Imperial Potentate Burger was introduced to address the Temple.



Maskat Temple Male Quartet are now making records proceeds of which are devoted to charity, see page 66.

George Kelly Replies to Mr. Pollock's Attack on the Stage *[Continued from page 26]*

"Because," he answered, "it's true. Any play that is woven out of the woof of life will get a hearing. Because such a play gives us new insight, new understanding. Because a play that puts a certain kind of woman, say, under the microscope, enables us afterwards to recognize and understand such women better."

I remembered how, when I sat in the audience for "Craig's Wife," I had heard, a dozen times, as some deft line was spoken, women whisper, "Isn't that like Mrs. So-and-so!" Doubtless they understood Mrs. So-and-so better now, after seeing Mrs. Craig, just as everyone's appreciation of human contacts has been enriched by knowing Becky Sharp, or Mr. Pecksniff, or Hamlet.

"It is the women," Kelly commented, "who have made 'Craig's Wife' the success it is. They recognize Mrs. Craig for what she is; they appreciate her feline subtlety. No man ever would."

"But how about the ending?" I demanded. "How is it that theatergoers, supposedly so insistent upon happy endings, seem to be satisfied with this desolate conclusion?"

"Because it is inescapable," Kelly answered. "They realize that there is no other way. One by one I take up all the arguments for Craig's remaining in the house, and one by one they are destroyed. Finally Craig says: 'There's something in a man, Harriet, that I suppose is his essential manhood; and you insulted that last night. And I should be too embarrassed here, under your eye, knowing that you had no respect for that manhood. I should remember my lover's ardors' and enthusiasms for our future; and you bearing with me contemptuously for the sake of your future. I couldn't stand it.'

"No one is disturbed at seeing Craig go after that. It is the only thing he can do. People only want endings that are true. If there is a chance of a happy ending, they prefer it. They don't want tragedy forced just to make a dramatic conclusion. But their sense of the fitness of things need never be outraged."

"You said earlier," I reminded him, "that any play woven out of the woof of life would get a hearing. Yet surely there are plays which picture realities of life and yet fail?"

"Certainly," Kelly said. "Sometimes a play

that is very true fails because it deals with some subject that rather few people are interested in. Again, it may be 'out of the woof of life' and yet poorly woven.

"Vision is one thing; art is another. You may hear in your mind the most heavenly music, but until you set it down, note by note, so that other people can reproduce it and hear it themselves, they can't enjoy it. Art is the business of reconstructing each detail of a vision so perfectly that other people hail the vision with as much delight as you first did.

"You must not only put in all the details, but you must emphasize some and subordinate others. You must have focus. In 'Craig's Wife,' for example, two persons are murdered, and yet your attention never leaves Mrs. Craig. You are interested in the murders only because of their effect on her. And when, in the third act, the murders are suddenly dropped, no one misses them because the interest has been focused on Mrs. Craig all along."

With Kelly, the job of "focusing" a play does not end with the writing of the script. He is a director as well. An actress who had made a distinguished success in one of his plays later said:

"George Kelly gave me everything I did—every gesture, every inflection."

Nor is there anything academic in Kelly's direction of a cast. He himself began as an actor, and later appeared on the vaudeville stage in sketches of his own. It is as an old hand that he instructs his actors. A critic, reviewing one of Kelly's plays, wrote:

"We have never seen any of the cast perform so well before, and suppose that we never shall again."

It is unique, certainly, that a man so completely of the theater should, in building plays, discard the theatrical and find drama in the humdrum, commonplace life of the average home. It is important that having found this drama he has all the technique to make audiences say instinctively of his plays: "That's the way things are!"

That is why, in the knock-down, drag out struggle of the commercial theater, so far there has always been plenty of room for the plays of George Kelly, who can see, and describe, and focus.

QUEER STREET *[Continued from page 25]*

failed to ring true, the impression persisted that Palmer knew much better. "My notion is, hard work never yet hurt anybody who was really interested. Time enough to lay up and loaf when you've nothing better to do."

"But you can't possibly go on like this, day in and day out, without taking any exercise."

"Can't I?" The creature appeared to be more depressed by this counsel than hopeful of success in disputing it. There was a mulish streak in him notwithstanding. "I don't know," he demurred—"never could seem to get a great deal of nourishment out of these 'good long walks' people are forever prescribing. Going for a walk when you've got nowhere to go is too much like golf with the nineteenth hole padlocked, about as morbid a sport as anybody ever invented."

A MILD grin agreed that this was treading hard on sacrilege in an age whose devotion to sports clothes was so wholehearted. A smile answered whose subtlety was such that Palmer could hardly be blamed for taking it as entirely sympathetic. And feeling that this was indeed pleasant, to be able to gas about oneself ad lib. to an audience so quick on the uptake, he put an easy shoulder to the jamb of the door and

absently frisked himself for pipe and pouch, ready to do his part toward stringing out the entertainment. It is also rash, oftentimes, to reckon without one's guest.

The mind masked by that friendly countenance was just then remarking the livelier light that burned in those nice eyes of his and reflecting that the poor boy looked less tired out already, even to forget his precious book for this little was helping. Plainly his trouble was that he didn't know any more than a baby what was good for him. A conclusion from which Miss Wilding took off for one of those abrupt leaps in the dark which the feminine intelligence is all the time successfully making and the masculine makes seldom or never, and landed lightly but decidedly on ground of new discovery. It was all in a flash clear to her that she had here to do with a genius.

She couldn't very well be mistaken. He had all the advertised earmarks. To the last degree individual, unthrifty, impractical and wrongheaded, he was just the kind you read about, that never manages to make anything of itself unless taken care of by somebody of a naturally pragmatic turn, which is as much as to say, by a woman, the kind that requires to be guarded, fed and guided—not to mince the issue, mothered—so it may be free to ripen in its own way *[Continued on page 72]*

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QUEER STREET [Continued from page 71]

and yield to the world its unique treasures.

Not that Miss Wilding was or could be interested in taking any such contract, she had her hands full looking out for herself, thank you; but simply that she had found out what it was the poor slack soul needed, and was moved to reform her attitude lest it be unfair to him—had divined that his interest in his work was quaintly impersonal if all possessing, in no way put on, like rare plumage, to lend himself an uncommon charm; and of a sudden was looking on him no longer as a mere man among men but more as a rather interesting child lost in a wide forest—well, perhaps not so much lost as needing to be shown the way out.

Miss Wilding, however, hadn't been on her own so long without learning that you don't have to tell a man you think he's anything extra; not even nice men, if and when found. So those honest brown eyes of hers mirrored nothing of the change that was taking place behind them. She even permitted the minor strain he was putting on a stranger's patience to find an echo in her next remark:

"Well, of course! if you really think it's going to do your novel any good to let yourself get all run down, simply because you hate exercise—"

"I don't!" Palmer protested—"I'm all for it, as long as it doesn't bore me. I'm merely arguing it can't benefit a fellow a great deal to plod up and down lonely streets—"

"New York streets lonely?"

"They are when you're sure of never meeting a soul you know. If I had any friends here it might be different."

A shade of incredulity touched the girl's expression as lightly as a cat's paw flaws still water. "You don't mean to say . . ." She didn't go on because intuition told her he was speaking the simple truth. His case was much the same as hers, then, as lonesome and tedious. How strange that they should have found lodgings under the same roof, two friendless ones in a vast unfriendly city!

"Fact," she heard the young man pensively affirming. "Barring yourself, and Mrs. Fay, of course, and that animated relic who infests the parlor floor, I've hardly had a dozen words with anybody since I landed. You see, I came straight here from the boat which brought me home from China."

"Then New York is your home!" a voice of moderate bewilderment remonstrated.

"I was born here, but this is the first time I've been back in more than twenty years."

"Truly? Why, you couldn't have been anything but a little boy . . ."

"That's all I was; and that's why I say I can't lay claim to a friend in town. Oh, I don't doubt there are plenty of people who would remember my mother and father if you asked them to try; but I haven't any idea who they are or where to look for them. I don't mind telling you it makes a fellow feel a good bit like a ghost that's been given leave to do a job of private haunting and finds the old place nothing like it used to be and all the neighbors moved away." The conceit tickled its author; he had to pursue it. "It's so discouraging, that's what it is, to screech and clank your chains like fun and get no result but cold stares and somebody's advice to 'Be yourself!' I can't seem to get much kick out of haunting total strangers."

There was a pucker of thoughtfulness in the look that confessed her amusement. "I wonder do you mean there really is somebody in New York you perhaps ought to frighten, turning up unexpectedly like this . . ."

"What for?"

"To punish him for something, some wrong he did you, or your family, and thinks it's all forgotten now, twenty years buried."

"That's an idea." Palmer favored the lady on his threshold with a bright stare. "I never thought of it, but I shouldn't wonder if perhaps you're right. Many thanks."

"I don't understand," she laughed. What are you thanking me for?"

"For helping me with my plot. You'll see what I mean when we get a bit ahead with this story." Palmer nodded at his manuscript. "But of course, there's a catch in it, as far as I'm concerned: First thing I know I'll have to be paying you collaborator's terms instead of typist's."

"You're making fun of me. And anyway, I've got to get right back to my treadmill."

"Don't go!" Palmer pleaded as she turned away to the fourth flight of stairs. "I want to ask you a question: What price your devotion to the great outdoors? If you ask me, you need a walk as much as anybody."

"I can't spare the time today," Miss Wilding replied. Half-way up, however, she paused and looked back over the banisters. "But I tell you what I'll do. If you'll go walking by yourself this afternoon just because you need to, I'll try to make it possible to go with you tomorrow."

"That's a bargain," the young man called after her. "Mind you don't forget."

A WARM new memory went in with Mr. Palmer to his haunted chamber, a memory so strong and bright that those others, wanting whom his life of late would have known no social side whatever, seemed dim of a sudden, fugitive as wraiths that form and fade in pipe smoke, and as if conceding the folly of trying to vie with today in its keen carnation, ebbed swiftly all away and left him solitary—alone with his vision of a vivid young face smiling down over the stair-rail, a splash of vital color like an ember burning in the half-night of the hallway.

He found on his desk the cold pipe for which, all through his talk with Miss Wilding, he had been rummaging his garments, and as he sat down, shut his teeth upon its stem, but in an agreeable preoccupation forgot to find a match and light it.

A chuckle commented on the recollection of how viciously, if beneath his breath, he had welcomed the interruption which the knock had promised. Why! he felt better already. Not a bit of doubt about it, the girl was right, an hour or two off from the grind, a turn in the sunshine was the very medicine he needed to clear his head of cobwebs and keep his appetite for work in fettle. And here, right under his hand, he had the excuse he had stipulated for, to lift the curse of aimlessness from such an excursion, the excuse which she had supplied him unawares—the clean transcription of his latest stab at a short story. He had long since settled on the editor who was to reap the privilege of its first refusal by way of reward for having bought one or two of its predecessors. The walk to his office and back ought to be long enough, you'd think, to satisfy even that exacting young woman. If one looked sharp, one could easily run through the typescript for possible errors and still make delivery before the close of the business day. Somehow one didn't much fancy the prospect of abandoning a brainchild on an editorial doorstep overnight.

When Palmer turned the last page, he forgot to praise the saints for sending him a typist with a conscience and, what's more rare, respect for an author's sense of punctuation, forgot even that he had planned to make haste, and sat for some time struggling with a feeling of frustration, puzzled and disheartened—finding it all but inconceivable that he could ever have supposed anything of such lame invention, so lamely related, would be reckoned worth printing. Was this story all wrong? or was its author hypercritical? What had happened to make him all of a sudden so hard to please? The struggle to measure up to the higher standards which this later work had established? Quite possibly. He felt very much, he shouldn't wonder, as a playwright might

who, from seeing his play come to life upon a stage, turned to review some naive charade he had written in his childhood. At all events one thing was certain, the author of Queer Street took no pride in his kinship to the cobbler who had patched up this makeshift.

But he is a happy author who can afford to disown any of his offspring, however ill-conditioned. Palmer had voyaged half round the world on hopes into whose texture his chances of finding a quick market for this manuscript had been and still were too essentially woven. If it should fail him, his prospects were splendid of going hungry long before he saw the other end of Queer Street, wherever that might lead him.

Nothing for it, then, but to pocket one's pride and let on that one actually believed such truck ought to fetch a price—any price!

PALMER pocketed the typescript as well, or, rather, hid the thing in his guilty bosom, clapped on his hat before he could flounder into any blacker slough of misgivings—and found his luck fair enough at the outset to send him a small success. His strategy in overstepping two marked trends that would creak to any pressure in the lower staircase and then making a dash for it won him clear of the front door before the sleepless Mr. Machen could show his nose, and Palmer chose to rate this a happy omen as well as a triumph of low cunning. A tramp of two miles and more through the swelter of an afternoon which was brewing thunder sweated the kinks out of his sinews and most of the miasma of self-doubt out of his temper, too. By the time he came under the shadow of the ugly brick block which was his destination he was feeling considerably less like a coiner out to palm off his art on honest tradesmen.

Mayhew's, it appeared, was but one of a score of magazines published by a single house. Palmer had not suspected this till an elevator of elephantine habit consented to descend and receive him. Mayhew's was the sole publication of the string to which any odor of fair repute attached, the perfume of every other was as rank as that of the lobby—which reeked of printer's ink and folk who were thrifty with soap. Its solid concrete floor furthermore, shivered incessantly to the labors of the presses that growled and flopped about like great beasts chained somewhere in the bowels of the building. It was almost disconcerting to be delivered from such an approach to a highly upholstered reception room on the top floor, the habitat of a religious hush and a symbol of sexless efficiency—for all its cropped hair and liberal, fawn-colored legs—which crisply required the caller's name and the nature of his business with the editor of Mayhew's. When he mentioned a manuscript, the symbol took measures with a tired but knowing smile, put out a peremptory hand, and advised him that, whereas the hours of editorial audience were no more for the day, it, the epicure symbol, would see that Mr. Slaughter received his script the first thing in the morning.

Palmer made bold to demur. "You couldn't possibly send my name in to Mr. Slaughter?"

John Palmer—

A worn looking gentleman with harassed eyes in horn goggles, who was just then breaking through a door behind the symbol and heading for the elevator shaft, pulled up and leveled a truculent stare.

"You John Palmer?" accents of mysterious resentment demanded. "Thought you were in China. I'm Slaughter."

"I only got in the other day," Palmer responded, regaining some of his shaken confidence when he found the clasp of the editor's hand as cordial as his speech was brusque. "Good of you to remember me—"

"Nothing of the sort. That's what I'm hired for, to remember men who can write half-way decent stuff. See here"—Palmer's offer

to interrupt was overridden without ceremony—"I simply can't stick this hole for another minute. If you've got anything to say to me, come along. There's a dump down the street where the stuff they call beer almost tastes as if it was, a day like this."

"Thank you, I'll be glad," Palmer stammered—"if I'm not interfering—"

"Wouldn't ask you if you were." Mr. Slaughter all but shouldered his guest into the waiting elevator. He was by some inches the taller man, with rounded broad shoulders from which a well-cut coat hung in loose folds. He lounged heavily in a corner of the car, adding up the items of Palmer's appearance with an eye of old experience. "You picked out one mean season to try your luck in New York," he observed, arriving at a fairly accurate sum of the young man's social and financial condition. "But, of course, we all make the big jump the first minute we're able. I did myself, when I was green and hopeful. Got no right to pick on you for not knowing better."

The elevator stopped, the amazed author found himself being unmistakably hustled out into the heat and then a little beyond the tall façade of the printing establishment the two swung into the areaway of a dowdy brick structure that had once been a home for people of moderate means but today housed, by the sign above its stoop, a table d'hôte restaurant of the species Italian.

"Our pressmen come here for luncheon a lot," Slaughter planted a strong thumb on a button by the basement door. "And where pressmen feed, be sure you'll find beer. Anyway, we call it that and it packs a kick. Better than nothing."

A greasy tan smile materialized behind the iron grating, answered to the name Guiseppe, was informed that Mr. Slaughter had brought a parched friend, and instructed, as they hurried through the kitchen quarters to the back-yard, to produce two iced bottles presto and be prepared to serve two more on demand.

In the back-yard, which had been planted with as many tables as it would contain, all at the between-meal hour in uninviting undress, Slaughter fell heavily into a chair, puffed and rolled his eyes, ripped his waistcoat open, and pushed back a tortured Panama from an intelligent forehead, which he proceeded feverishly to mop.

"It's a good place to know," he declared with that quaint, almost proprietorial pride which Americans have learned to take in their pet speakeasies. "They know you now, you won't have any trouble getting in any time you feel a thirst backing up."

Tall black bottles filmed with dew were placed between them. Slaughter nodded "Here's how!" over his glass and downed its contents at one pull. "That's better," he huskily professed, and filled and drank again. Then observing that his guest was less greedy, "How about it?" he enquired, acutely solicitous. "Tastes pretty good?"

"Well," Palmer felt driven to confess, "Something like chilled ink."

Slaughter frowned and took a third swig more slowly, to make sure. "So it does, sort of," he was grieved to admit. "Still"—he put a brave face on a dismal matter—"beer's my story and I'm going to stick to it. What about yours?"

"Eh?" Palmer jerked out, startled by the first gleam of humor which the horn goggles had as yet released. "Afraid I don't quite—"

"What about your story? Got one concealed about your person, haven't you? Must have one—you couldn't be so mad as to come out in this heat to pay me a purely formal call."

"Oh that—to be sure," Palmer unboomed. The editor unfolded the manuscript, wrinkled his nose over the title, and with the callousness of a lapidary handling a rough diamond slipped it into one of his coat pockets. "Try to get round to it tomorrow, but won't promise. I want to be fair to you, Mr. Palmer, and if I have the headache I hope to in the morning

I couldn't be. If you don't hear from me inside of three days, you might give me a ring. In the meantime I don't suppose you mind talking other business?"

"I don't quite know," Palmer blankly stammered. "What other business?"

"Why, I'm assuming you could do with a little easy money."

"I'd try hard to," Palmer laughed, but not easily. He wasn't drinking the stuff in front of him, he found the inky taste altogether loathsome; but even without artificial encouragement he felt a trifle giddy. If his ears and understanding were playing fair, this surprising person was about to offer him some sort of a job—life was moving at a faster pace than he had been prepared for. "You mean, I might write something . . ."

"If you've got the guts and can stand the gaff," Slaughter solemnly declared, "I can put you in the way of picking up a hundred a week, maybe something more."

"But what makes you think I . . ."

"I've bought two or three of your stories, haven't I? Well, I didn't buy them without taking the trouble to read them. You write plain English and handle action as if you weren't ashamed of it. That's half the bill filled, to begin with. The rest all depends on your inventiveness and whether or not you're willing to work like a nigger."

"I don't mind work," Palmer protested; "but I'm afraid you'll have to be a trifle more explicit. You see, I've been in New York only a few days, I don't pretend to know my way about yet."

"That's why we're here," Slaughter ambiguously commented, and barked for Guiseppe. "You're not drinking. Maybe you'd like a flagon of dago red better."

"I'd as lief not, if you don't mind. I haven't been too well, recently, and my head for liquor isn't all it ought to be."

"Nobody's is." Losing patience with Guiseppe, Slaughter helped himself from his guest's neglected bottle. "But about this business: It's all a question of whether you can turn out thirty thousand words a week."

"Good Lord!" Palmer gasped—"that's a bit over the odds, isn't it?"

"It's no trick if you know how to do it. We've got a dozen on our staff . . . There's old George Purcell for a shining example, he's been doing it more years than I've lived in New York; and I was young as yourself when I came to the great city to make my fortune, and twice as trusting. George goes to his desk at ten every morning, gets up from it at four in the afternoon, turns in his thirty thousand every Saturday like clockwork, drags down his three hundred iron dollars, and never goes to bed sober. And the rest are like unto him, only not so well paid. There's room in the organization just now for three more such men. You'll start at a hundred and make more if your stuff catches on. As soon as I sized you up, I said to myself it wouldn't be fair not to offer you the chance."

"I'm much obliged," Palmer faltered—"I'm sure. But what am I expected to write at that rate?"

"Reading matter," Slaughter replied without a smile—"the sort of stuff people want to read who will buy magazines with titles like ours at ten cents a dose. It doesn't call for much construction or likeness to life or careful writing—all it needs is to move along with a certain swing. Oh, don't ask me to describe it; lay in an armful of our line at any newsstand on your way home and find out for yourself. Then if you think you want to try a turn at it, come in and we'll get down to cases."

HE WAVED an airy hand, as who should say, "That's that!" and broached his third bottle. After a moment, however, he grew sensitive to Palmer's silence and looked up from a refilled glass. "Well?" he enquired with an expression hard to read—"what do you think?"

"I think it's awfully [Continued on page 74]"

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The Story of the Convention

See the July issue of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

QUEER STREET [Continued from page 73]

white of you," Palmer stumbled—"and all that. But I'm afraid as far as I'm concerned, it's no go."

Slaughter's face was more than ever illegible. "Why not? It's good money."

"I know, but I'm not at all sure I could earn it."

"Nothing like trying."

"And I'm rather tied down, at the moment, to another piece of work."

"Speculative? or contract stuff?"

"Oh, entirely off my own bat. But I like the thing, and I've got a wild notion it may stand a chance if it holds up as well as I believe it's going just now. I hardly think I could drop it, even if I wanted to, it's taken such a hold on my imagination."

"Then I'm to understand you decline to have anything to do with my offer?"

A wide mouth, which when open gashed a lantern jawed countenance and lent Slaughter a curious resemblance to a frog, shut with a snap. And Palmer gave a helpless nod.

"I'm afraid I've got to. I don't like to risk offending you, Mr. Slaughter, but—"

"Say no more!" A large-boned hand smote the table a slap which made the bottle jump and brought Guiseppe out on the run. "Thank God that's settled. Now I can talk to you like an honest man. Guiseppe: Mr. Palmer can't go this filthy stuff and I've had about all I can stand, too. What have you got in the cellar that's fit for a Christian to drink? . . . I don't care what you call it. Bring us a bottle and two reasonably clean glasses, and if it isn't drinkable I'll complain to the cop on the corner."

An odd, dry crow saluted the bewilderment that sat on Palmer's countenance like a cloud. "No, my boy: I'm not crazy with the heat, I'm just relieved. I've done my duty by the people who employ me—they call me editor of Mayhew's and so I am, but that's only a mask for my real office which is to procure innocent young writers for their rotten magazines—I've done my dirty best to seduce you, as I say; but your good angel or innate nobility or something has saved you and set my hellish designs at naught, and my conscience is spared another big black stain. It always makes me feel good when somebody slips through my snares, because I too was a beginning author once, with a talent that might have amounted to something if I hadn't met the editor of Mayhew's and picked up the knack of writing thirty thousand words a week. Now let me give you some fatherly advice—God knows I've earned the right to!"

He whipped the manuscript out of his pocket and pressed it back into Palmer's hands. "Don't leave this with me. If it's good enough to print in Mayhew's, it's good enough to sell somewhere else and fetch at least three times the best price I could pay you. Try it on Beacon of the Knickerbocker, why don't you? I'll give you a card to him; not that that will make him buy it, unless it's what he needs and fit to print. And if you've really got a novel going that you believe in, don't let anything, least of all need of money, influence you to lay off it before the last line's written—and written right—not if you have to starve a little to do it. That's a fool's advice, the best you'll ever get—for only the fool knows the bitterness in which he eats the bread of folly. And one thing more—you owe me something."

THE editor brimmed two long stemmed glasses from a bottle which Guiseppe had just succeeded in uncorking with a most promising pop. One of these he tenderly placed in Palmer's fingers. The other he poised as one might who was about to propose a toast. "You owe me something, young feller, m'lud, so promise me this: Never let your pen set down a word in malice about post-Volstead beer."

It was a little too late, when Palmer did eventually contrive to break away from Mr. Slaughter to go home without stopping in somewhere for dinner; but the frugal fare his means permitted and the atmosphere in which he was obliged to consume it didn't encourage him to dawdle. He used his latchkey in good season to surprise Mrs. Fay in the act of col-leagu-ing with her star lodger over the last delivery of mail for the day.

Standing beneath the anaemic gas jet which burned by night in the entrance hall, the two had their heads together for all the world, Palmer thought, like a couple of witches hobnobbing; a notion that borrowed some color from Machen's shabby old dressing gown and the ragged white locks which fringed his baldness. When the young man, who in the hope of cheating Machen twice in the same day, had mounted the stoop as quietly as might be, entered to them without any warning, they started apart with an effect of guilt which would have done credit to any brace of conspirators. More accurately, it was Mrs. Fay who did most of the starting apart; Mr. Machen seemed to have his nerves in firmer hand and, though he did flash at first too much of the whites of his eyes, was ready enough with a confidential smirk which alleged that Palmer's mind and his were one—that there wasn't any reason on earth why the landlady shouldn't have stopped before his door to sort out his letters.

But then, if you asked her, neither was Mrs. Fay lacking in tact. "Well, g'devening, Mr. Palmer!" she vivaciously rallied. "I do declare, if you ain't the one to keep turnin' up whenever a person lays her tongue to your name!"

"Indeed? And again?" Palmer returned Machen's salute. "And what were you finding to say about me this time?—if it's a fair question?"

"Oh, I was only passin' a remark to Mr. Machen"—the sardonic light of that gentleman's countenance might have saved her but Mrs. Fay was too pleased with her cleverness to heed it—"I was just sayin' what a terrible lot these editors must think of you, the way they keep writin' you such dreadful long letters."

"Oh?" Palmer was naturally indisposed to believe anybody could be so simple-minded and remain at large. The lady's complacency, however, ran into a giggle inane enough to persuade almost any skeptic. Not that it mattered. He preserved a face of unbroken sobriety while Mrs. Fay shuffled two envelopes into his hands—long envelopes, fat with rejected addresses. "And what did Mr. Machen find to say to that?"

"You came in too soon, sir," Mr. Machen answered for himself—"before I had time to disabuse the poor creature's mind." The said poor creature gave a founce, preened, and wasted a glare on Mr. Machen, who had attention only for Mr. Palmer. "The fortunes of war, my boy!" he was cheerily pursuing. "I wonder if you realize how greatly you are to be envied . . ."

"I don't," Palmer returned in a stare—"if you want to know. May I ask, what for?"

"The resilient spirit of youth which enables you to make little of these minor defeats and keep your head up and your gaze fixed on the high destiny which waits in the future."

"Does it, though?" Palmer spoke without bitterness but half in abstraction, tugged this way by desire to ask the old bird why he so frequently preferred to talk like a book and that way by an insane temptation to charge on Mrs. Fay, who was blocking the way, trample her down on the tiles, and take the stairs on high; a programme not without its points, if perhaps unpardonably rude . . . "I'd be glad to feel as sure of that as you seem to be."

Machen planted a detaining claw on his sleeve. "Do you seriously doubt it?" he queried, incorrigibly playful. "I warrant you

do not, sir, or you would hardly have the courage to undertake any task so formidable as the one you have afoot." He pronounced a not unkindly aside—"That will be all for tonight, Mrs. Fay!"—without offering to unhand his prey. "But tell me, Mr. Palmer: how goes the great enterprise?"

"Hard to say, at this stage," Palmer fenced, wondering dumbly whether Heaven would take pity on him if he should roll up to it long-suffering eyes. "I've got a start, but that's all—shouldn't care to claim anything for it till the plot begins to jell."

"And you have not yet"—with a wag of a commiserative head—"any premonition that the happy event is at hand?"

"Not any, I'm afraid."

"Too bad!"—words more sighed than spoken, a betrayal, or one's ears wanted tuning of some personal feeling in the matter that wasn't much less than downright disappointment. And when Palmer looked up in surprise and marked his regard before Machen could hood it, it held an odd glitter which, if it didn't spell anxiety, was—well! as inexplicable as it would be if it did. What the devil! it wasn't his investment of time and thought and labor . . . "I had hoped for a happier report."

"Give a chap time," Palmer shortly stipulated. "Something else for me, Mrs. Fay?"

For it appeared that the hint hadn't been broad enough; or perhaps the landlady was too well weathered to them to be put off by Mr. Machen's funny ways.

"It's for Miss Wilding," she said presenting another letter with a fearful simper. "It's the only one for upstairs, and I was wonderin' if maybe you wouldn't mind savin' me the climb."

"Glad to," Palmer's beaming gratitude all but bowed the old girl over. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Machen?" He insisted on freeing his sleeve. "I left all the cast locked up in my room, you know; it isn't right to keep it waitin'."

PERTINACIOUS baying pursued him but he closed his ears to its tenor. Open flight might seem ungracious, but heroic measures seldom take much account of the amenities; and in this instance he felt that heroic measures were demanded. If he had consented to be further detained, the chances were his irritation would have found some even more impatient expression. It was a damned nuisance, this business of being able to go in and out only at peril of a hold up and heckling.

He supposed—trying to be generous—it was only natural; the aged couldn't help their efforts to cut into the younger generation's rubber, to pretend the game couldn't be won by the rules unless they played a hand in it. All the same, and the interest he asserted in Queer Street notwithstanding, this Machen person stood proved a ghastly Pest. Means of discouraging him, gently if possible, firmly in any event, would have to be hit on, or one would simply have to move, and one simply couldn't move with Queer Street unfinished. Impossible to imagine trying to complete Queer Street in any other than this very own environment. For here the story was in a sense writing itself, coming to life under the author's hand as though it had to, as though in obedience to some unknown law that decreed creation; as though some discarnate and nameless power, the living spirit of the past, it might be, were using Palmer as its medium of expression, much as he on his part was wont to use his pen. Curious, that; curious, how he never felt alone while at work on this story, and never found himself at any loss for insight into old moods and modes which, one would think, must have been beyond the grasp of the child whose memories were all John Palmer's inspiration.

The reverie proved so absorbing that Palmer had let himself into his room and lighted the gas before he remembered the girl's letter.

Even then it was the drumming of her type-writer above that reminded him, not the letter itself which he had thoughtlessly tossed on the bed together with the envelopes that held his misprized manuscripts. It carried the return address of a firm of public stenographers on Broadway and was superscribed to Miss May Wilding. He made an approving note of the first name; May somehow seemed peculiarly to suit the young woman.

She was looking thoroughly tired out when she came to her door, so wan and sleepy that Palmer once more forgot the letter.

"I say!" he remonstrated—"you haven't been going it without any rest ever since—!"

But she had, her heavy nod and smile confessed it. "Is it so late?" she asked with some of the diffidence of a child that knows it has stayed up 'way past bedtime.

"Not so very. I suppose you didn't even go out for dinner?"

"I did have a bite," she insisted—"up here. You see, I wanted to get this commercial stuff all out of the way, so I could start on your story tomorrow—"

"But there's no reason why you should, my work isn't a rush order—it will be weeks, I'm afraid, before it can matter whether it's type-written or not. And anyway, you've got your health to consider—"

She was laughing at him; which made the young man mindful of his lack of jurisdiction. "Well!" he grudgingly laughed—"You had the cheek to nag me about taking exercise. I don't see why turn about isn't fair play."

"Neither do I—but it is funny! Two grown people and with not enough between us to come in out of the rain!" Then her mirth began to flag, she was so weary. "But I'm glad you minded me, Mr. Palmer; you look better for listening to a little common sense, already. And I'm glad you came up, too"—here Palmer remembered his errand, but the girl hadn't finished—"because I wanted to speak to you about something. I don't suppose you want anybody else to know about your story, do you? I mean, until it's all written."

"Why, no," he replied, puzzled. "What makes you ask?"

"I just thought I ought to tell you"—the girl gave her voice a guarded pitch—"Mrs. Fay is such a nosy old body."

"Even I, and in the short time I've been here, have observed symptoms . . ."

"Well: this afternoon—she must have been listening while we were talking down by your door, I can't think of any other way she could have found out about your giving me your novel to type; because after you'd gone out, she made an excuse to come up here—to borrow a few sheets of typewriter paper to write a letter on—she's too stingy to buy notepaper of her own. And the minute my back was turned, she pounced on your manuscript and started reading it. I had to take it away from her almost by main strength; and that made her frightfully cross. She said you'd been talking to Mr. Machen about it, and now you'd given it to me to copy, and she didn't see why I had to act as if it was some state secret. So I thought I ought to warn you; if you don't want her poking her nose into it, you'd better lock the manuscript up in something every time you go out. And I will, too, whenever I've got any of it up here uncopied."

"I'll not forget," Palmer promised. "And I'm tremendously obliged to you. It's a fact, those two do seem to take a great deal of gratuitous interest in me and my affairs, I can't quite understand why."

"They haven't got anything else to do, of course." After an instant of hesitation the girl added: "Why do you speak of them as 'those two,' Mr. Palmer?"

"The Fay lady and Old Mortality? No special reason, more than that I've happened to catch them in heavy conference, once or twice, at Machen's door."

"I was wondering," the girl uncertainly explained, "if you'd noticed anything . . ."

"As for instance—?"

"Oh, I don't know; I expect I just imagine things. Only, they're so queer, both of them; I can't believe he's quite right in the head, the way he keeps snooping on everybody, and Mrs. Fay drinks on the sly—"

"Really?"

"Oh, they all do, the women who run houses like this—poor old things, I suppose it's all the comfort they can get out of life, really. And then," the girl took up her broken thread, "they seem so awfully thick with each other."

"Now that you remind me," Palmer said, with a slight frown for his memory of the guilty countenances which his untimely return had discovered to him, not ten minutes since—"they do, rather. What do you make of it?"

"To tell the truth, nothing. It's just living like this, I guess, that makes you suspicious of everybody. I was only wondering . . ."

"Daresay you're wondering what I'm doing up here at this time o' night," Palmer said in a seizure of self-consciousness. "But I've got a bullet-proof excuse. Mrs. Fay asked me to give you this letter."

"Oh!"

He didn't altogether like the key in which that exclamation popped; there was a trace too much of apprehensiveness in it, just as there was too marked a shade of hesitation in the girl's manner when she accepted the letter. But whatever it was that she stood in dread of, she wasn't the sort to make any bid for sympathy on the slight strength of their acquaintance. She uttered a quiet "Thank you!" blinked a little and shielded a yawn. "Goodness! I didn't know I was so sleepy . . ."

"Well: now you do know it, I hope you'll take the cue kindly. I'm going to take mine this minute. Good night, Miss Wilding. Please don't try to do any more work. And remember your promise about tomorrow."

FOR HIMSELF, Palmer had no thought of turning in much before daybreak. He didn't regret having stolen so much time from his desk, but had no intention of resting before making it up to the novel.

But the pen he took up with so much determination proved to be of an unaccountably intractable temper; and the dreams he invoked to charm and guide it for once were cool to his wooing and far too tenuous for capture.

After an hour or so of such wasted efforts, he missed, in a lull, the murmur of his neighbor's typewriter; and was at once aware that it had been silent ever since his return from her door. For a moment he was flattered to think she had been influenced by his advice. But then he recalled the emotion she had tried to dissemble on accepting the letter. Had it, then, brought bad news which she had been living in dread of? Had receipt of it simply keeled the poor child over and left her unfit to go on typing?

Not a sound through the ceiling to give him a clue to the riddle . . . But then no sound did ever come through other than that mechanical mutter. And in all likelihood the explanation was just what it ought to be; the girl had been sensible enough to go right to bed, had been sound asleep for upwards of an hour.

Some time after midnight he concluded there was nothing for it but to own himself defeated. When Nature said No! to an author, evidently the old lady meant it. He turned to his bed, but on finding the misprized manuscripts resting on the coverlet went back to his desk and enclosed each in a new envelope addressed to a new port of call and then, seeing that every day they spent at home postponed that long possible acceptance, he found his hat and sallied out to post them.

The house was as still at that hour as the tomb of Mrs. Fay's figure, and its hallways dark but for the gas jets that burned on the landings, turned down until they were a little better than spectral blue glimmers. Palmer had yet to set foot on the stairs when the echoing crash of the front door shattered up from below, and then a rumor of voices, from which he found it easy [Continued on page 76]



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Name

Present Position

Address

Samuel
Hopkins
Adams

discusses the annual
vacation in the July
issue of

THE
SHRINE
MAGAZINE

QUEER STREET [Continued from page 75]

to disengage the clear accents of May Wilding. The other's, by its booming, would be Machen's. Did the old nuisance make it his practise to stay up, then, till everybody in the house had come home? and, if so, why? Was it possible he had something clawing at his conscience, that he was so wary of every stir in the house?

For that matter, even though her affairs were none conceivably his, Palmer couldn't help wondering what emergency had taken the girl abroad when what she had needed was rest and nothing else, and kept her out so late. Of one thing he was certain: she hadn't been dreaming of leaving the house when he had delivered that confounded letter.

HE WAS nevertheless loath to give her reason to think he had any such instinct as Machen's for prying; and when he heard her bid that one a brusque good night and start up the stairs, retreated and waited behind a closed door till she had pattered past it and gone on up to her room.

And then again, when he made to descend, he heard a clash of voices in the lower hallway. This time they were unmistakably quarrelsome, Mrs. Fay's shrill with anger alternately drowned down by and rising above Machen's heavier reverberations. They seemed bent each on talking the other down, and Palmer had arrived on the first floor landing before he

could make out anything that either was saying. Then he pulled up, not by any wish of his to be an eavesdropper but thinking to let 'those two' have their spat out in ignorance of the fact that they had a gallery—without, what was more important to Palmer, his running any risk of being drawn into it.

If he had been wanting any confirmation of what he had that evening heard concerning Mrs. Fay's weakness, he now received it. The lady's speech was indisputably fuzzy, if perhaps to Machen's taste not half fuzzy enough. He was heard commanding her to hold her tongue, or at least to muffle its clamor, and might as well have been ordering the four winds to cease from raving.

"I don't care if the whole dam house hearsh me!" she too articulately retorted—"don't care if everybody knowsh I'm wise to your carryin' onsh. Oncesh and f'rall I give you fair warnin': quit stickin' round that door allatime, waitin' for a chansh to start sompin with that top-floor hussy!"

"Be quiet, I tell you!" Machen thundered. "Get back to your bed, woman—"

"Like hell I will, and I jush wanna see you try to make me! I gotta perfec' ri' to beef—and lines to prove it! 'Tain't 'sif y'ever treated me like a honest—"

A smart smack, by the ring of it, smote the rest from her lips. And involuntarily Palmer started down the stairs to save her further

punishment. Vicious old virago though she might be, standing with idle hands when another man struck a woman wasn't possible if you were John Palmer. At that, he judged her amply able to fend for herself, as he heard her come back raging:

"Tha's the las' time you'll ever hit me, y'old devil, and keep your health!"

One of the treads which Palmer had forgotten loudly advertised his approach. He commanded at that instant a full view of the woman, who was performing a species of waltz on Machen's threshold. Machen himself was not visible. Palmer, in fact, saw nothing of the man but one arm which, as the stairs creaked, shot out, whipped expertly round the landlady's shoulders and, before she could offer the least resistance, literally snatched her off her feet and through the drawing-room doorway. A slam muffled her howls of fury. Nor could one doubt but that Machen was prompt to clap a palm over her mouth. For the rest was silence.

[To be continued]

[In the next instalment of "Queer Street" John Palmer discovers that all the mystery and queeriness of the old house is not laid in the past.]

THE SUNDAY LADY [Continued from page 11]

curiosity, her gaze taking in the plain, tailored clothing, the daintily shod feet.

"Cose I heerd about yer. Ain't nobody ain't never heerd about the Sunday Lady in these parts, I reckon."

"You know," said Martha, "I just opened a new school-house over there at the foot of the hill. Only about four miles. I was wondering if you wouldn't let several of the children come. Just the oldest ones, of course."

"None of these ain't the oldest," remarked the woman. "Th' three oldest uns is out workin' yander wid that paw. I got me twelve in my gang."

Martha smiled. "Of course you want your boys to learn to read and write before they grow up."

"Larnin' ez a good thing," the woman admitted it. "We-uns ain't none of us got us none, me an' paw. But lots of times I wisht we did . . . Wal, ma'am, I allow as I'm willin' ef Paw ez. But I don't reck'n we kin stand ter pay out fer more'n one."

"Why there's nothing to pay out," said Martha. "It won't cost anything."

The woman's face suddenly hardened. Her chin went up.

"Then our boys can't go, ma'am. We're white."

"Jes' th' same," the woman persisted, "yer ain't no city and yer ain't no county and yer don't take no taxes off we-uns. My boys can't go, ma'am."

MARTHA was silent. It was not the first time she had struck a lofty pride among these poverty-stricken people. Long forgotten and untraced were their ancestors but their pride spoke for them the language of refinement, culture and even aristocracy which their unschooled lips could not answer.

An idea flashed in her mind, as she faced the defiant mother.

"I understand how you feel about it," she declared. "Send several of your boys down to the school and instead of paying me money, I'll give them work to do at the school every day. There's lots to be done. Wood to be carried in, the fire to be made and a lot of work. Do you see? They'll be earning their education?"

She paused, scarcely breathing, while she waited for the woman's decision. At length, the woman looked up.

"Wal, maybe it would be aw right, thataway. 'Stead of payin' yer, they works fer the school. 'Stead of yer payin' them, yer give 'em larnin'. That sounds right enough."

The solution of this problem opened a way to a plan which had been in her mind for a long time but which, until now, she had little hope of ever carrying out.

She went to the Judge, her father's friend and her legal adviser. She explained to him that her four day-schools and four Sunday-schools were running successfully.

"I know they're doing good, but I'm not satisfied. They're not doing enough good. It's very difficult to keep the children in school long enough. For a time they come daily, then they drop out, without a word of explanation. I've learned why that is. In the first place, no matter where I place the schools, they are at a considerable distance from the homes of most of the children. It's a real hardship for them to walk back and forth every day and very soon they give it up. Then the parents decide that they'd rather keep the children home to work. So I'm constantly losing them, just as they're getting a little start."

The Judge nodded.

"Frankly, Martha, some time ago, I was requested to come to you and try to persuade you to give up this thing. I refused. I said to let you have your fling at it. Others have tried it and failed. I said you would fail, too, simply because it is an impossible task. But I wanted you to learn that for yourself."

As he stopped the girl looked at him, smiling.

"Judge, I hate to disappoint you. But the truth is that, instead of giving it up as a hopeless job, I'm just getting warmed up to my work."

"Well." The Judge drew a long breath. "Now what?"

"I've told you what is wrong with my schools. Now I'm going to change those schools so that the faults no longer will exist. If the children have too far to walk, if our efforts are defeated by home environment, we must board the pupils."

"How can you board a few hundred children?"

"I can't. I can't hope to board even a hundred, although I hope to some day. I'll begin with a dozen."

SHE explained her plan. She would deed the woodland, the share of her father's estate which she had inherited, to the Berry Schools. She would use her little money to build a ten room dormitory near the school-house. Then when her dozen boys arrived, they would do the work on the place. They would receive practical as well as theoretical knowledge.

The Judge paced up and down his narrow office. He stopped at the window and looked out upon the tree-lined main street of Rome.

"Martha," he said gently, "I'll have the papers on this ready for you in a few days. I can't say I approve of it, because I don't, but if it can possibly be done, I believe you will do it."

At length the dormitory was completed. It was a two story frame building of ten rooms, white with green shutters and a shingled roof.

The problem of furnishing it was a grave one. She secured dry goods packing boxes and called them desks and bureaus. She ransacked the attic of her home for broken chairs, cots and bedding.

Then she found twelve boys who agreed and whose parents reluctantly consented for them to come and live at the school. The day before they were to arrive, she made a tour of inspection with Elizabeth Brewster. A teacher had been hired to take charge of the day school at Possum Trot and Elizabeth was to help Martha at the dormitory.

"Do you know what I'm going to call this first dormitory?" asked Martha.

"The Palace of Odds and Ends?" suggested Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth. That remark is almost profane. I'll name this dormitory for the only person who has unflinchingly stood by me and never tried to discourage me. This is Brewster Hall."

[In the July issue Mr. Goldman tells how Martha Berry actually begged for money to continue her schools.]

EXPLORING THE NEW EUROPE

[Continued from page 19]

planes zigzag twenty-four hours a day all over Europe. There are astonishingly few accidents. From Paris or London you can hire a taxiplane to take you anywhere in Europe on two hours notice. In Germany alone, today, there are twenty-six distinct commercial aviation companies and routes.

It is in England, perhaps, more than any other European country, where the American abroad will be most surprised. He is likely to assume that the English most closely resemble us among European nationalities. Well, he is quite wrong. He will find that the English speak even the language with an accent. In fact, they speak English.

The attitude towards Americans is quite different in London from the continent. In Paris, for instance, during the summer tourist season, the town opens wide up for visiting Americans, chants American glories to the sky, and becomes itself almost as American as pumpkin pie, or a chain drug store.

Thus when the American abroad makes up his mind what he is going to think about Europe, there is a good deal which must enter the matter that is not at first ordinarily considered. I do not even mention such items as the art museums, the historical associations, the delightful scenery—which goes so far toward making any American in Europe happy.

SO MUCH, then for what the American thinks of Europe. And what then, on the other hand, does Europe think of America?

It's a rather different story, and one, perhaps, in some aspects, not so flattering to Americans.

The most astonishing thing in the European attitude toward Americans is ignorance.

It takes a long time for an American in Europe to realize that Europeans know almost nothing about us—geographically or politically or even, when it comes to fundamentals, financially—and perhaps they care less.

But it should not be thought that this ignorance is anything deliberate or perverse. Indeed, quite the contrary is true. Most intelligent Europeans are eager to know as much about America as they can find. But America is no frantic obsession with them. They are reasonably willing to let well enough alone.

The news which filters through the European newspapers about America is of the strangest kind imaginable. It is perhaps the real reason for the pervasive European ignorance of things American. In most newspaper offices in Europe, America is considered "the country where anything may happen." Therefore European editors play up that sort of news which portrays America as a fantastic, grotesque, sprawling nation almost exclusively inhabited by fanatics, fundamentalists, football players, international idealists, bootleggers, morons.

THE Europeans, then, get most of their news about America from their newspapers—just as Americans get most of their news about anything from the newspapers—or the radio. But it happens also that Europeans have a chance at first hand observation. It is well known that Americans occasionally have been seen to take short trips to Europe in the summer time. But Americans are known as tourists.

Again I think of an episode.

It took place in Rome. It was a hot summer night, a couple of years ago. Of all American misconceptions about Europe, the one about Rome is especially amusing. It is generally thought that Rome is a great imperial city, dowered with the heritage of centuries of empire. In reality it is nothing of the kind. It is a rather squalid, overgrown village. You can walk across it in thirty-five minutes. In

all of Rome there must be at least twenty taxicabs. To go on, however that may be, there is in Rome one monument as lovely, probably, as any architectural remain in the world. It is not only a magnificent shadow of the past, but also a Christian landmark of the highest and most reverent significance. I mean the Coliseum.

The Coliseum is beautiful any time, but particularly so in moonlight. And during that week I wandered several times to watch the soft light play tricks with the shadows in the old arena. One night a party of Americans came too. They were tourists in charge of a guide. They took one look at the ancient structure. Then straightway the guide recalled to their attention and memory the history of the place. And so one half the party pretended that they were lions; crossed the arena, and set up an infernal and outlandish bellowing. The other half pretended they were Christians, about to be devoured by the ravening lions; and they began an equally infernal and outlandish yowling. In the end the two sides joined together—and sang American jazz songs.

Now, there is no objection to all of this. It is a good American thing to do. The only point I wish to make is that the Europeans don't like it. That scene was in all the morning papers. Innocent as it was, it became something of a scandal. And it is typical of many of the perhaps tactless ways wherewith Americans demonstrate their honest enjoyment of European scenes and institutions. But the Europeans don't altogether appreciate it. They think it shows two things—irreverence and childishness.

And those are the two traits which the average European likes to saddle on the innocent American abroad.

THE American is not so overwhelmingly welcomed in England. People are polite, tradesmen are courteous, friends are cordial—but in London no one fawns on you or gushes over you—which is perhaps better than the continental method. But it is an inaccuracy to say that the English are deliberately cold. It is simply that they are reserved and shy—most of all shy.

And of course, so far as the English are concerned, there is a fundamental sore spot. That is, the English government is paying Washington the stupendous sum of thirty-seven million pounds sterling per year in settlement of the war debt. And meanwhile, none of the continental nations are doing anything to repay England.

Thus when tourist Americans come to London and spend money recklessly—sometimes that English resentment shines through.

But not often. In general it may be said that the average Englishman, barring his shyness, will be just as friendly to the average American as he will be toward anyone—and probably a good deal more friendly than the American is to him.

I went to Cambridge one week-end to visit an American friend studying there. He showed me the beautiful campus, the rows of stately elms, the fine old towers—and then some of his British friends. And they are, those young Englishmen, as superb a race of men as one sees in Europe nowadays. They were courtesy itself. I hadn't talked much. Then my friend explained that I was—shhh!—an American.

"Come into my room at once!" ordered the leader of the group. "You are to sit down for four hours at least! And you are to talk about this America of yours! We want to hear about it—all about it—now!"

[In an early issue Konrad Bercovici will tell our readers "Why Europeans Hate Us."]

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DEAR BARBAROUS [Continued from page 43]

following evening. At about the time when he and Sally were due to be poring over the tender yet inevitable literary progression of the 'phone book, Slats Channing was in an alley back of the Orchid Cafe, mumbling imprecations through puffed and swollen lips while two policemen made a perfunctory search for him in that section of the city where soiled doves and blind tigers and other queer nocturnal fauna find their habitat.

In the afternoon Slats had been summoned, with Cherry, to the office of the Honorable Tim, who eyed the one-time drifter shrewdly and bade him be seated.

"Think you could thrive on a diet of husks?" he asked Slats abruptly.

Slats glanced questioning from the Honorable Tim to Cherry.

"Prodigal son stuff," the latter explained. "This is a mighty important assignment, Channing. And it's to be a dead secret between the three of us."

Slats had found his footing in that bit of information, and settled back comfortably.

"What's a murder more or less?" he agreed gravely. "Let's have it."

Cherry began. In terse sentences, with an occasional rumbled interjection from the Honorable Tim, he outlined the Star's plan of campaign, giving a graphic exposition particularly of the political features of that region of the Midnight Mazda that is girt by the Tango Belt.

"—finally," he concluded, "remember it's the Terminal Gang—that bunch of burglars that drive jitneys around the Terminal Station so's they can't be picked up for having no visible means of support—that's the point of attack for you. That's where the connection is, as we figure it, between the police under this administration and the—well, the underworld. It's just our idea that Dick Trimm, the chief of detectives, owns the three or four loosest places out where it's all loose as ashes anyway, understand? And also that he is really the head and front of that bunch of gangsters. Only one way to prove it on him. That's to get somebody in with him. And that's going to take a lot of pure-D nerve. So it comes back to the boss' first question again. D'you think you can thrive on a diet of husks?"

Slats grinned.

"I got the snappiest catch-as-catch-can digestion south of a given point," he explained.

"Make you out a voucher on the way down. And just one thing more, or rather, again. This stuff is the inside of the inside. If it gets out, you'll be the chief sufferer, because we can't stand back of you if there's a leak. Trimm can frame you—make no mistake about that. He'll have the charge and the witnesses—the corpse too, if necessary. So for all our sakes we're going to forget all this till you come back for as fat a bonus as you've ever received."

So it came that on the following evening, while Sally was waiting at home in the library, with a marked copy of the telephone directory ready, Slats was edging his way through the crush toward a table in the Orchid Cafe.

Seated at this table a chunky young man was submitting good-naturedly to the routine allurements of one of the charter members of the Blandishers' Union.

Slats paused and grinned engagingly at the blandisher.

"Some snappy blond baby," he observed.

The chunky young man's brows drew down sharply.

"Want a kick in the eye?" he asked earnestly of Slats.

"Who'll give it me?"

"I will—that's who."

"You and what army?"

The preliminaries having thus been scrupulously observed, the chunky young man let fly. Then a hazy blur of fists, arms, legs, glassware. Whereupon a flying wedge of waiters, who got plenty of practice at this sort of thing, hustled both combatants out the back way into the alley, with well-drilled efficiency.

"Outside, you battlers," said the apex of the wedge. "Either one of you comes in here looking for more trouble, he'll get service. And I don't mean maybe."

The chunky young man looked at Slats speculatively, the while he tenderly felt his jaw.

"You got a neat right there, guy," he conceded. "Was you holdin' half a brick in your mitt, maybe, when you crashed me?"

Slats was just as tenderly caressing a puffed and bleeding pair of lips.

"Feel like I tried to bite a chunk out of the cowcatcher of the Seaboard Limited and it a-goin'," he mumbled. "Let's we call this off. It don't buy nobody no grapes."

"Better duck out with me back this way," cautioned the chunky young man. "Those cops out front ain't so anxious to find us, but we'd be kinda rubbing it in was we to go parading right where they're at."

"How come? This is all new to me. I just blew in a couple of days ago from Chi."

"Tell you about it later. We best be drifting."

TOGETHER they slipped through a maze of black alleys into another street and thus to a rooming house, where, with his new-found friend's emphatic approval, Slats engaged a room. The chunky young man was delighted to learn that Slats was a chauffeur looking for work.

That was just about the time that Sally Comerford was rehearsing some of the things she meant to say to Mr. Norman Channing and Company the next morning. The line included a lot of choice phrases, but it was never brought into play. At the office next morning nobody seemed to know what had become of Channing.

"Reckon he just drifted," Cherry told her in response to an inquiry that was artless plus. "You know how these drifters are—come and go."

But his conscience did trouble him a little when he sensed after a fashion entirely his own, that Sally was honest-to-Pete unhappy. So he cudgled his brain for something handsome that might pleasurably engage Sally's attention. And he came up for air with what he regarded as nothing short of an inspiration.

"Say, Sally," he asked, calling her back to the desk. "Think you could get up about four-five days of Hints to the Heart-Sick in advance?"

"Certainly could. I've got most that many now, I think."

"Fine business. Because I've got an idea which, if I do say it myself, is one regular curly wolf. Right in your line, too."

Sally smiled a bit apprehensively, and Cherry caught it.

"Not a thing in the world to get nervous about. Nothing like being the first person to climb to the very top of the steel girder-work on the New Cotton States skyscraper. Look. You've read a lot of these yarns about how the little innocent country girl comes to town and is immediately set on by a pack of ravening wolves in human form who seek, as we say in the movies, to get her in their power?"

Sally agreed, chuckling.

"Well, that's going to be you. We'll wait till next week, so's you can get up the Sunday Club and meeting calendar in advance. Then you buy yourself a ticket to Kentburg or somewhere else that's about a hundred miles from here. Go on up there, and stay one night at the hotel. Buy yourself one of these square gray canvas telescopes and some hick clothes. Make 'em pink—or some of these blue-checked doohickies, maybe. And a floppy straw hat with pink flowers, and—but you get the idea, ain't it?"

"I ought to, after that explanation. But what's it all about?"

"Why after you get yourself dressed up like Mary Pickford's idea of a simple, untutored

daughter of the farm saying goodbye to her pet calf and seeking her fortune in the big city, you get on the train from home. And watch. Watch for some gosh-darn city slicker with oil on his hair to offer to raise a window for you, or buy you a magazine or an ice cream cone. Watch at the station to see if the ravening wolves are leering and lurking for prey. Watch, watch, watch. And then come on into the office—after changing back to civilized clothes—and write the story of your life. Say, if you do a good job of work on that story, you'll have half the ministers in town basing their sermon on it the next Sunday. God bless you my chee-ild—honest, ain't that a pip?"

Sally agreed that it was a pip, but strangely enough, the old exuberance at the prospect of working on that sort of a story was lacking. She was busy for some days, getting a lot of work up in advance. That was how she happened to neglect the incoming Dear Barbara mail.

When she finally went through it, two days later, she was startled to find among the letters one from Ever-Ready. Her first sense of undisguised pleasure was short-lived. The note was very brief. It read:

"Dear Barbara:
"Please forgive the standing-up the other night. I can't explain right now, how it came to happen to occur. I could have let you know beforehand, but in the rush and everything, I waited till it was too late. Don't know just when I'll get a chance to see you again, but when I do, I'll be able to explain.
Ever-Ready."

NOW let nothing that has been said cause anyone to infer that Miss Sally Comerford was not a young lady of spirit. So he would explain at his convenience, would he? Oh indeed!

Nobody around the office bothered to read the Hints to the Heart-sick column any more. Even so, no one would have attached any especial significance to the following paragraph among the answers to the many who sought solace, advice, and balm at Barbara Baldwin's fount:

"Ever-Ready:
"You must never make the mistake of taking too much for granted. Your idea that any explanation of any sort is called for from you strikes me as being a trifle far-fetched. The best thing you can do under the circumstances is not to annoy her further.
Barbara Baldwin."

This caught Slats squarely between the eyes, which promptly hardened perceptibly. Well what did you know about that, eh? Was he crazy, or—let's read that thing again. Well say, wasn't that a hot line! So the Queen of Sheba didn't care about explanations, didn't she? What a long tail our cat has grown lately! Yes, cat was the word. Me good man, you seem to have been presuming. You have been taking entirely too much for granted. Well, we should see. We—should—see!

The result of all this seeing was that Slats procured himself a piece of the most pinkly scented stationery he could find, to guard against his letter being tossed aside unread. The note he wrote was addressed to "Dear Barbarous." It was signed "Never Ready Again." And that was that.

Of course, this had been merely an interlude. Slats had in the meantime been busily occupied. In the first place, the chunky young man of the Orchid Cafe, who rejoiced in the name of Goat Sheehan, had lost no time in aiding Slats to a job. He had opened the way for steady employment of sorts by ushering Slats through a theoretically soft drink establishment into a practicable back room where a large man sat at a table before a correspondingly large flagon of beer.

"This is him," said Goat Sheehan, and, the rites of introduction thus satisfactorily concluded, effaced himself.

The large man eyed Slats appraisingly. "They tell me you made Goat sorta hard to catch," he began tentatively. "Know how to handle a flivver?"

"Yeah," replied Slats sullenly.

"Well, don't gimme no lip," cautioned the large man, not at all offended.

"Scuse me, Chief," murmured Slats. "I didn't go to mean nothing."

"Sall right," granted Trimm magnanimously. "Want to drive one of the jitneys?"

Slats nodded.

"Good. A bright guy like you, that can handle his fists when he hasta, oughta be able to make a wad of easy jack if he stays right. What name you usin' now?"

"My name's Bill Winton."

"All right, Bill. You come back here in an hour."

Goat Sheehan explained his new duties.

"Most of the time it's absolutely straight stuff," he informed Slats, "and they ain't nothing to it, but ride guys outa here late at night and keep your face shut about who they be. Y'see they ain't no more real jitneys, but they still call us jitneys, even if all we do is one kinda taxi business. You'll get tips—lotsa tips—soft pickin's, boy. You know how it is, one of these hick sports blows into town to show what a devil he is. Like as not he don't know where he wants to head. So what's he do? He calls the first jitney driver he can and asks to be taken to the live places. And the live places'll keep you in tips, so's you won't forget the name and the number when one of these bozos asks."

"But that's the simple graft. The real stuff's a lot bigger. Every once in a while you get hired by a guy that don't want to take a chancet on bein' recognized, see? So he sends you out and tells you who to call for, an' then he meets you and the flivver, and you're supposed to take him to some roadhouse. But instead you tip off the Big Chief, get me? And then when you slow up, crossing the tracks, outa town a piece, three of the gang hops into the flivver, skins this guy for his roll and his watch or anything else he's got on him. And you turn around and drive him back."

"He's scared to make a squawk, see? He's scared the p'lice might arrest the birds that turned the trick. He's scared the papers'll get hold of it, and oh, oh, what the Missus wouldn't say! And even if the trick's so hot that he makes a squawk anyways—that's where the Big Chief comes in. He fixes it. And you get a cut of the gross, just like him. Soft, huh?"

SLATS wrote one long letter to Cherry, whose eyes opened wide when he read the detailed account of what "Bill Winton" was doing in the Tango Belt. Otherwise Slats devoted himself strictly to the husks which—a great deal depends upon the point of view—he found barren of spice. He had looked upon the assignment as a great lark, at the outset. But the nightly atmosphere of stale wine, stale gayety, stale perfume and stale beauty, all ticketed alike "For Sale Cheap," filled him with a growing disgust that sometimes bordered close upon physical nausea.

But you could betcher sweet life somebody was going to be good and sorry. Yessir. Good and sorry; not that it made a whale of a lot of difference of course. Still, the bonus would help. Yes sir, he'd grab that little old check and whistle to Ninon de l'Enclos, and then they'd go to some good new town for a spell. Denver, now; he'd always wanted to take a whirl at Denver. And there was Charleston, down in South Carolina. He'd heard a lot about that town. But any old place would do, just as long as the office wasn't all cluttered up with sob sisters who thought they were the Queen of Sheba or something. My gosh, I should say as much! [Continued on page 80]

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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

DEAR BARBAROUS [Continued from page 79]

However, it happened that at the particular moment, the Star wasn't overcrowded with sob sisters, either, for the simple reason that about this time Sally Comerford was boarding the early afternoon train at Kentburg. Sally was dressed in pink-checked doo-hickies. Her hat was a floppy affair of yellow plaited straw, and brim and crown were laden with pink roses and marguerites. Pendent from one hand she carried a square-cornered, gray canvas telescope grip.

Timidly she passed through the aisle to a red-plush seat. Later, she became the focus of amused glances from every other occupant of the car when, pursuant to ideas of her own, she searched wildly through the gray square telescope for her ticket, unearthing it at last and looking the very picture of embarrassment while she surrendered it to the conductor.

But it was not until, rising in her seat, she began what was doomed from the outset to be a losing struggle with the car window, that opportunity knocked at the door of Sally's journalistic hopes.

Opportunity was not garbed in the conventional flowing robes of white. Opportunity wore a dark-gray suit of next year's cut and an apple-green cravat transfixed with a signet pin of dull silver. And Opportunity, not content with knocking, spoke in tones of buttery geniality:

"Jussa minute, sister," said Opportunity. "You'll hurt those little hands if you ain't careful. Gimme a chance to treat that winder rough."

SALLY subsided, apparently too bashful to accord to Opportunity a proper welcome.

Half an hour later they were chatting merrily. Sally confessed that she was but a dairyman's daughter; that she had never before visited the city; that she was on her way now to visit a maiden aunt who did not expect her to arrive before morning; and finally Sally asked whether Opportunity could tell her how best to proceed from the station to Ridgemoor Terrace where her aunt lived.

"Now listen, sister," he said earnestly. "'S long's nobody's expecting you, what say if you and me have supper before you go home. I don't know nobody in town—just come in on business. But I do know a nice quiet place where we can get some awful good eats, and right after supper I take you out to Auntie's house in a auto. C'mon. You can tell your Auntie the train was late. What say?"

"Oh, I couldn't," gasped the daughter of the Kentburg dairyman.

"What's wrong about it?" protested Opportunity.

"Nothing—only—"

"Yeah. That's just it. Nothing. C'mon. Be a good fella. I'll have an awful lonely evening if you don't."

"We-e-ll," Sally temporized. "I guess there wouldn't be any harm."

Later they were seated at a table in an establishment of which Sally had heard only vaguely. There were many girls there, and all of them looked with curiosity upon Sally. In some the curiosity was tinged with bitterness; in others with amusement; in still others, had Sally but known it, with compassion.

However, the girls were not the only ones in whom Sally's advent had aroused curiosity—not to say amazement. From among the knot of jitneurs clustered near the door of the cafe into which Opportunity had piloted Sally, one figure had disengaged itself, and had peered furtively past lighted entry-way at the dairyman's daughter of Kentburg. Then the figure backed away, declaring very slowly and wonderingly that it would be damned.

"And now," Opportunity was saying, "let's snare us a car so's I c'n take you home like I promised. Say, that Auntie of yours is sure gonna be s'prised. Juss think, you ain't never been to her house before!"

Lost in rapt wonder over this phase of the situation, Opportunity piloted her to the door. Before he could call a car, a figure detached itself from the group of night-hawks, and came hurrying up to them.

"Car, sir?" he asked the figure of Opportunity. He had his back turned to Sally and as he looked at Opportunity he winked very broadly. "Got your car waiting for you here."

Opportunity's countenance cleared with a flash of complete understanding. He drew the chauffeur to one side. "Take us to a nice quiet place that looks like a sorta family home," he directed. The chauffeur touched his cap and busied himself getting the two pieces of baggage stowed aboard his car, the while Opportunity followed Sally into the back seat.

The car almost leaped from the curb and sped away, while Sally gasped. For it had come to her quite suddenly that she must do her explaining to Opportunity at once. The car in which they were driving was not heading in the direction of Ridgemoor Terrace, but through the quiet deserted quarter that was the wholesale business district in the daytime.

"Where—where are you taking me?" she asked, the words barely audible above the rattle of the car on ill-paved streets.

"Tha's all right, sister. Tha's all right. We going home. To your auntie's."

"No you aren't," protested Sally wildly, looking about the deserted streets of the wholesale business section they were even then traversing. "Ridgemoor Terrace is uptown. This is downtown."

Opportunity gave vent to a low whistle.

"Say-ay," he drawled. "Whatta heck's comin' off here? You ain't never been in this town before and you know offhand an' at night which way you're goin'?" His voice became ugly. "Say—what you got ribbed up here?"

"Nothing. No-no-nothing," stammered Sally. "Please take me home at once."

"So I'm the mark, am I? You li'l gold digger, you picked me for a fall guy, what? And now I'm supposed to take you home. But we done changed the rules since last year. We don't play like that."

HE SLID his arm along the back of the seat without finesse and seized her shoulder.

"Little old wise cute-ums, papa'll spank! Papa'll spank real hard!" he warned.

"Let go of me this instant, or I'll scream," flashed Sally.

"Help yourself," he invited. "Give us a sample line of screamin' right now. Who do you think's gonna hear you?"

Opportunity's question was doomed to go unanswered. In the heart of this lonely and deserted waste of unlighted buildings, the driver slid his car to a halt and vaulted out of the front seat.

"I wanted to find a place where it'd be good and quiet," he snarled at an amazed Opportunity. "That's what you asked for and we aim to please."

Then there was action. Much action. Great chunks and gobs of action. The driver wrenched open a tonneau door, reached within and haled Opportunity forth into the street by the first slack piece of next year's suit that his hand encountered.

Opportunity, dumbfounded for an instant, made a rush at the driver with a line of language that was brought to a sudden termination when a lashing fist caught him squarely over the mouth and sent him sprawling to the pavement.

"Want any more?" said the driver. "It's a pleasure to show samples—no trouble at all."

But Opportunity knew when enough was enough. He blinked stupidly up from his recumbent position and shook his head. The driver reached into the car once more and brought forth a traveler's handbag which he

dumped on to the paving beside its owner.

"The ride's on the house," he explained. "You don't owe me nothing but a vote of thanks for not gettin' real sore and working on you sure 'nough." He turned to the car. "Get around in the front seat by me, Sally," said he, "and I'll drive you home. S'long, Percival. Better get up, or you'll catch a nassy old cold off that paving."

SALLY, once more speechless through the swift succession of events, hardly was conscious of the fact that she had been transferred to the front seat of the car. Not until after they had progressed some time did the power of coherent utterance return to her.

"Slats!" she gasped.

"Uh-huh," replied Slats.

"What—how—why—"

"That's all right, Sally. You're not interested in explanations. For that matter how come you into the Orchid with that animal?"

"I was doing a sto-story," said Sally. "Don't be horrid, Slats. This has all been so—"

Slats grinned.

"It sure has. All of that, and maybe then some. As long as we've taken it that far, I might's well tell you I been doing a story too. They had me on one of these real sneakret investigations, and told me not to breathe a word of it. But it's all finished—I was quittin' tonight, anyway—so I reckon I could tell you about it now."

"Slats!"

"Uh-huh?"

"Slats, I'm sorry I was such a little beast about—you know."

"That's all right, Sally. You got no explanation to make. 'S far's that goes, I guess I flew off the well-known handle when I didn't have it comin' to me. I—I'm right sorry I did, Sally."

"Gee, that's nice, Slats."

"Bet it is."

"Slats."

"Uh-huh?"

"I still got the 'phone book."

"What do mean, 'phone book?"

"You know—with the passages that you were going to read to me marked in it."

"That right? Say that's fine. How's this strike you for a peart notion, Sally? After I turn in my stuff tomorrow—an' just between you and me it's going to be considerable stuff—what say I drop 'round at the ancestral home? Ninon hasn't had a chance to stretch her cramped tires in the dickens of awhile, and she's champing at the carburetor."

"Good. That'll be the very thing."

They were drawing up at the Comerford home.

"Thanks—Ever-Ready," said Sally.

Slats Channing, case-hardened drifter, tough jitneur and all, blushed in the darkness.

"That's all right—uh—dear Barbarous," he stammered. And Sally didn't have any fault to find with the placing of the accent. Whereupon for the second time that evening Sally was bereft of the power of speech.

And the next day, when Sally resumed her duties at the old stand, she found among the accumulated Dear Barbara letters, the following:

"Dear Barbarous:

"I'm in an awful fix: I'm head over heels in love with a girl I picked up out of the Orchid Cafe, which is the wildest resort in the city. Would it be proper for me to ask a girl like that to share the life of a newspaperman who has just got one juicy bonus check that will cover traveling expenses for two?"

In haste,

Ever-Ready.

P.S. Scapulae are shoulder blades."

The answer was Yes.

JUNE, 1926

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FIGHTING FACES

[Continued from page 39]

late Christy Mathewson, Frank Frisch, Eddie Collins, Walter Johnson and scores of other stars of the diamond who have made the national game what it is today.

Go to any football field when fall practice begins and see the hulking fellows who are playing on the scrub, or sitting on the bench hoping for a chance to play. Notwithstanding the presence of these men the coaches will bewail the absence of weight.

You feel that if you were coach you could easily remedy this little difficulty about avoirdupois, could, out of the mastodons who dominate the field in the way, at least, of physical bulk, construct a team which through sheer brute power would sweep the gridiron of all rivals. And so you could if you were able to coordinate such an outfit and imbue it with cohesive drive and flashing speed.

When movie directors wish to flash upon the screen a figure of portentous appearance, a man-killer destined to spread devastation over a certain given footage of film they call upon Bull Montana. The Bull is in very sooth a fearsome person to look upon. His eyes are smouldering caverns lurking beneath crag-like brows, his face is swarthy and roughly hewn, his ears are the merest semblance of what ears should look like.

And yet—well, a few months ago a group of eminent American landscape and portrait painters were journeying in a Pullman car through the southwest. At Albuquerque a trim, well-mannered young man of pleasing appearance got into the car and sat down. And presently he fell into conversation with the company of artists.

They all liked him a great deal and when they learned his name and occupation they were greatly amazed. This attractive young man had it in him to go into the ring with Bull Montana and turn that picturesque figure inside out, tie him into a bow knot and pin his shoulders on the mat almost any time he pleased. He was Ed (Strangler) Lewis.

As the late Mike Murphy, greatest of all trainers, once said, "It's all in the head, boys, all in the head."

And so it is; or at least in great part this is the case.

And yet—and yet—well, listen to this: once this writer witnessed a chess match among the world's greatest masters. And the gathering resembled nothing so much as a nominating committee of a brewers' convention. What is the answer here?

As the hereinbefore mentioned Bull Montana would say:

"Dey ain't none."

Or to quote Babe Ruth:

"Say, if I had the answer I'd eat it."

FREE [Continued from page 15]

away while Mariutza and Petru moved in the opposite direction.

The young officer was furious. The audacity of these gypsies! One should never show friendship to these people. They were former slaves, savages. They presumed upon one's kindness, the infidels! To ask them to leave! Had this happened at his estate he would have sabred them, he would have shown them what it was to offend boyars.

Mariutza smiled. She did not hear what Petru said. She was thinking of how the young gypsy had been lying on his cot unable to sleep the whole night, thinking of her. She knew the courage he had had to summon to come up to her and tell her that he knew why he had played so beautifully last night, and how hopeless he must feel about it; absolutely hopeless of course. It was so wonderful to feel that a young man could desire her enough to dare to risk as much as Murgu had risked in coming up to talk to her that way.

"My dear Petru, I did not hear what you were saying, but I see [Continued on page 82]

THIRTY YEARS

is a long period. If we look back that long, think of all that has happened, to the world at large; to our country; to us and to those of our own household or acquaintance, from 1896 to 1925.

During all the changes and chances of that period The Massachusetts Protective Association has promptly furnished financial assistance to those of its members who were disabled, and when recently it celebrated its thirtieth birthday, it could report a condition of continued growth and increased financial strength so wholesome as to assure to its members that they are adequately protected against all the contingencies of the future. Our hope, as to the individual, is that he may be spared illness or suffering. Our knowledge, as to our membership at large, is that many will meet each year with accidents or disease. Those who must call for assistance will find us well equipped to grant it, in a prompt and ungrudging spirit.

The Massachusetts Protective Association, Inc.
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

you are very furious. But I feel very contrite, and wish I could find some way of apologizing to these people for having intruded upon them."

"Well," Petru said after a silence, "it is this kind of treatment that has spoiled the gypsies forever in this country. I believe in being human but tzigans are tzigans."

They were riding through a forest and had to bend low to avoid the branches of the trees that brushed against their faces in the narrow wood path. Mariutza had fallen into a long silence. Her mind was playing with all sorts of possibilities and all sorts of situations without daring to consume any of them.

MORE out of devilry than for any other reason the boyar's daughter took advantage of the siesta hour of the afternoon, when the guests had retired to their rooms, to take a stroll along the river front. She had not gone a hundred feet when she heard the thumping of feet in the wet ground along the shore. She knew that he was walking after her and imperceptibly slowed up her pace to give him time to catch up with her. It was play, nothing else but play, she told herself. She was still in the mood created by Murgu's playing and the camp fire at night and his gallant words to her of the previous evening and that morning. Thus she thought as she walked along. But the steps behind her slowed up, to keep the same distance between them as before. She dropped something from her hand to waste time picking it up. The steps behind her stopped when she stopped. Almost without thinking she turned around. Murgu straightened up, bared his head, and standing with the left hand at his heart, he exclaimed: "Oh, it is you!"

Even while Murgu approached her she thought that she could not have taken the same liberty with people of her own set. But he was only a gypsy.

"I am waiting along the shore for guests that are to arrive today," Murgu tried to explain the reason for his being there.

"What a beautiful ring you have on your finger," Mariutza parried, looking at a large black sapphire set in silver on the boy's little finger.

"Not so beautiful as your eyes," he said rapidly, looking into her face to see how she would receive his gallantry.

"My eyes are blue, Murgu—and from what side do you expect your guests to come?"

"From all sides," he answered. "My people wander everywhere."

"But won't it break one of your girls' hearts if some tribe should take you as their chief?"

"There will be no other heart broken but mine, now, if I am taken away from here."

At that moment a soft melody glided upon the undulating waves of the river, coming from the other shore.

"There they come!" Murgu pointed out.

Mariutza strained her eyes to look at the distance. Several boats were gliding gracefully, bobbing up and down on the crest of the waves.

"I wish you great happiness with your guests. May they bring the most beautiful girl for you as a bride," she teased as she went away.

IN THE DAYS that followed, Mariutza took many walks along the shore of the Danube, and every time she met the young gypsy and they talked of this and that. And because he was so very timid it was she who provoked whatever she wanted him to tell her. In spite of her theories she did treat him in such friendly manner only because she considered him inferior to her; because he was of different race.

But when Murgu, encouraged by her words, had one evening as they turned into a narrow path between two clumps of bushes, seized her hand and kissed her face, she felt that she had

gone too far, and could not reproach Murgu for his audacity. She had provoked him every minute she had been with him. When he had kissed her again before they parted, trembling from all his great body, the seriousness of the situation for the first time presented itself to Mariutza. She had gone too far with the gypsy. She had only meant to play, in jest. As a matter of fact she liked Petru Constantin very much, and she was going to marry him. It was only because she wanted to defy all the others, because she wanted to tease them, because she thought of the fun of having a gypsy fall in love with her, that she had done all this. Now that he had kissed her she had a strange feeling as she saw his limbs tremble as he stood before her. She had gone too far not only for herself but for him.

So it was this thought that kept her awake during the slow, tortuous hours of the night. "I have gone too far. I have gone too far."

She meant to tell Murgu her thoughts on the following day, and yet she dreaded to face him. How would he look at her? What would he think of her race, of all of them? Still, it had to be done. She could not deceive him any longer. It was dangerous. It was unfair. It was cruel.

She waited for him that afternoon on the shore. He appeared, pale and haggard.

"What has happened to you, Murgule?" she asked, using the diminutive for the first time.

"A tribe from the Dobrudgea has come to pick me as their chief. But I wouldn't go. I won't go. No."

She thought for a moment of urging him to go, for it was his duty, but instead of telling him her heart swelled with pride. The man was refusing a throne for her.

"Oh Murgule!" she exclaimed with a caressing voice.

He thanked her with a flutter of his eyelashes and ran back. He had to go.

AS SHE walked home she asked herself: What did it matter whether it was the throne of a kingdom or the throne in a gypsy camp? A man had refused a throne for her. And yet the next moment she wondered how she would extricate herself from the difficulty in which she had put herself. She had meant to tell him that all was impossible between them and she had encouraged him instead in his love and hope.

She saw him the following day. She had made up her mind to tell him the truth. During the continued discussion at home, in which her mother was now taking part, shrilly denouncing all the youth because of her daughter's waywardness, she had stoutly defended her opinions, yet the night before she had made up her mind to tell Murgu that it would be better if they never saw one another again. But because he was so gay, having somehow extricated himself from the difficulties he was in, she did not have the heart to tell him the cruel things she had meant to say.

That evening there was a council of the men around the camp-fire of the gypsies. The whole day the people who had come from the Dobrudgea had insisted that Murgu should come to them and be their chief. And though they had originally wanted him to go unwived so that he could marry a woman of their tribe, they had, at the end of the discussion, after Murgu had refused again and again, suggested that he might even select a wife from his own people before going.

"Is there a girl in our midst thou desirest to take along?" Luca asked.

Murgu shook his head. "No."

"Then why do you refuse?"

Murgu remained silent.

An old man of Luca's tribe asked permission to speak.

"It is now ten sunsets that we have been here. And before every sunset Murgu has

walked alongside the shore with the boyar's daughter."

"Is this true?" Luca questioned.

Murgu did not answer.

And then the gypsy guests rose from their places. They folded the canvas, gathered themselves together, and departed in the night without saying another word.

Murgu needed no words to understand this situation. What mattered it? He loved the blue-eyed woman. He would go and live among her people. When a man loves a woman he goes wherever she wants him to go.

THAT night the thing had almost come to a break in Mariutza's home. Mariutza's mother in a shrill, high pitched voice, had at the end of the discussion brought the thing to a head.

"You are marrying Petru Constantin or you go to a convent for the rest of your life!"

"Oh, Mother, you have forgotten that I am of age," Mariutza answered.

"Or then—" She could not bring the harsh words upon her lips, and the boyar put his hand over her mouth that she should not utter them.

The thing was so humiliating that Murgu's name was not even brought into the discussion, though everyone knew what the words conveyed.

Mariutza left them and went to her own room. She had flirted with the gypsy. She had made him love her. Now she had to pay. She did not love him. She had to pay for what she had done. She would marry him and be a gypsy among the gypsies. She knew that she could never return to her parents after that. She knew she was cutting herself off from all her friends and all the gaieties to which she was accustomed. But she knew also that it was the only way, that she would be much more unhappy if she were to suddenly disappear and never see Murgu again.

At the usual afternoon hour she met Murgu behind a clump of trees on the shore. He had come to tell her that he would go and live among the white people with her. But before he had said a word Mariutza told him that she was prepared to live among his people.

She expected him to cry out with joy. Instead of that he turned so pale he became almost white. His people would not want her and she was cutting herself off from her own. In a flash he saw all the hardships to which the woman he loved would be submitted if he were to accept what she offered.

"It cannot be," he finally said. "My people will never accept you. It is better that we part."

He rose from where they had been sitting together, bowed, broken, and repeated again and again: "It is far better that we part. There will be no place for you amongst my people. And there will be no place for me amongst yours."

Mariutza felt as if a heavy load had been lifted off her. What she had not dared to do he had done. He had cut at one stroke all the threads that had bound her to him against her will. She was a free woman again. She had allowed herself to be entangled by a thousand little things, even by her own weaving and fibbing, entangling herself in her own web. And now she was free again. She did not have to follow the gypsies because of the web she had woven herself. She was free, free!

And suddenly she looked up, watching Murgu walk away from her, bowed, broken, heavy-footed.

"Murgule!" she called out. "Murgule!"

He turned around. Never before had she seen him so handsome. And because she was free to do as she pleased she threw herself into his arms. And holding one another tightly they walked into the little boat bobbing on low waves on the shore, and rowed across to the other side of the Danube.

by now, the scoundrel. It was forty-seven years ago by the letter. When we were married three years. But she saves the letter. That's it! While I am living with her these forty-seven years as a true husband she keeps this letter always in the trunk upstairs. No, she ain't got much sense now. But she did have then, when it happened. She was young then. I was young, too. And I am entitled to a divorce. I won't be made a fool out of by no woman."

Old Henry had become strident. He paused to recover his breath. Then he went on.

"All our life we live peacefully. Nothing ever happened to us. We had two children. One is dead. The other is in Alaska. And not once for a minute did I suspect anything. I got old and never knew. How she could do such a thing I can't understand. If I'd only found out in time. Yes, then the judge couldn't say what he did. He tells me to go home and forget. Does he think I'm a fool?"

I DID the best I could in the way of straightening things out. Old Henry stared about him with frightened eyes as I talked. And it came to me that the old boy was being slowly consumed with an inarticulate sense of remorse, that there were words and notions in his ancient head which he found it almost as difficult to understand as to express.

He answered me angrily and in quavering tones, and by listening closely and thinking hard I was able to understand something that convinced me there was no straightening out things for the poor Lieblings.

I watched the shriveled, almost lifeless figure of Hannah—Hannah who could not recall her sin and whose mind was already away from life. I kept looking at the old room with its placid little mementoes cluttering up its corners, mementoes which whispered that life had found an easy resting place in this house. And while Papa Liebling sputtered and talked of his great wrong an explanation came to me.

Nothing had ever happened to old Henry. The years had been his only adventure, living, eating, working patiently and growing old. Age had come and stripped him of his body. Nothing more had ever happened to him. He had weathered a peaceful and contented life and then suddenly a letter had appeared, this letter written forty-seven years ago. The old trunk in the attic had given up a secret, and with the discovery of this secret, a bitterness, a regret had come into Papa Liebling's heart.

He was clinging desperately to the letter now as he sputtered on and on about his great wrong. It was a road he had missed during his life—something that might have happened. There would have been a tragedy. Papa Liebling, slipping slowly into the grave, felt that he had been cheated. Dreaming now of this tragedy that might have been he was able to add an illusory past to his life.

Yes, Papa Liebling was all dressed up and wore a curiously festive air. In a mysterious way this ancient wrong that had been done him was, for a few last confused moments, restoring his youth.

I left Papa Liebling without having accomplished very much in the way of a reconciliation. Nevertheless there was no divorce and poor Hannah didn't die from the shock, and no great damage seemed to have been accomplished by the appearance of this tardy phantom in the Liebling home.

It was to be noted, however, that Papa Liebling appeared to have grown much younger in his ways, that he bought himself a new silver-handled cane and an almost rakish black fedora and that he was obviously devoting the remainder of his placid and contented life to dreaming of what he would have done, of the adventurous and tragic paths he would have trodden, had he found his phantom forty-seven years ago.

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?

"What's Next in Florida?"
by
Forrest Crissey

A searching survey of the present situation in Florida, with a forecast of what may be expected in the future

Read this article in
THE SHRINE MAGAZINE
for July

THE \$50,000 SILENCE [Continued from page 37]

The methods by which young Charlie Grayson, late lieutenant in the air service, got rid of his money are no essential part of this history. Besides, the "trimming of a sucker" is a story that has been so often told that there is no possible essence of novelty to be extracted from its retelling. It will be sufficient to record that Smiling Ed, as befitted an experienced actor-manager, staged his play rather well. In the beginning of the evening Smiling Ed was careful to see that the bets were kept small and that the "breaks" were about even—some score or more of men were challenging chance by means of faro, poker, dice, the roulette wheel; but these men were no more important to the real drama of the evening than the extra people of a motion picture. Supers to help "dress the stage" were exactly what these people were, for when one o'clock came, by which time young Grayson was teased to a state of high excitement by the swift changes of fortune, and when the ministrations of the colored butler had induced a condition in which that young gentleman was not too observant—then, according to orders, the extras quietly withdrew.

WHAT happened after that was the easiest part of the whole affair to Smiling Ed, it was just stage routine. He was a sleight-of-hand performer with the cards, and so was Red Jack; and the behavior of the frolicsome little ball of the roulette wheel was most rigidly chaperoned by unseen wiring. So whether the befuddled young Grayson tried faro, or poker, or the wheel, his chances were the same. He won occasionally, but by four o'clock his two hundred thousand was in the possession of Smiling Ed, and he himself was fairly blind and numb from the rare liquor from Smiling Ed's sideboard.

The negro butler got him into a taxicab and ordered him driven to the Biltmore. "That bird won't wake up before the middle of tomorrow afternoon," Smiling Ed remarked to Red Jack, as soon as young Grayson was out of the house. "That gives us ten good hours to straighten things out."

Together they removed all evidence of wiring and then chopped up the roulette wheel and burned it in the furnace. After that they sat down to consider further measures. The all-important matter of course was the amount which should be paid to Inspector Gilmore, who was holding out for more, and how it should be paid him.

"Fifty thousand is an awful lot of dough to hand that big robber," sighed Smiling Ed looking at the stacks of bills. "But I've simply got to have protection—and fifty thousand ought sure to be enough to make Gilmore take care of me when that kid breaks loose with his holler tomorrow afternoon. It's sure to be one awful holler!"

It had been decided that Red Jack, since he was only a beginner, and thus far had no police record, was the safest person to get the money to Gilmore, and it had been decided that the least suspicious procedure was for him to drop casually in upon the Inspector when the latter was alone and just leave the money. Smiling Ed found an empty cigar box, counted fifty thousand into it, using the smaller bills so that the money's bulk would neatly pack the box's interior, then carefully wrapped the box in brown paper, tied it and sealed the knot with red wax.

AT HALF-PAST nine, Red Jack, the sealed box under his overcoat, was on his way to the station house where Inspector Gilmore had his headquarters and Smiling Ed was headed for the Astor Hotel café where he was to await Red Jack's report. Luck favored Red Jack to the extent that he at once gained admission to Gilmore's private office and found that great man alone. The Inspector was seated at his

desk scowling red-eyed at some reports; he had not heard his visitor enter.

Red Jack advanced cautiously, with a propitiating smile. "Nice morning, Inspector," he remarked.

The steel-nerved Gilmore almost jumped from his chair. He had been awake most of the night, silently cursing that Extraordinary Grand Jury.

"Who are you," he growled fiercely, "and what do you want?"

Red Jack Gerrity had a neat humor of his own. "I'm your old friend Santa Claus, come a month ahead of time," he said with a knowing wink. "Got something here to slip into your stocking," and opening his overcoat he placed the sealed cigar box upon the corner of Gilmore's desk.

"What's that?" Gilmore demanded.

Red Jack lowered his voice to a bare whisper. "Your cut on a big deal. You understand—protection money. It's from Smiling Ed Martin."

"Smiling Ed Martin!" repeated the Inspector, his eyes on the box. Then his florid face suddenly matched the ash on the end of his cigar, and he came leaping to his feet. Red Jack saw the move, and made a dash for the door, but halfway to it the lunging Gilmore's hand clutched his collar.

"Smiling Ed Martin!" Gilmore roared wildly. "I'll protect him—like hell I'll protect him! He can't put nothing over on me! You take tha, damned thing away!"

"Not so loud, please," whispered Red Jack pleadingly. "Listen, Inspector—"

"Listen to you like hell!" roared the big Inspector wildly; and he shook Red Jack till that young gentleman thought his two hundred-odd bones were going to be scattered all over the place. "Take that damned thing away! Take it away, I tell you!"

Red Jack might actually have lost a few of his extremities through the violence of his shaking, had the door not just then been opened by the Inspector's secretary, who had been attracted by the commotion.

"What's he done to you, Inspector?" cried the secretary, grabbing one of Red Jack's arms.

Inspector Gilmore partially recovered himself; but it was not his own conscious intelligence which replied; rather it was the resurgence of his instinct, his long habit, to be cautious. "Aw, this guy tried to get fresh with me."

"Is that all he done?"

"Ain't that enough," cried the Inspector, turning his batteries on his secretary, "for him to get fresh with me?"

With this diversion of the Inspector's attention Red Jack felt the grip upon his collar slacken. He did not like this wholly unexpected greeting—he did not like it at all. He felt the urgent call of the great elsewhere—anywhere else. So he gave a quick twist, a jerk, found himself free, and the next instant he had bolted out of the office and out of the station house.

"What's the matter, Inspector?" solicitously inquired the secretary after a moment, gazing at the pallid face of his superior. "You look sick."

"What do I care how I look to you?" roared the Inspector, regaining vigor. "You get the hell out of here!"

The secretary left hastily. Inspector Gilmore swayed back toward his desk, sank weakly into his chair, held his breath while his supersensitive ears cocked toward the package, and stared at the box with the red seal . . . and stared . . . and stared.

PERHAPS an error was committed in the early paragraphs of this narrative in stating that it was primarily a history of gambling. If so, then it is high time to correct the error by stating that this history is primarily a record of the reactions of the human mind. Yes, it must now be frankly admitted that this

narrative is one of those deadly things known as a study in psychology. Perhaps it might gain in dramatic suspense by holding under cover Inspector Gilmore's reactions, as he stared at the box, in order to build up a climax; but since this is an unpretentious exposition of human nature, the Inspector's reactions shall be set down here in their proper place.

But to understand Gilmore's psychology, it must be remembered and understood that, owing to long strain, he was in a mental condition akin to delirium tremens. He "saw things"—and he was not certain what he saw—and not always certain that what he saw was actually there. Thus, as he gazed at the box with the red seal, his big body wilted loosely down into his chair, and his staring face grew more pale and wide-eyed. The very moment Red Jack had set the box on his desk, Gilmore had recalled Smiling Ed's wild threat "to get him," and that threat was the painful basis of his present thoughts. He had seen many such packages as this. He knew what they were. The infernal machines sent the police were always about this size.

According to Inspector Gilmore's experience infernal machines were of two general varieties: those whose explosions were controlled by clockwork mechanism and which are set like an alarm clock to go off at a certain time; and those which are contrived to explode when the unsuspecting victim opens the package. From the first moment he had been almost convinced that this machine was not of the first variety, else he would not have remained this close to it. But he was now prompted to make his surmise an absolute certainty. So ever so cautiously he leaned over the box until his ear touched it. He held his breath and listened. He could hear no ticking of clock-works. He had been right. The infernal machine was intended to go off when he opened it. . . .

And then suddenly he had another thought. He remembered that Red Jack had said it was money—protection money. Suppose it really was money after all?

Which was it, an infernal machine or money? The only way to tell was to open the package. But to open that box—

WHAT in the name of God was he to do with the thing? He could not decide. Very gently, very gingerly he pushed it to the far corner of his desk and put a wire basket of old reports upon it and some catalogues on its either side. There were standing orders that his desk was never to be disturbed; the thing would be untouched there for the present. He would think out later what he should do.

And thus the harassed Inspector may be left, gazing in an agony of indecision at the box on his desk, and the pursuit may be made of Red Jack which was interdicted by the Inspector. Breathless from his haste, and sore in all his castanetted joints, Red Jack came into the Astor café and made for the corner table where Smiling Ed was nervously fiddling over an excellent untasted breakfast.

"How'd you make out?" Smiling Ed whispered as soon as Red Jack was seated.

Red Jack briefly recounted his experience. "Gilmore ordered me to take it away," he ended excitedly. "He said he wouldn't take the money—said he wouldn't give you any protection! Get what that means, Ed?"

"Get it? I should say I do!" Smiling Ed's ruddy face had become a perfect match for the gray twitching face of the Inspector gazing at the box. His whisper was frantic. "My God, it means my finish! That sucker Grayson will come to in three or four hours—then what a holler! And without protection, I ain't got a chance in the world!"

"What are you going to do, Ed?"

"What can I do?" exclaimed Smiling Ed in a wild whisper. "I've got to beat it, and beat it while the beating's good! I've got three hours' start, and by the time Grayson wakes

and makes his holler, I've got to be far away from this state! Come on!"

He put ten dollars upon the table to pay for his chilled and untouched breakfast, and got away like a fire horse. An hour later, in a Pullman, he was speeding across the flats of New Jersey, and wondering why they ran the train with all the brakes on. His one comfort was that he had with him one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, less a moderate sum which he had paid Red Jack—for Red Jack, being only a beginner, had for the sake of sitting at the feet of so great a master been content to work for the equivalent of board wages.

THE NEXT morning Smiling Ed landed in Chicago. His first procedure was to buy a bunch of papers, and look through them for the account, under a New York date line, of the "holler" of young Grayson. But he found not a word. He could not understand it. It astounded and frightened him.

The obvious course seemed to him to keep on moving—to get as far away as he could—to lose his trail.

Without even going to a hotel, Smiling Ed caught a train for Nashville. During the next five days he was zig-zagging over the South, never halting for a real sleep in a bed, doing his best to cover his trail. And always he was buying papers. But not a line was there in print about his trimming of young Grayson, and about the police being after him. The silence made him near frantic. What could it possibly, possibly mean? On the eighth day, in New Orleans, he could stand the strain of this silence, and of its hidden meaning no longer.

He reached New York toward the end of a murky Saturday the last part of November. The street lights in the heavy mist seemed very aged, and appeared to have grown thin, straggling white whiskers that badly needed shearing. Red Jack was the person Smiling Ed wished to see first: in his quest of the solution of the mystery of the great silence, and there was a smart café just off Broadway that was Red Jack's favorite haunt. To this Smiling Ed stealthily made his way. Red Jack was not there; but though these were prohibition times whisky was being openly pushed across the bar in tiny glasses as rapidly as three bartenders could accommodate the crowding men, the price per drink being exactly a dollar bill.

He wandered about, seeking Jack, through such a vast milling crowd as no other city in the world can supply; for the theaters were just discharging their matinee audiences into the rain-oiled streets, and added to the usual mob were the tens of thousands of visitors to the city to see the Army-Navy football game at the Polo Grounds and who had now swarmed down upon the city's center to inaugurate their celebration. Smiling Ed was pushed and pulled and twisted in this great whirlpool, until presently he was swept into an area of comparative non-turbulence against the Astor Hotel. He was trying to get back his breath, when a hand gripped his shoulders.

"Hello, Mr. Martin," exclaimed a man's voice.

Smiling Ed turned, and all the courage the moonshine had injected into his system oozed swiftly out. Before him was young Grayson, looking of an amazing size. Smiling Ed remembered the young man's war record, his reputed promptness with a gun, and he wanted to make a dash for liberty. But there was no chance for escape through the crowd.

"He—hello," he responded weakly.

"Been looking for you everywhere these last ten days," said young Grayson. There was an excited glitter in his eyes. "Been wanting to have a little talk with you."

Smiling Ed did not doubt that at all. "I—I haven't been well," he mumbled in a very thin voice. "I—I been down to Sulphur Springs." All the while he kept his eyes on Grayson's hands, ready to let out a yell for help should either of those hands reach for a pistol.

Smiling Ed jumped [Continued on page 86]

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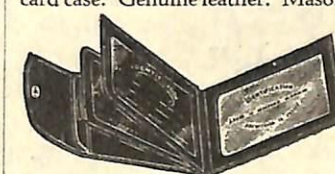
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THE
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for
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THE \$50,000 SILENCE [Continued from page 85]

up. "What's that?" he shouted.

Red Jack repeated, and then added: "But what I can't understand is why that box is still there."

"That ain't important just now," said Smiling Ed rapidly. "The important point is, is the box still there?"

"It was this time yesterday."

"Then you wait here, son—I'll be right back." And seizing hat and overcoat, Smiling Ed was gone.

He went straight to Inspector Gilmore's headquarters. Since he was now in no danger from the police, he walked into the station-house with the composure of any other good citizen, and addressed the Inspector's secretary. "Inspector Gilmore in?"

The Inspector was out.

"Saw him in the Knickerbocker while ago, and he said to meet him here. Guess he'll be right along. I'll just wait for him in his office."

With a suave composure which there was no questioning or withstanding, Smiling Ed walked past the secretary into the Inspector's office and closed the door. Yes, it was just as Red Jack had said. There on the desk, a wire basket of reports on top of it, and catalogues of police equipment stacked on either side of it, was the box he had sent. He picked it up.

Its seal of red wax was still unbroken. The next moment it was beneath his overcoat, up beneath his arm where its bulk would not be noticed and where it could be unnoticeably gripped. He waited two minutes, then walked out of the office with his same suave manner.

"Just thought of something I'd forgotten to do," he remarked casually to the secretary. "When the Inspector comes in, ask him to 'phone me. He knows the number."

Back in his room in the Gresham with Jack looking on, Smiling Ed broke the seal and opened the cigar box. There was the money, apparently just as he had packed it ten days before. He counted the bills. They amounted to exactly fifty thousand dollars.

After the exclamations of joy, Smiling Ed remarked: "You surely said somethin' a while ago, son, when you asked why Gilmore, with all this dough in his hand, didn't stick it away in a safe place. Why didn't he?"

"It's sure got me buffaloed," said Red Jack. "Son, I'm tired and I need a real rest, and I've earned it," said he with expansive, glowing face. "A little bird tells me that I'm about to start on a long journey."

FOUR months later, on the boardwalk at Atlantic City, a rolling chair was wheeled up against the rail, the negro attendant rearranged the rugs the better to protect the occupant of the chair from the shrewd March wind, and moved off in accord with the orders of the gentleman within. This gentleman was Smiling Ed Martin, but what a different Smiling Ed from the ruddy Santa Claus that a little bird had told to see America first. There was now no smile; there was no ruddiness; the face was lean and lined; and the once expansive figure had so shrunken away that Falstaff's pad would have been required to fill out his baggy clothes.

They were certain to have met somewhere at sometime, so there is nothing extraordinary in their having met at Atlantic City, where all America meets. Presently a chair was pushed against the rail beside Smiling Ed's, the negro attendant performed the usual rites with the rugs, and a deep growl of a voice ordered him away. A familiar quality in that voice drew Ed's world-weary gaze from the wave-dance to the chair beside him. He started. Elbow to elbow with him in the next chair sat Inspector Gilmore, or, to be more accurate, ex-Inspector Gilmore. But what a change from the bulky figure Smiling Ed had last seen. The full cheeks were now creases of loose skin, and it would have taken another Falstaff's pad cut up and properly disposed to have

filled out his wrinkled garments.

Gilmore had seen him first. They gazed at each other in silence, until Smiling Ed ventured: "Hello, Jim."

"Hello, Ed," was the not ungracious response.

"I understand you're running a private detective agency now, Jim. How's it doing?"

"Rotten!"

"So! I just got back East, Jim, and I've never got it straight about why you left the Police Department."

GILMORE hesitated a moment, then spoke. "Most of the wise guys are in the know, so I guess you might as well be. A Grand Jury was after me—nothing they could get me for in the courts as a private citizen—just charges against my conduct as a police officer. I got a straight tip of what was coming two days before the explosion was timed to go off, and after a physical examination I got myself honorably discharged. Physical disability. By the time the Grand Jury woke up, I was out of the department, and they couldn't touch me. Weak heart is what the records say is wrong with me. I sure put it over on 'em."

There was a brief silence, then Smiling Ed remarked: "Jim, there's a thing I've been wanting to ask you. Why didn't you open that box I sent you?"

"What box?"

"The box I sent you four months ago by Red Jack Gerrity. In that box was fifty thousand dollars."

Gilmore took on a greenish ghastly hue, and looked as though he might be about to sink back dead,—perhaps from a very genuine failure of that alleged weak heart which had permitted his escape from the force.

"F-i-f-t-y- T-h-o-u-s-a-n-d D-o-l-l-a-r-s!" he breathed. "My God!"

"But, Jim, why didn't you open the box? That's what I don't understand."

"Oh, I was just—just keeping it," the other reluctantly explained. "And then someone stole it."

"Yes, I know someone stole it, for I stole it." "You stole my fifty thousand dollars?" gasped Gilmore. And then he seized Ed's arm and his voice swelled to a ferocious roar. "You big thief, you! What did you do with my money?"

"Go easy, Jim. It was like this." Smiling Ed swallowed, and went on in a thin mournful voice. "I had two hundred thousand dollars, and I started out to take life soft for a while—Southern California first, and then the whole works. Finally I landed in a town—name's no difference—where there wasn't a decent show. But Billy Sunday was holding a revival there. I'd heard he was a great performer, and so I dropped around to his tent to see if I couldn't get a laugh or two. But instead, Billy Sunday—he—he got me, and I—I hit the saw-dust trail."

"Cut that part and first tell me about that money!"

"That's just what I'm telling you, Jim. I got religion so hard that all my past sins rose up and I wanted to set things right. I still had the two hundred thousand I'd trimmed Charlie Grayson for—and so—and so I sent the two hundred thousand back to Grayson."

"Billy Sunday's religion didn't stick. But I'd already sent back that sucker's money. It's almost finished me off, Jim"—plaintively—"I've lost both ways: I've got no religion, and I've got no bank-roll."

For a space neither spoke.

"Hell!" ejaculated ex-Inspector Gilmore. "Amen!" breathed Smiling Ed fervently.

They gazed fixedly at each other. Then the two shrunken, huddled, sad-eyed men turned and looked steadily out at the brilliant sea which was dancing joyously with a wide flirting of its befrilled white skirts.

A RAISE IN PAY [Continued from page 54]

instrument from her hands. "Sure we'll come, Monty," he affirmed. "I had some work to do but it can wait till after we get home . . . Good-by."

Nancy's brows were furrowed. "But how about the work?"

"I'll take care of that all right, Nance."

It was one o'clock before they got back to the house. Harry, whose eyes were a trifle bloodshot, was jauntily happy. All evening long he and Nancy had won.

"I guess this little baby doesn't come in just right!" he announced exuberantly. Nancy shot a quick look at him. She realized then that he must have been drinking rather more than she had thought.

She said guardedly: "Well, I suppose it just about evens us up. A cent a point is too high, though, Harry—much too high."

He laughed. "It is when you're losing, all right, but believe me, when you're a thousand berries in the hole, a cent a point makes a nice little win."

Said Nancy: "Sit down a minute, dear. Let me get this straight. How much are we in debt—no, please don't put on that stubborn look! Please tell me, honey. I need to know."

"About thirteen hundred," he confessed. "As for how it happened—gee, Nance, it just sort of crept up, that's all."

"But how, Harry? I thought that firm or whatever it is loaned you enough to get us started and that you were going to pay them off a little each week."

"A little! That's a joke too. Oh, I paid 'em off, all right. I had to or lose my job."

"But how, Harry?"

"I guess I've got friends," he said evasively. Said Nancy: "You mean you had to borrow from friends to pay off those people?"

"Better than losing the little old job," he answered with a certain dull defiance.

"Who have you borrowed from, Harry?"

"Oh, shucks!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Steve Kennison's one and—let's see—Henry Jones and Jack Delley. That's all, I guess. What of it?"

"Nothing," said Nancy. She fastened her eyes upon the tips of her slippers. At last she turned and faced her husband. "We've been pretty silly, haven't we?" she observed. "We were both so sure of ourselves, sure that we were going to be careful and everything like that. Well," she sighed wearily, "I suppose there's only one thing to do, Harry. We can sell the car and pay back some. And after all it might be the best thing to give up the club."

"You just leave it to me," he proclaimed largely. "Something will break right for us. You just leave it to me."

It was at this moment that Nancy recollected the work that Harry had brought home with him. She spoke of it.

"The dickens with it!" he said with a scowl. "Then let's go to bed," she said through tightened lips.

It was perhaps two weeks later that Harry Kimberlon came home one evening wearing an odd and cryptic smile. As Nancy met him at the door he kissed her warmly, then laughed aloud and winked.

"Some news, I'll tell the world," he said. "Wait a minute till I slip myself a drink. I need it."

"Here's a toast," he proposed, "a toast to little Henry T. Kimberlon. Splendid fellow!" He gulped a swallow from his glass and smiled.

He was still smiling, but sardonically. "There are several ways of putting it," he began lightly, "and since leaving the office I have rehearsed them all. But I might as well give you the cold and brutal. What happened today, Nance, was that I was fired."

"You were what? Don't fool me, Harry."

Suddenly he was on the arm of her chair, his own arm tight about her shoulders.

"Poor old Nance," he said.

She said: "Wait a minute, Harry. Please

tell me just exactly what happened."

"Oh, nothing much! Old Man Truman called me in. He was very decent."

"But, Harry, what did he say?"

"Just about nothing, Nance. Said I wasn't working out quite as they'd hoped I would. Said it was their fault more than mine. Said they needed a man for my job who'd had more art experience."

Nancy nodded, her face expressionless. "It's just business," he explained. "Business is always that way."

"I don't believe it," she persisted.

He said, "Well, I ought to know."

All during dinner he talked of possible plans. But Nancy only half heard him. She too was making plans. She went to bed early, as Harry did, but she did not fall asleep until far into the dark, still hours of the morning.

It was within a minute of ten-thirty when the door of Mr. Truman's private office opened softly, as it habitually did, to admit his private secretary.

"There is a lady outside to see you, Mr. Truman."

"Can't see her," he snapped. "Don't care who it is. I'm busy—you ought to know that, Miss Stokes—trying to straighten out that Flinck mess that Kimberlon let us in for."

"That's why I interrupted you," she said. "The lady outside is Mrs. Kimberlon."

Mr. Truman mopped his forehead. "Oh, lord!" he said. "Does she seem—oh, send her in and let's get it over!"

Nancy came in slowly, seated herself by Mr. Truman's desk. She smiled at him bravely.

"Harry's out," she said, "or I couldn't have come. He mustn't know I was here. Will you answer me one question, Mr. Truman?"

"What is your question?" he asked.

"What was your real reason for discharging Harry?"

He raised his hand. "My dear Mrs. Kimberlon," he protested, "we didn't discharge him. That word doesn't fit at all. Rather, because of certain growing needs of our production department, we gave him the opportunity to resign if he saw fit."

"Don't you think a wife ought to help her husband?" she asked.

"Decidedly," he said.

"Then," said Nancy, looking him straight in the eye, "please tell me truthfully why you—why you gave Harry, as you say, the opportunity to resign."

He put the tips of his fingers together and leaned back in his chair. For a long moment he looked up at the white ceiling. Presently he began to talk. Harry, he said, was a good boy, a natural hard worker, a natural executive. He knew the advertising agency business, at least the production end of it, from the ground up. He ought to make a good production manager.

"But he didn't," put in Nancy.

No, he didn't. As she could perhaps understand, the promotion had been quite a jump for him. And Harry—Mr. Truman hesitated here—Harry had simply proved—well, too young for the responsibility.

"In short," said Mr. Truman, "we made a mistake. The promotion, as I have said, was too sudden and too big."

Said Nancy after a moment: "That's exactly what I wanted to know. It—it seems too bad, doesn't it, Mr. Truman?"

The older man nodded.

"Is there anything to do about it?" she asked, speaking calmly.

"Time, Mrs. Kimberlon. Most young men seem to have to run through some such stage. The only thing is—this organization can't afford to pay for it."

"If you'll help me, Mr. Truman," she said earnestly, "I think I can promise you that you can take him back—and want him back—right off."

The head of the agency sat up straight. "You see," said [Continued on page 88]



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A RAISE IN PAY

[Continued from page 87]

Nancy brightly, "I'm glad you told me the truth, because it's what I've been feeling and—and worrying about for a long, long time. Can you send Harry away on a trip, Mr. Truman—I mean a business trip for at least a week? Can you do that?" Her eyes were sparkling.

Mr. Truman slapped his knee. "I'll go you," he said. "I'll go you for a three months' try-out."

"When can you send him away?" asked Nancy keenly.

"Tomorrow morning. I'll send him to Chicago and Detroit and Cleveland."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she breathed. "And you'll tell Harry today, Mr. Truman, that he's to keep on with his work?"

"I'll tell Harry today," said the elder, smiling paternally. "I'll tell Harry, Mrs. Kimberlon, because I'm betting on Harry's wife."

Young Harry Kimberlon let himself into the house quietly that evening. He stood a moment in the hall, irresolute, then softly he called out, "Hello—Nance?"

She ran down to him from upstairs. She had seen him come in, but she had waited.

"Well," he said lightly, "the fatal day is at least postponed. They're going to keep me on, Nance—for a while anyway."

"Oh, are they?" she said. "I'm so glad, dear." Her words sounded hollow in her ears.

"Old Man Truman gave me a little talk," he stated casually. "I think he sort of feels—"

"What?" she questioned.

"Oh, I don't know!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe—"

Suddenly he turned, looked straight down into her eyes. He gulped.

"Nance," he said, "it hurts like the devil—I don't know why. But maybe you're right. I guess I've been an awful darned fool."

"Did Mr. Truman tell you that?"

He shook his head. "No, honey. I evolved that all by myself. He just said he wanted me to leave a little harder into the work and try to learn that art dope. But he was so—I don't know—fatherly like. It got me. It got under my skin. I guess maybe I've been slipping a little on the work."

Nancy stared at him fixedly. She held her breath. Perhaps after all she was not going to have to say her say.

He said, "What do you think?"

She said, "Oh, Harry, let's be like we used to be!"

Now he stared. "Why, you're all shaking!" he muttered. "You poor little cuss! Come in here and talk to me."

He picked her up bodily in his two arms and carried her into the living room, where he plumped her into a chair.

"What's on your mind, honey?"

"Will you resign from the club tonight?" she persisted.

"I'll resign from the club tonight."

"Oh!" she whispered. And again, "Oh!"

She took a long, deep breath. "And now you won't have to go West tomorrow," she said with a gasp of relief.

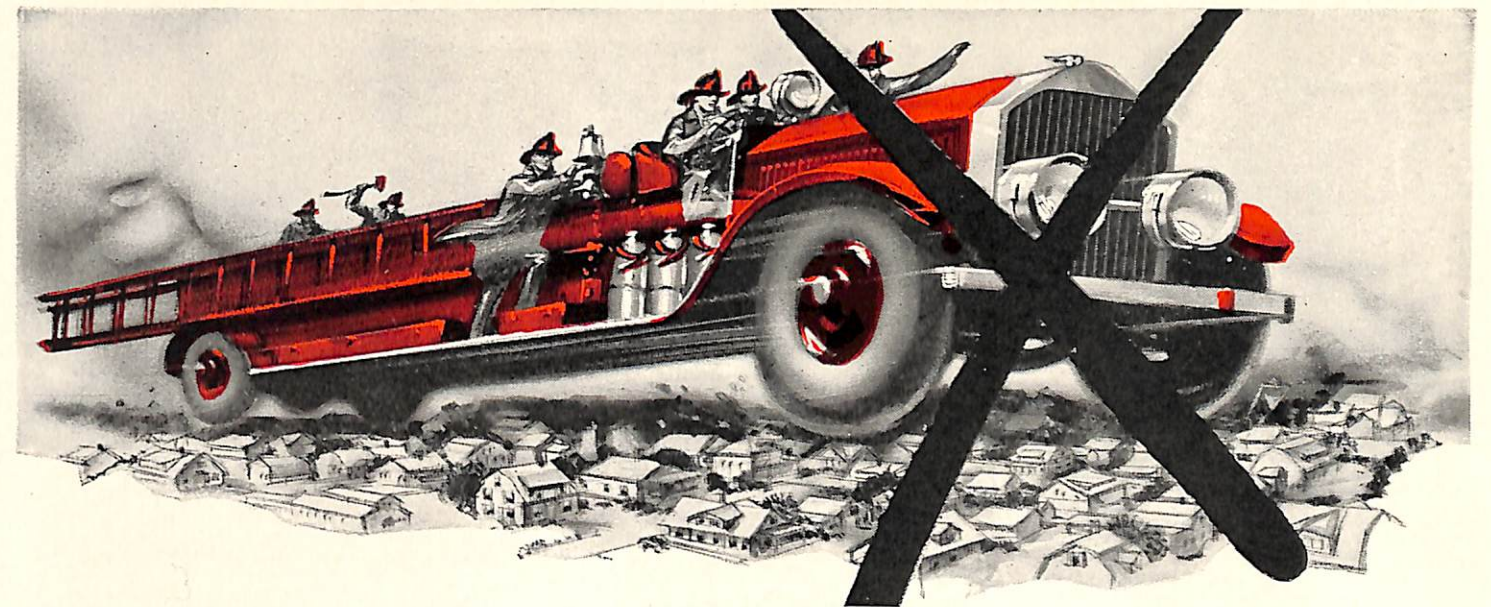
His forehead crinkled. "How did you know I was going West? I didn't tell you that."

"Oh, dearest," she said, "I wasn't going to tell you! But we're partners, and you've been so dandy, and I've got to."

She lifted her face and with the tears running down her cheeks she told him, not quite coherently, everything she had done. "And oh," she gulped, "I was going to talk to you tonight, but if that didn't work I was going to do a terrible thing! I was going to get you away, you see, and I was going to do it all—write a letter to the club and sell the car and sublet this house and everything. That's what I was going to do. Oh, Harry, would it have been wicked?"

He smiled down upon her, a strange light shimmering in his eyes.

"It would have been efficient," he agreed with a sort of awe. "I'll say that much. Do you know, Nance, it's just beginning to occur to me that when I married you I married something."



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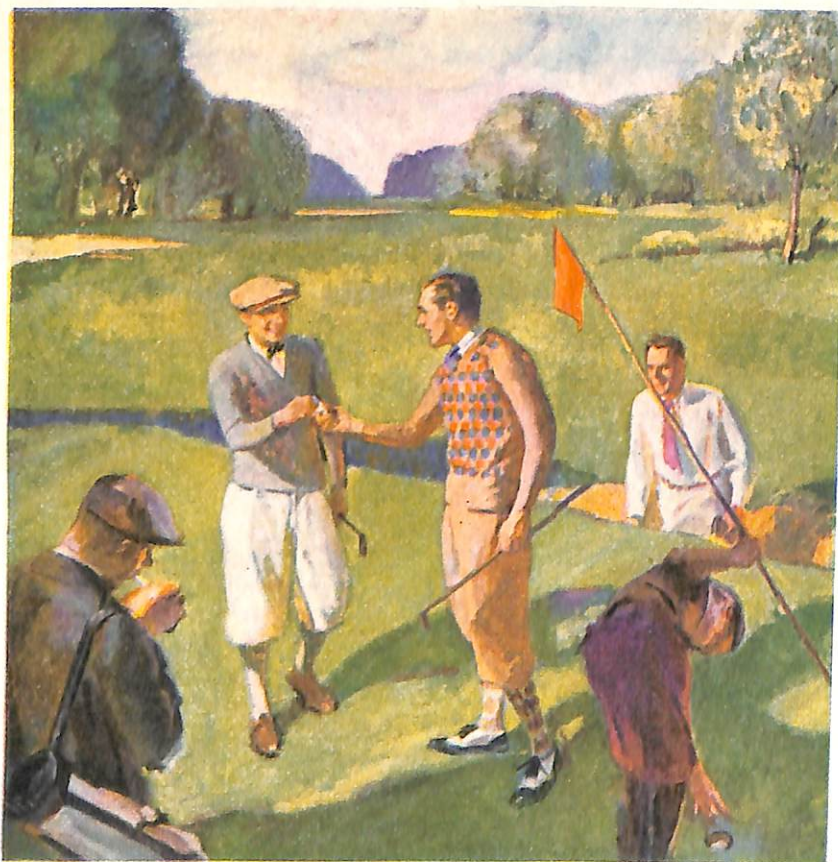
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